

SMART SET

Stories from Life

January

25
Cents



*A POWERFUL
LIFE DRAMA*

By the Author of

WEST of the WATER TOWER

HENRY
CLIVE

I Scoffed

at this new way to learn French

—until I found it was easy as A-B-C

I WAS never so nervous in all my life as I was the night when I took Jacques Lebault to my home to dinner.

Jacques Lebault was a French banker. He controlled a large part of my company's foreign business. The vice-president of my firm asked me if I would mind entertaining Lebault.

"I shall be delighted to entertain him," I replied. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I realized I was letting myself in for a difficult time. For Lebault knew only a smattering of English.

While escorting the Frenchman to my home, I discovered to my horror that he spoke even less English than I expected. My heart sank. How could we carry on a conversation? I knew only a little French that I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But every minute the conversation grew more strained—more halting. When I thought of my wife who was waiting at home to greet us, I grew panic-stricken. She had never spoken a word of French in her life! What would she do?

"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful greeting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast as I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. The Frenchman bowed low and kissed my wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de faire votre connaissance!"

My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my amazement! My wife answered Monsieur Lebault in French!

"Je suis très heureuse de vous voir," she said.

My eyes opened wide.



My jaw dropped. I was so surprised that you could have knocked me down with a feather!

To my further amazement, my wife continued to talk French with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away—gaily—easily—as if French was her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

As for me, I said nothing. I went through the dinner in a completely dazed state of mind. I could scarcely believe my ears. I thought I must be dreaming!

When Lebault departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality. It was easy to see that, due to my wife's ability to speak French, he had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The instant my wife and I were alone I started firing questions at her.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French? Why didn't you ever tell me you knew French?"

Jane laughed. "I kept it a secret because I wanted to surprise you," she replied. And then she told me the whole story.

"Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked—"that advertisement for a new kind of French course?" I paused in thought. Then I nodded.

"Why, yes, I believe I remember," I said. "Do you remember how you scoffed at it?—how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?" my wife continued.

Again I nodded.

"Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it.

A New Way to Learn French

"Honestly, Frank, the course was wonderful—so simple—so easy! It's called the 'At-Sight' method. It is a method of learning French recently perfected by the Hugo Institute of Languages over in London.

"The authorities of the House of Hugo have condensed all their knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method—into a course of lessons which any one can study at home."

Then Jane showed me the French course. "You can see for yourself



how easy it is," she said. Jane was right. As I looked at the lessons, I realized that here was an entirely new way to learn French. The method was absolutely ingenious—so clear—so simple. I became so much interested in the lessons that I decided to study them myself.

It was easy as A-B-C learning French this new way. The "At-Sight" method required no laborious exercises—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. And in a short time I was able to speak French—read French books and magazines—and understand French when it was spoken to me.

Try It 5 Days Free

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you your own teacher. At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the French correctly and well.

We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE for 5 DAYS so that you may see it and judge for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only \$2 as a first payment, and thereafter \$2 a month until the full price of \$12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-931, Garden City, New York.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-931,
American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London,
Garden City, New York.

Please send me the Hugo "French-at-Sight" Course in 24 lessons, for free examination and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and dictionary or send you \$2 at that time and \$2 each month thereafter until \$12 has been paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Reference or Occupation.....

5% discount for cash with order.



If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet

NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by secrecy. She hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

True, she is aware of many vital facts of life, but she is not *sure* of her knowledge. How convenient then to have the frank, scientific truth about feminine hygiene. That is what this valuable booklet gives; that is why every married woman should send for a copy.

Truths known to every physician and trained nurse

The truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is known to every physician and trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent women who, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness, have employed bichloride of mercury. Well-meaning women, but ignorant of the risks they run of mercurial poisoning.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various com-

pounds. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes.

New discovery does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there has been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is *absolutely non-poisonous*. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissues. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Zonite is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. But what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that its continued use produces areas of scar-tissue. Zonite, on the contrary, is just as *harmless* to human beings as it is *fatal* to germs. It will not harden delicate tissues, nor render them dull and insensitive. In fact, dental authorities are

freely using and recommending Zonite for the purpose of oral hygiene.

Is it any wonder, then, that the discovery of Zonite has been welcomed by physicians and nurses and women of refinement everywhere who realize the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness? Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

You can buy Zonite in any drug store in the country

Practically every drug store in America has Zonite in stock. Purchase a bottle today. You will find it reliable and always safe. Full directions with every bottle. Be sure to send for the special free booklet entitled "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is frank and scientific. Read it; pass it on to others. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c and \$1



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION		S-1
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.		
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.		
<input type="checkbox"/> The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene		
<input type="checkbox"/> Use of A...		
Name.....		
Address.....		
City.....		
(In.....)	(.....)	

JANUARY, 1928
VOLUME 81, NO. 5

SMART SET

Stories from Life

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

The BEST True-Life Serials

- | | |
|---|--|
| The Secret Island 22 | Crucible of Youth 42 |
| <i>The Thrilling Adventures of a Stolen Bride</i> | <i>The Truth About High Schools in Your Town</i> |

The BEST True-Life Stories

- | | |
|---|--|
| The Shadow of Her Past 10 | A Woman With Two Souls . . . 50 |
| <i>A Dramatic Story from Life by Homer Croy</i> | <i>A Star of the Screen at War With Love</i> |
| One Fleeting Moment of Glory . 16 | Let's Pretend 56 |
| <i>Faltering Feet on the Road of Destiny</i> | <i>The Romance of a Poor Little Rich Girl</i> |
| The Man Who Laughed at Love . 30 | Because She Adored Her Husband . 60 |
| <i>Then Love Laughed Right Back at Him</i> | <i>From Behind a Family Doctor's Door</i> |
| The Wrong Santa Claus | <i>The Strangest Love Story Ever Told . 62</i> |

The BEST True-Life Features

- | | |
|---|---|
| Is There Danger Ahead for American Women? <i>By Madame Elinor Glyn</i> . 14 | You Men Have Failed as Lovers . 48 |
| <i>By Joseph Hergesheimer</i> | |
| I've Quit Worrying About You Wild Young Folks <i>By Meredith Nicholson</i> 20 | Can a Fat Girl Hold a Man's Love? . 54 |
| <i>By Mabel Herfter</i> | |
| Should the Woman Pay? 28 | Can Happiness Be Bought? . . . 66 |
| <i>By Judge John J. Freschi</i> | <i>By Martha Madison</i> |
| Love Flew Out of My Window . 34 | This Funny World 68 |
| <i>By Mary Calvert</i> | <i>By Aleck Smart</i> |
| Loyalty 41 | Screen & Stage Pictorial 37-40:69-72 |
| <i>O. O. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month</i> | <i>A Gallery of Beauty & Fun from the Films</i> |

Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

Next
Month



Beginning:
UNEASY LOVE
*A Breathless Serial of a Modern Cinderella
Who Crashed the Gates of Society*

The contents
West 46th St.
Magus Magus
payable in a
your renewal
Entered as


red by copyright and may not be republished without permission. Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 110
S. A. E. BERLIN, President and Treasurer; JOHN BERNAN, Vice-President; B. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary. Copyright 1927, by
a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$2.00 a year; Canada, \$2.50; foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are
subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in
notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.
1909, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

3 Drafting Lessons



Home-training backed with an agreement to get you a **DRAFTING JOB at a 50% RAISE** —or money refunded

Here is a word-for-word copy of the Contract which we have made with 30,000 men in the past three years. I shall be glad to make the same agreement, backed by our entire resources of \$1,500,000.00 — with YOU!



The American School

Guarantee of Position and Increased Pay

To

1. WE GUARANTEE to find you a satisfactory position within 60 days after you finish our complete course of home training in Drafting.
2. And, further, WE GUARANTEE that said position will pay you a salary of at least 50% more than you are earning today, provided your present salary is less than \$40 per week.

OR FAILING TO DO SO, we guarantee to refund to you immediately the entire amount that you have paid for this training.

O. C. Miller
Director Extension Work

Come Into Drafting!

The ability to read blueprints and draw plans is the entering wedge to success in all building and manufacturing lines. Learn Drafting and you'll be "sitting pretty." It's INTERESTING work and Draftsmen are a wonderful bunch of fellows. You're bound to enjoy the good-natured atmosphere of a Drafting office and the contact it gives you with important activities and BIG MEN.



Actually free!

to prove you can learn at Home, in spare time!

We have developed a new simplified, rapid way to teach Drafting, and we want to send you three sample lessons *without cost or obligation*. So you can test your own ability to master this fascinating work at home, in your spare time. And see for yourself how quickly and easily you can qualify for a fine, well-paid Drafting position.

\$50 to \$125 a week paid to EXPERT DRAFTSMEN

Pick up the want ads of any big-city newspaper and you'll see why we urge men to go into Drafting. 70,000 fine positions advertised in the past year. Draftsmen are urgently needed in Building Construction, Manufacturing, in the Architectural, Mechanical, Electrical, Structural and Automotive industries. Get in touch with me, and I'll tell you how you can get one of these fine jobs.

The American School

Chartered 30 years ago as an EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION, and, like the best resident schools and colleges, conducted NOT FOR PROFIT. We offer complete, thorough, up-to-date instruction—prepared by 200 leading Engineers, Executives and Educators. A unique instruction, built to meet the specifications of well-paid jobs as laid down by employers themselves—yet simplified for ready understanding by men with only common schooling.

And we are the first in the home-study field to recognize the need of giving a COMPLETE SERVICE to ambitious men—training plus employment. Which takes you as you are, supplies the equipment you lack, and lands you in the better job you seek. Without risk to you!



O. C. MILLER
Director Extension Work

This agreement proves our training does make real Draftsmen. It proves that after you finish, there are well-paid jobs available. And you can prepare yourself without losing a day's pay or time, without quitting your job or leaving home!

The American School
Dept. D-1251 Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago

O. C. MILLER, Director, Extension Work, The American School
Dept. D-1251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

I am interested to get particulars of your Job and Raise Guarantee. Also send 3 Drafting Lessons without cost or obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Occupation _____

ESCAPE!

Break Away From ~

*Long hours ~ Restrictions
on your liberties ~ Barely
enough Pay to make
both ends meet.*

THIS AMAZING BOOK

Shows How to Get **BIG PAY AT ONCE**



No longer must you struggle along at hard work, low pay, long hours —ESCAPE!

Don't put up with long hours, tiresome detail and overbearing or inconsiderate employers. Don't struggle along another minute at low pay. Quit depriving yourself of the good things of life.

Now, W. T. Walsh, the nationally-known wizard of BIG PAY shows you the new, quick, easy way to make \$50 — \$75 — and \$100 a week — *and even more.* Just like being in business for yourself. No time clocks, no hours, no bosses. And you make pay for every hour



you work. You do work that you like. The secret is an entirely new kind of work that is sweeping men into big money class overnight. Thousands in America now doing it. And thousands of more opportunities for big pay without any investment on your part.

In the amazing book that Mr. Walsh will send you, he tells you

FREE!

THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR THE BOOK

This amazing book by the man who has become known all over the country as the Maker of BIG PAY MEN is yours without charge. The publishers of Opportunity Magazine are going to give it entirely free with every 2 years' subscription — 24 issues — at the special price of \$2.00. And the link is completed.

KEY TO BIG PAY

In the book you will learn the secret—in its pages you will learn the exact and simple A. B. C. steps for applying the secret—and in the magazine you will find the opportunity that will make the biggest money for you.

in less than 200 words just exactly how you can break away from small pay and get into a big income AT ONCE! Then the rest of the book gives you full details for carrying out the work in this new and remunerative profession.

Don't Leave Present Job

The nice part about it is this: You don't have to leave your present job and take a chance on making money. By Mr. Walsh's plan you can out his new system in your spare noons or after work or on Saturday afternoons or even on Sunday. You can work this way until you are making more from spare time than you now do from your regular job. Then you can leave the job and jump your pay to twice and three times what it was by giving Mr. Walsh's system all of your time. You take no chances. You risk nothing. You gain all!

WE INTRODUCE YOU TO MEN WHO PAY BIG MONEY

That's what OPPORTUNITY will do for you. In its pages you will not only meet successful men and women, who will tell you how they are making \$5,000.00 to \$10,000.00, but in its columns are listed hundreds of reliable manufacturers who are looking for men and women who have the knowledge you will get from Mr. Walsh's book, and who offer big paying positions to those who can do the work we teach you to do.

DON'T SEND A PENNY

NO MONTHLY PAYMENTS! As soon as we receive your name, this magic book of Success and the first copy of Opportunity will be sent to you. Simply deposit \$2.00 with the mailman when he delivers the book. It will be your full and final payment; you do not pay another cent, now or at any other time.

Trial Guarantee

We will take the chances! We know what this money-making combination can do for your income. Let us prove it to you! Take advantage of our generous TRIAL and guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

GOOD FOR BOOK

OPPORTUNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. 1-B, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Enter my name for big introductory combination: Put me down for two years' subscription to Opportunity Magazine and send me Mr. Walsh's system and his book at once without extra charge. I will deposit \$2.00 with my mailman in full and complete payment. My money back if not entirely satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

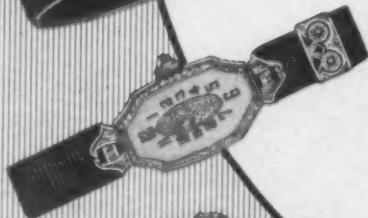
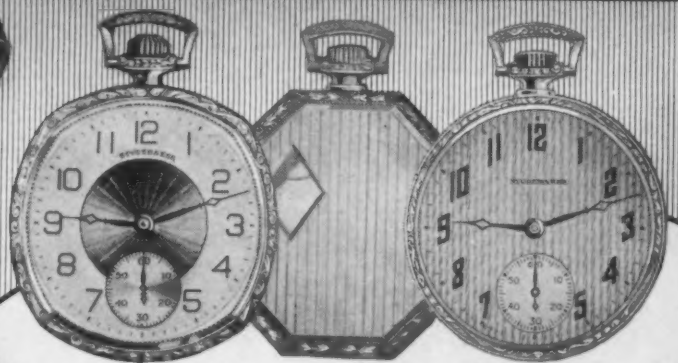
City _____ State _____

OPPORTUNITY PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. 1-B

750 No. Michigan Avenue

Chicago



Sent To You
for only

\$1.00
down
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Here is the greatest buying opportunity today! Just \$1.00 down brings you the famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments. Lowest prices ever named for equal quality. You save fully 30% to 50%. Your choice of 80 magnificent, new Art Beauty cases and dials. Latest case designs in yellow, green and white gold effects. Exquisite thin models. 12 Size and 16 Size. Send coupon for catalog of Advance Watch Styles and full particulars.

21 JEWEL STUDEBAKER

~ THE INSURED WATCH ~

The Studebaker Watch Company is directed by members of the famous Studebaker family—known throughout the world for three-quarters of a century of honest dealing. Studebaker Watches have 21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels, 8 Adjustments—for heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Made so good we insure them for your life-time. Insurance policy free with every Studebaker Watch. Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches. Diamonds and Jewelry also sold at lowest prices and easy monthly payments. Send coupon for details.

MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK!

Let us send you a copy of our beautiful new 6-color catalog. It contains complete information on watch making. It tells how you can buy a 21-Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money and pay for it in easy monthly payments. Mail the coupon.

SPECIAL OFFER! Watch Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering a magnificent Watch Chain Free. To all who write immediately we will include particulars of this astounding offer. Time is limited. Send the coupon NOW before this offer expires!

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY

Directed by the Studebaker Family—three-quarters of a century of fair dealing

WATCHES • DIAMONDS • JEWELRY

Dept. E-901 • South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Address, Windsor, Ontario

Jewelry Catalog FREE

Our new Jewelry Catalog is just off the press. It presents an amazing selection of Diamonds and Jewelry. The prices are far under retail market and credit terms astoundingly low. Mail coupon at once for a copy of this new FREE Jewelry Catalog.

Mail This Coupon
Today



STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY Dept. E-901, South Bend, Indiana

☐ Please send me your free catalog of Advance Watch Styles and details of your \$1.00 down offer.

☐ Please send me free catalog of Jewelry and Diamonds.

Name

Street or R. F. D.

City State

Do You Qualify as a Juror in These Important Cases?



In the Case of True Love

U.S.

Trial Marriage

The Charge: That Marriage is becoming an outworn institution.

The plaintiff contends that modern lovers say, "Oh, well! Our love probably won't last, so let's not marry for keeps."

The defendant's contention is that modern lovers think, as lovers always have, that their love, at least, is undying.

Members of the Smart Set Jury, is the increase in divorce rate evidence for, or against, companionate marriage? What has the desire to possess one's beloved to do with the failure of modern marriage?

Chief Witness for the Defense: Booth Tarkington, whose unimpeachable knowledge of human nature is again proven in his terse testimony on "The Futility of Trial Marriage" in February Smart Set.

In the Case of Daughters of the Jazz Age

The Charge: That Jazz is the root of all modern evil.

Jazz is responsible for the crime wave, the wildness of youth, the late hours they keep, the dances they dance, in short for everything that isn't what it should be.

Chief Witness for the Accused: Paul Whiteman, whose jazz band is famous the world over. His testimony on Daughters of the Jazz Age will be heard in February Smart Set.

DO you solemnly swear to judge without prejudice or preconceived opinion and to render a verdict of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" in accordance with the evidence presented? Then hear ye! Hear ye! And justice shall be done in the following cases, typical of a score or more which will be presented to the jury of Smart Set readers in the February issue.

In the Case of Uneasy Love

The Charge: Roberta Mayo, a model in a fashionable dress shop has "borrowed" a gown from her employer so that she might crash the gates into the high social fairyland of wealth and idleness.

She pleads guilty to having trusted one absolutely strange man to rescue her from the consequences of her own daring and to having accepted the friendship and financial assistance of another who promised to use his influence to protect her.

The accused will take the stand in her own defense. See February Smart Set for a full report of the trial.

In the Case of Women

U.S.

The Double Standard

The Charge: That Women are anxious to scrap the double standard.

Members of the Smart Set Jury, why should there be one set of morals for men and another for women? Are women motivated by the identical emotions that sway men? Should women's new social and political freedom carry with it greater freedom in everything else?

Dr. Louis E. Birsch, noted psychoanalyst and neuropsychiatrist has been appointed by the court to investigate the double standard with a view to determining its sanity. The result of his expert findings will be presented to the Smart Set Jury in the February issue.



In the Case of Public Decency

U.S.

Popular Scandals

The Charge: That publishing news of scandals is a menace to morals.

The wide spread publication of the intimate and salacious details of cases like the Hall-Mills murder, the Snyder-Gray sash-weight case, the Stillman divorce case, Peggy Joyce's divorces and love affairs, serves no worthy purpose but rather incites other weak souls to make like attempts to take the law into their own hands.

The editors have appealed this case to Lord Birkenhead, ex-Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. His opinion on "Should We Hush Our Scandals?" will be put on record in February Smart Set.

In the Case of Larceny of Love

The Charge: That possession is not nine points of love.

A charming and attractive widow, the mother of a marriageable daughter refused to retire to the chimney-corner. One of the daughter's men friends, who is nearer the mother's age than the daughter's was found kissing the mother. The daughter was found hysterically screaming, "Mama, How Could You?" but the mother refuses to plead guilty to either "grand" or "petty" larceny.

The case will be settled out of court in February Smart Set.

Full reports of the above cases and more than a dozen others will be found at all newsstands December 30. Start the New Year right by reserving a front seat in the Smart Set jury box.

"Can I learn shorthand in two weeks?"



It sounded like a hopeless question, but a big job hinged on the answer

Read this actual experience in

Speedwriting
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

THE young lady came into the office of the head of the Educational Department for advice, hoping against hope that he could suggest some way out of her difficulty.

"I have a chance to get a wonderful job! It is just what I have always wanted—a secretarial position with the head of one of our largest hospitals. But I have to start in two weeks—and I must have shorthand!" She looked at him anxiously, feeling certain that he would agree that no shorthand system could be learned in two weeks.

"I don't see how I can possibly do it," she continued. "I used to write shorthand, but I've forgotten it and I don't think I could brush up in two weeks. All those puzzling signs and symbols have become a blur in my mind. It took me months to learn them in the first place, and now they are gone from me completely. That's why I was wondering whether, instead of trying to get back my old system, it wouldn't be better to take up Speedwriting. I have heard it is so simple and easy to learn."

Shorthand Only a Matter of Hours Now

"Yes, you can do it with Speedwriting," the manager replied. "I know of one young man who spent only fifteen hours on Speedwriting and then took dictation on court testimony at the rate of 105 words a minute. We have other cases equally remarkable. Yes, if you want that position you can get it. In two weeks you can be a Speedwriter."

The girl's eyes were shining. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Can I start my course now?"

"Surely," he replied. "I'll get your lesson books together at once."

A few minutes later the girl left with a set of little books under her arm. She went home and started on the first lesson in Speedwriting. For two weeks she applied herself.

A few days before she was to start in her new position she came back, fairly bubbling over with happiness.

"Well, I am ready!" she cried. "Speedwriting has won the day! I can take dictation easily, and faster than I'll probably ever be called upon to take it. I never dreamed any shorthand could be so simple. I have really enjoyed learning it—it is just like a delightful game. And I write it so naturally, without hesitation or nervous strain."

"It is remarkable, too, how clear my notes are. I never have the slightest difficulty in reading them back. Do you know, even after spending years on that other shorthand system I was never able to transcribe my notes so accurately."

Thousands Now Write Shorthand This Easy Way

The above is a true incident. It is typical of the way Speedwriting has helped many men and women to good positions quickly. All over the world Speedwriting has created

sensational interest. Never before has a shorthand been known that could be learned so quickly, written so easily and accurately. Today it is being used not only by stenographers but by thousands in every walk of life. Big executives are using it personally. "It is like having a private secretary always at hand," one of them said. Professional men, clergymen, lawyers, lecturers, writers, teachers, students, representatives of nearly every vocation have found it invaluable.

Speedwriting is the NATURAL shorthand. It is written in the ordinary letters of the alphabet—the plain a-b-c's you have been writing all your life. There are no puzzling signs and symbols to learn; no long, tedious practice is required. You started learning Speedwriting when you learned your a-b-c's. You write it just as naturally as you write longhand. You have only to become familiar with a few simple principles for condensing and abbreviating the English language. Once you know these principles you can speedwrite any word. Soon you will be able to take dictation at the rate of 80 to 120 words per minute. You can use Speedwriting on the typewriter, too; at a speed of 200 words per minute.

Is Speedwriting TOO Easy?

Many people find it hard to believe that it is possible to learn shorthand so quickly. But the proof is in the experience of thousands of users. Everywhere Speedwriting is making good on the job. Experienced stenographers are giving up their former systems for this easier, less tiring and more accurate shorthand.

Speedwriting
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

is the Greatest Christmas present you could give—to yourself or your loved ones.

Learn Speedwriting Quickly at Home Free Book Tells How

Whatever your occupation, you should get the facts about Speedwriting. See how quickly you can learn this amazing shorthand in spare time at home. Mail the coupon or write. The booklet will come to you FREE.

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc.,

280 Madison Ave., Dept. A 115,
New York City

Also Offices at
1415 Royal Bank Building
Toronto, Ontario
Transport House, Smith Square
Westminster, London, England

FREE BOOK COUPON

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, INC., Dept. A 115,
280 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Yes, you may send me the booklet of Speedwriting. No obligation on my part, of course.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Office heat...chilly street...sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets . . . out in the cold waiting for transportation . . . into germ laden cars crowded with coughers . . . is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don't be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home.

Better yet, use it systematically night and morning during nasty weather. It may be the means of sparing you a long, painful and costly siege of illness. Many a cold weather complaint has been checked by Listerine before it had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that

lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

Again, we counsel you for your own protection to use this safe antiseptic twice a day, at least, during inclement weather. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home



**In the THROAT
and nose more
than
50 diseases**
have their beginning or development. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.
Watch your throat!

ITS NAME ALONE.
The name Listerine Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best paste that scientific knowledge could achieve.
Large tube—25c

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



© Hestberg's

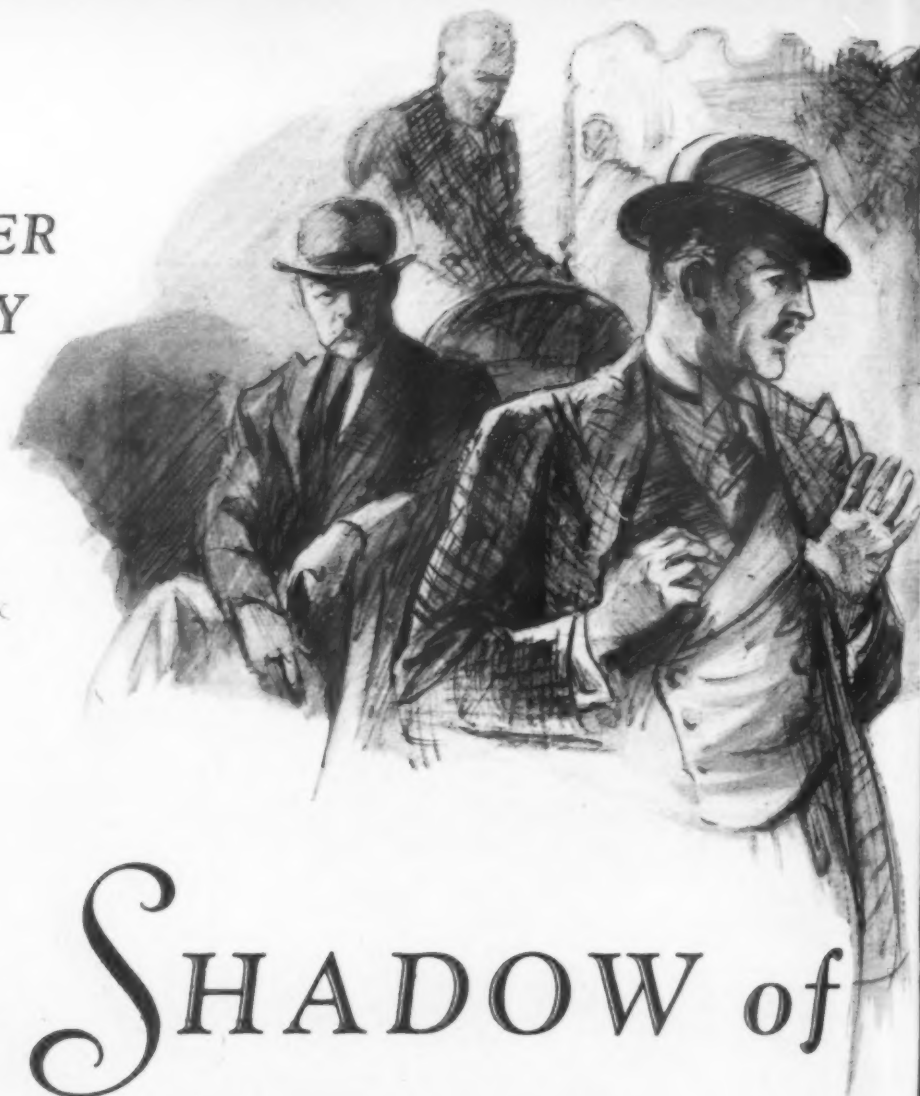
HOMER CROY

Just a few years ago a novel called "West of the Water Tower" was published. It was published anonymously. So true it was, so real, so pulsating with life that it was difficult to believe that the story was not strictly autobiographical. No one who had not lived the life of Guy Plummer could have written it. So it seemed. Then came the news that this novel was the work of Homer Croy and this one piece of creative work, reflecting so truly an honest picture of life, placed Mr. Croy in the front ranks of American novelists. Like "West of the Water Tower" you will find "The Shadow of Her Past," which starts on the next page—so vivid that you will wonder how any one but Connie Webb herself could have written it

By
HOMER
CROY

*With Drawings
from Life*

By JOHN H. CROSMAN



The SHADOW of

CONNIE WEBB put away the ironing-board in the closet behind the door, and glanced at the clock. Almost five. In a few minutes she would get the car out of the garage and go down town to meet her husband at the court-house where he worked.

Connie looked approvingly at her husband's Palm Beach suit, which she had just pressed. It was a difficult task to dip it in ammonia water, sponge it neatly and press it. Many women in Junction City complained of such work and would have told their husbands to send the suit to the tailor, or would let them wear a limp, depressed looking suit, but Connie did it cheerfully. She liked to do things for Walter.

Tonight, at the Country Club, she wanted him to look his best. As she held out the suit to look at it, she thought of the supper at the Country Club. It was the annual dinner, when the leading people of Junction City would get together to celebrate the opening of the club two years before. The next morning the one daily paper in Junction City would dignify the event with the word "function." Walter was to be one of the speakers.

Connie knew that many husbands in Junction City would have taken the hard work of pressing the suit as a matter of course, at best merely giving a grunt of recognition. But Walter was no such person. He was still appreciative of little things. It was one of the fine things about Walter Webb, one of the qualities which made Connie love him so, although good-

ness knows, he had his shortcomings like any other husband!

Look at the way he succeeded in leaving all the bureau drawers pulled out when he was looking for anything! Walter could go to the bureau to look for a collar button and when he got through and went away every drawer in the bureau would be half open, leering at her. Another thing, was the way he left his shoes on the floor when he took them off.

"If Walter should ever put his shoes neatly away in the closet, I'd step right to the telephone and call Dr. Chalmers," Connie sometimes said. "I'd know it was an emergency case."

But, in the main, she was absolutely content with him. Sometimes, she thought secretly, he was too good for her; then she shut the thought away hastily.

They had been married seven years, and Connie was twenty-eight years old. No one would ever call Connie beautiful, but she was tall and had brown hair and blue eyes and a pleasant, merry laugh which made one overlook the lack of perfection in facial conformation which goes to make beauty. Added to her tall, graceful figure was the ability to wear her clothes well. Old Mrs. Houchens, one of her neighbors, said, "She always looks like somebody."

Indeed, Connie and Walter were one of the attractive, well-appearing couples of the town. "And they always go out together," people said. Many of the young couples in Junction City didn't.

Walter was three years older than she was, and, although

*The
Famous Author
of
'West of the Water Tower'
Draws
Another Powerful Drama
Straight from Life*

Her

PAST

Almost in front of the hotel Connie heard a voice, "Say, hello, there." Connie's heart seemed to stand still. Ed Floto, the man she had known in Greenwich Village! Her head was swimming. She wanted to run away, get out of town and hide . . . But she must stay and face it

not brilliant, was the Rock of Gibraltar itself. He had that mysterious and subtle thing known as "character," and it was this very substantiality which she appreciated so highly in him. It would make up for a mountain of shoes piled in the middle of the floor, and enough open bureau drawers to put a dry goods store in.

OTHER young married men in Junction City had, now and then, small "affairs" on the side. The Country Club itself, irreproachable as it looked on the occasion of a "function," had its whispering gallery, but Walter had never been and never would be a party to an affair. He was pleasant and cordial to every one, but it would never enter even the fringe of his consciousness to do anything unworthy of himself. Narrow and depressing as it was at times, Connie admired this Puritan streak which ran through him. Sometimes she thought of him as the product of two rocks, Gibraltar and Plymouth.

Connie dressed herself and then she dressed the finest and most wonderful creature in the world—Wally, six years old. It seems that while she was pressing the suit, Wally had shot a couple of Indians and barely escaped with his life from a bear, which had climbed to the top of the tree in the back yard after him, but he had thrown pepper (which he happened to have in his pocket) in the bear's face and the big ol' bear had sneezed and sneezed till he had tumbled out of the tree.



When Walter came in Connie introduced Ed Floto as calmly as she could. "Glad to expected Floto to be a bit forward, she was wrong. He talked politely enough but all the

After killing the bear, Wally had got on his invisible steed (which happened to be tied to the garage door) and galloped right up the stairs.

Connie listened to the marvelous tale, only half hearing it. She had been in at the death of scores of Indians, and countless bears had had their doom sealed in the sitting room, but while she listened she hugged him to her. Oh! what a delicious joy it was. Her son, her darling.

"All right, dear, now we'll go out and get in the car and

go down town to shop and maybe we'll see daddy afterwards."

LEAVING the invisible steed to look after itself, Connie, with Wally at her side, spun down the street in the neat, well-kept car which Walter was able to afford, knowing that she made a pleasant picture.

After all, the world was pretty good to her! Usually she thought so, except when a fit of gloom held her in its gnarled and terrible hand. But she tried to keep Walter from seeing



meet any old friend of Connie's," Walter said. If she time his eyes roamed the house and he seemed appraising it

her in these depressions. Almost everybody, she knew, had them, and although she didn't know it, many of these waves of depression had their origin in a bad night's rest, or in the plebeian fact of eating too much. Or was it that?

As she approached the down town section, the houses began to give way to stores; first, the brightly colored filling stations, then the commission houses where eggs and butter were bought and shipped to the cities, then the better class two-story brick buildings in which were the general stores, with

Do you think you can wipe out mistakes by just covering them up and forgetting them? If the ghost of your past appeared to threaten your happiness years later would you blame Fate—? Or would you admit your own guilt and try to cheat Fate by driving the ghost away? The woman in this story faced such a problem. Could you have solved it as she did?

doctors' and dentists' and real estate offices and photograph galleries above.

And so here before her was the Square. Cars were threading in and out; a team of work horses clumped past; a farmer, went by with a calf standing up in his wagon, its glassy eyes staring at the strange sights. It was such a scene as Connie had seen many times, the daily tasks and joys of a small town and Connie liked it.

THERE was a flash of a hand and Mrs. Brooks, who had just come out of a store, signaled for Connie to stop. It was about choir practice.

In her younger days, Connie had dreamed of having a career. There had been a restless urge in her which could never be stilled, and she had gone to New York to study. For a while she had tried to be an actress and had found a few small engagements, but they had amounted to little. She realized that she did not have the fire, the ceaseless longing, dearer than life itself, which is necessary to make a success as an actress, and after a time she had taken up the study of singing. Here she had had more success, and hope had run high. Maybe after all her career would come to her, and then she had come home and met the most wonderful man in the world. It was strange, too, because she had been in high school with him and had known him practically always and not once had suspected what a wonderful person he was.

She and Walter had gone off to "Heaven" on West Oak Street. She had "settled down." And then Wally came along. She still took Musical America and when she saw the pictures of the people who had been students along with her,

some of them now great people in the world of music, her heart sometimes ached. And then she would brighten up. Walter more than made up for the fact that her music was limited to singing in the choir.

As Mrs. Brooks had stood there gazing at her so admiringly and complimenting her on her music, a burning thought entered Connie's mind. It was a thing she had done when she was in New York studying music. The intoxication of New York had carried her away; she had gone [Continued on page 112]

HERE IS THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES



"American men are never allowed to forget that they are married and belong to one particular woman," writes the author of 'Three Weeks' and 'It.' "Europeans are less often conscious of chains. Can it be because American men are growing less docile, as the number of women increase, that there are so many divorces?"

Melbourne Sport

OF THOUGHT PROVOKING ARTICLES BY

Madame Elinor Glyn

Is There

DANGER AHEAD

for the

DOMINEERING

American Woman!

WHAT is the real difference in the relationship between American women and men, and European women and men?

That there does exist a difference is clear, and while I was away for eight weeks in Europe, I noticed it particularly. The first thing that strikes one is that no tone of authority enters the European woman's voice when requesting a man to do anything for her, while in America it is often there. The point of view as to the value and use of men in regard to women is altogether different in the two continents.

But to understand all this we must go back a long way! When America was first peopled by Europeans, women were in the minority and were consequently much prized. They probably had landed meek and biddable from their thousands of years of training to mind the male. But this attitude of mind could not possibly continue after they began to realize their value as things to be fought for by countless suitors.

At last the certainty of their own power must have seeped into their subconscious minds. So it would be false logic to imagine that they would view men as European women do,—the European women being in the majority and hence obliged to mind their P's and Q's to attract at all! The American women hold the place in regard to relationship with men that the English men hold in regard to relationship with women, that is, one of unquestioned supremacy. The other sex in both cases is obliged to yield because of numbers.

The whole thing is subconscious and the result of conditions, and has nothing to do with character. The gentlest, sweetest, most brow-beaten American woman, deep down in her heart has no doubt as to the superiority of her sex, even though she herself has to give way to her own male. It is doubtful whether deep down in her heart the most aggressive French or English woman really believes that she is man's superior.

BUT if the question of numbers could reverse itself again, the American woman, after a sufficient time, would accept a back seat, and the English and French women would become men's masters.

Just before I sailed for Europe, I heard an American woman say to her husband giving him an order:

"Charles, go into the dining room and see if the servants have delayed with the cocktails!" Her voice had a final and commanding tone in it.

The man went without a word or even an indignant smile. If an English or French wife had said that, the man would have replied, "Ring the bell and tell the servants yourself," or he might have taken no notice at all. The wife would have had to word the request as a favor, "Charles, do you mind just seeing if the servants have delayed with the cocktails?" And her tone would have had to be gracious! European men, especially in England and where the superabundance of women is the most marked, simply will not stand being ordered at all!

With the caprice of human nature, all women prefer a masterful man to a meek one, and yet in the American nation

they constantly act in a way that tends to destroy masculine authority! This attitude of mind is what makes the real difference between European and American women. And undoubtedly it is this that renders the American woman more successful in the conquest of man to begin with. But whether it holds the love of the male as well as the European attitude does, is a question.

American men are never allowed to forget that they are married and belong to one particular woman. Europeans are less often conscious of chains. Can it be because American men are growing less docile, as the number of women increases, that there are so many divorces? In the majority of cases

the man lets the woman get the divorce as soon as she desires it, and gives up his children with no great protest. Can it be because he is tired of his bondage, and wants to be free?

THERE are certainly hundreds of unions which would not have gone to pieces if Henry had remained the fascinating master he appeared to be at first. If he had, Lily could have gone on receiving the thrill of desiring to give up her own will to his! But a masterful American lover soon turns into the docile American husband—there to pay bills and give way to his wife's wishes. Can this be the reason why such numbers of lovely American women take European admirers and lovers in Europe in preference to the home grown article!

It is perfectly natural. Everything living desires to experience some form of exhilaration, something to make the blood run with fresh interest. And what thrill can there be to a woman in knowing beforehand that her husband will do as she asks, will be humdrum and subservient? Of course it is a temptation when she goes to Europe to sample untamed and capricious males, whom she cannot rule, and dare not order! And what a temptation to American men to seek meek female creatures out who are grateful and tender over gifts and favors.

And what a thrill for arrogant Englishmen, to encounter conquering, self-assured American girls, lovelier and better dressed than any Europeans and harder of conquest!

But the strange part is that what allures you immediately does not continue to excite your imagination, its charm departs and you return to what would be your natural taste when at rest. And the natural taste of the male is to be the leader and master even though his character hardly entitles him to lead.

Another strange thing about the result of uneven numbers between the sexes here in America as viewed by the European eye, is the men's protested devotion to their wives, their subservience to them and their great generosity to them, and then often there is a carefully concealed "other interest" in the background, generally some insignificant little person who gives them the devotion that they have to give to their wives.

So in the end the instinct for ruling will out in a man! And the instinct to love and be ruled will out in a woman! And just how these things go in a nation appears to be all a question of numbers—demand and supply! So there is not a soul to blame!

One Fleeting Moment of GLORY



*With Drawings
from Life
By AUGUST BLESER, JR.*

IT ALL came back to me tonight when I met Violet Henderson after the show at which I sang. Just a musical comedy show with not too much refinement to it. She and the man she was with came around to the stage entrance to see me. She introduced him to me and told him that she and I used to be pals.

"I even went to church with her once," Violet laughed. "Didn't I, Madge?"

I tried to laugh as I admitted that she spoke the truth.

"I wonder," she said, "what ever became of Angel Face?"

I did not tell her what had become of him. I have never told her.

We had been together, Violet and I, for a whole year when I first saw Angel Face. That was Violet's name for him.

I met him when I was worried and unhappy. To tell the truth I am not the sort of girl who is easily tempted by men. Perhaps my father's training had impressed me more deeply than I appreciated. Perhaps I had an ideal that I did not find

in the men who frequented the cabaret where we sang. Violet laughed at what she called my squeamishness.

"Gee!" she said again and again, "I wish I had the pull with the boss that you have! You bet I'd make the most of the opportunity. And here you are, earning only your salary and accepting no presents from anybody. Your pride's bound to have a fall, kid, and soon too. Are you forgetting all the rent we owe?"

I WAS not forgetting it, nor my mother's increasing need of cash. My sister had been very ill during the winter. She must have expensive medicines and nourishing food, and the doctor's bill had to be paid. I must have money to send back home and have it soon.

If I wished to encourage my employer's attentions I might have much more money. I knew that, but I hated the idea.

This was what Violet and I were arguing about the January afternoon on which we first saw the man she called Angel Face.

13

*The Romance
of a Girl
Whose Feet Faltered
on the
ROAD of
DESTINY*



Violet saw the man she called Angel Face at the same instant and seized my arm. There was something about him that made me catch my breath. As he came out of Grace Church his eyes met mine. Almost without knowing it, I bowed and he lifted his hat... He had the most beautiful face I had ever seen

"You could get a raise all right if you weren't so awfully proper," Violet said. "I'm losing all patience with you, Madge. Sometimes when I see how you worry it makes me tired. There's no need of it."

I did not reply.

I had suddenly seen a man cross the street ahead of us. There was something about him that made me catch my breath.

Violet saw him at the same instant and seized my arm.

"Madge!" she exclaimed, "there's a good-looker. See him? I wonder what he's thinking about to make him wear such an angel face as that."

"Church," I said, for we were near Grace Church and the man was turning in there. I saw by a sign at the entrance that it was the hour of afternoon service.

"Let's follow him!" Violet said. "I dare you!"

"I won't take a dare!" I said. "Come along!"

The man was seated in a pew near the rear of the church and Violet and I took seats behind him.

"I haven't been in a joint like this in years," Violet whispered.

I pinched her to make her keep quiet. The man in front of us had knelt down for a moment. When he arose the

light from a stained-glass window fell full upon his face. It made me feel queer. It was the most beautiful face I had ever seen. When Violet nudged me to look I almost hated her. Somehow her admiration of him seemed like an insult. He was so different from other men, and to her a man was just a man.

I know it seems strange that a girl like me should have such ideas. I never had them about anyone before. I never expect to have them again. Perhaps that is why I write them down, although I would like to forget them. Later, when the years have passed, I may find it hard to believe that I was ever different from what I am now. Perhaps after all there is—or was once—a spark of good in me. I guess I put it out the night I parted from the only man who ever made me want to be good.

But to go back to that time in church. They sang hymns. Violet started to sing, but then she remembered that she had had a cold and must save her voice for her number in the show.

But I sang. I knew the hymns from having sung in the church up in Hillville. The man in front of us had started to sing too, but as I joined in, he stopped suddenly. I saw by the way he looked around that he was listening to my voice. My finger-tips tingled queerly, but I felt that I was singing better than ever before and I was singing for him!

While he knelt down again at the end of the service, Violet and I went out into the vestibule.

"LET'S wait a minute and pretend to be looking at these papers," Violet said. She stopped at a small table holding notices and such things. "I'd like to give that fellow the once-over again. I dare you to speak to him when he comes out."

"You're doing a lot of daring!" I said. "But I'll take you up on that, too. Only he's a gentleman so don't queer things by talking fresh to him."

"I won't, kid! I'll give you a fair field," Violet promised.

The door of the vestibule opened and the man came out. As he paused to put on his hat and button his overcoat, his eyes met mine. I bowed almost without knowing it and he lifted his hat.

"Good afternoon!" he said.

"Good afternoon," I replied. "My friend and I were just looking over these notices. I guess they tell what time church is, don't they?"

"Yes," he answered. "Do you attend church here?" As we came out together on to the sidewalk I answered:

"I don't go to church anywhere. We just went in this afternoon—well, because it's cold and we thought we'd get warmed up there—and I like the music."

"I HEARD you sing," he said. "You have an unusual voice."

Violet giggled. "You bet she has! It's her meal ticket."

I felt myself flush, but I said nothing.

"You mean that you are a professional singer?" he asked.

"Yes," I acknowledged. "At least I sing for money."

We had been standing in front of the church all this time, but finally the man said:

"May I walk a short distance with you? I am going to the subway. Perhaps you are going in the same direction?"

"We're headed for Fourth Avenue," Violet said.

"May I introduce myself? My name is Boynton."

"Mine is Madge Everett, and my friend's name is Miss Henderson," I said.

He looked at me gravely. "You say you sing for money? Where?"

"In a place uptown. Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering—I was wishing,"—he began, then stopped.

"What?" I asked. "What were you wishing?"

"Only that some poor people I know over on the East Side could hear you sing as I heard you today."

VIOLET giggled, but I gave her a warning look. We were waiting at the corner of Fourth Avenue for the stream of traffic to allow us to cross, and I spoke to her while the roar of cars and the tooting of automobile horns prevented the man's hearing me.

"Say, you keep still!" I commanded. "Whatever I say, you hold your tongue! See?"

"Oh, yes, I see all right enough," Violet said.

"Where are the poor people you're speaking of?" I asked, when we had crossed the avenue.

"In my mission on East Tenth Street," Boynton said. "I am a clergyman, you know, although I do not wear the garb of one."

"Oh, that accounts—" I began, then stopped.

"For what?" he asked.

"Nothing," I stammered, "only I thought you looked sort of different from most men. So you run a church?"

"I have a mission, not a church," he explained. "My sister and I live there. We work among the poor people in the neighborhood, or wherever we are needed."

"And it was down there you wished me to sing?"

"Yes." He smiled kindly, as if he were my father and I a little girl. "Perhaps I was presumptuous, but a voice like yours has great power. You could do almost anything you wished with it. You could give much happiness and do much good, you know."

"I will sing for your mission if you want me to," I said suddenly. I had to say it. "When is it?"

"We have services two evenings a week."

"Do you have one tonight?"

"Yes, there will be a service tonight."

"What time?"

"Eight o'clock."

"I'd only have to sing a couple of times, at the service, I suppose?"

"Only once, if you would rather not sing oftener. Perhaps you would be willing to sing one or two hymns, if you know some?"

"I USED to sing at the meeting-house at home. I knew hymns then. I know the tunes still, of course."

"Thank you. You are very kind, Miss Everett. Here is the address," he said and handed me a card. "My sister will be glad to welcome you, and your friend, too."

Violet shook her head. "Thanks! My job at the cabaret keeps me up-town evenings."

"And you?" the minister asked me. "You said that you had an engagement to sing too, did you not? I must not interfere."

"I don't go on till ten o'clock," I said. "I'll show up at your place about eight. So long!"

We had reached the subway and he lifted his hat and left us.

"Well! I guess my name for him, 'Angel Face,' fits him all right!" Violet said as we walked on. "What are you up to anyway, kid? Out for adventure?"

"Perhaps!" I said. I did not understand the change in myself. "I'm sick of the everlasting sameness of things, of singing the same old songs every night and dancing the same old dances, and grinning the same old grins, and watching the same old guys come in and eat [Continued on page 90]"



I bought a paper to get my mind off the subject. My heart was beating so fast I could scarcely breathe



"Child," Angel Face said, "you are unhappy. I know you are. You do not belong in the life you are living. Go away from it before it is too late. Will you promise to do this for me?" I could only nod. If I had spoken then I should have sobbed. I wanted to put my head on his shoulder and cry as I had not cried since I was a little girl. His eyes seemed to be looking right down into my heart. Yet if he could see my heart he must know what was in it



By *Meredith*
A Great Novelist



Among my other worries has been the astounding disposition of the young people of America to be happy. This had bothered me for a long time. A whole generation of our sons and daughters doomed to the sizzling gridirons of gleeful monsters!

Why I've Quit Worrying

WHEN Uncle Horace Brumley made his annual pilgrimage to the city in October, bringing as usual a box of pawpaws for my spiritual uplift, he seemed less chipper than usual.

I had always found Horace's views of life instructive, and occasionally he brings in a good story from the sticks. But this time he didn't "choose" to talk. He was as silent as the White House. I asked him if he had heard any new jokes and he smoked his pipe for several minutes before replying.

"The folks ain't laughin' much," he said finally. "Those that ain't cuttin' up are worryin' a heap about them that is. Everybody's groanin' about the young folks bein' shiftless, but

I reckon they're an improvement on their parents. They're cheerfuller anyhow. I've got seven grandchildren, all quick steppers, and I'm glad they don't go to bed after the evenin' milkin' the way I used to have to.

"When I look round at the gloomy faces in Salt Lick Church every Sunday and hear the parson howl about sin, I thank God the young folks have beaten it away somewhere in their automobiles to have a good time. They were abusin' the young generation before I was high enough to reach the plow handles and it's still goin' on. This is a worryin' world, son."

Here was food for thought.

I was under contract to write a buoyant story of youth, full

Nicholson

Who Knows Life



© Pirie MacLung/1

Every parent ought to worry about his children. Worrying is part of the parental job. But the parent should keep that worry to himself, not hang crape on the youngster. Once a boy gets the idea that his old man is human and has skidded himself at times he's going to pay a little more attention to what the old boy says

About You Wild Young Folks

of young love overcoming all obstacles and winning out in a shower of rice. It wouldn't come. Romance in me was as dead as a hard-boiled egg. Any tale I might produce would be sappy stuff and I knew it wouldn't be true because on every hand I heard that young America was on a merry joy ride for the fires of the bottomless pit. I was told American youth had ceased to be romantic.

HOPING to change the current of my thoughts I began reading novels. Every book I picked up, every magazine story I read, was built on sex, either plain or garnished and perfumed. Most of them were tales of triangular affairs with

a young girl of wondrous beauty, brilliant, fascinating and all that sort of thing, upsetting domestic altars and causing gentle, patient wives infinite torment.

Even the most respectable newspapers that boast of printing only news fit to print had luxuriated in reeking columns of the evidence in the most revolting murder case of modern times. If only it had been the case of one perfect gentleman shooting another, who had poisoned his dog, it would have been amusing. But this attenuated tale was only a bore. The Bible story of the manner in which Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, drove a tent peg through the lordly Sisera's head was far more diverting than the Snyder sash-weight [Continued on page 110]

The Secret Island



How My Story Began:

JOYCE KENT looked like a princess the morning she came into Silver Port looking for a captain to take the *Cormorant*, her father's yacht, into San Pedro. I was looking for a way to get there myself, so I could go down to Matthews's sugar plantation at Los Muertos and make a fortune, and I took the job. Had I known then that Joyce Kent was hurrying to San Pedro to meet Churchill, to whom she announced her engagement almost as soon as we docked, I might not have been in such a hurry to help them out. Certainly I should not have interpreted Joyce's friendliness during the trip as due to the fact that she knew I had fallen in love with her and was glad.

Believing, however, that the millionaire's daughter had deliberately encouraged me, I was furious at her flirting with me to arouse Churchill's jealousy and interest when he came on board. I thought her cruel and heartless, and I decided on the spur of the moment to teach Joyce Kent a lesson.

I got my own skiff and, under cover of darkness, I kidnapped Joyce Kent from the yacht and headed for a Secret Island I

knew of, intending to give her a good scare, then take her back.


Imagine my horror when, after our first night on the island, miles from the course of any ships, I found the rope which held our boat gnawed in two and the skiff gone.

Who had loosened it? As if in answer to my unspoken question there came from the jungle behind me a weird unearthly scream—neither beast nor human!

Further Adventures
of a
STOLEN BRIDE
in a Strange
GARDEN of EDEN

*With Drawings
from Life*

By
LESLIE L. BENSON



Joyce and I, with wide terrified eyes, stared at the wild man for almost a minute. Then suddenly the strange savage thrust his handsome head forward and a strangled cry broke from his throat. The next instant, with head down and arms lunging wildly, he rushed straight at us

THERE I was, with the wide, blue sky over my head, the blue, shark water rolling like a level floor to the horizon, and that uncanny shriek sounding in my ears.

It wasn't human! It wasn't like any beast I'd ever heard of and yet it was somehow familiar. All I know is it made the small hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I'd never believed in spirits, but I was close to believing in them now.

I stared at that dank green wall of undergrowth that rose abruptly where the sand of the beach ceased. The matted vines and impenetrable vegetation looked too solid to hack your way through with a machete.

The heat seemed to ooze from that mass of growth. I had a sense of teeming, poisonous life, of great reptiles that crawled among fragrant blossoms, of strange, fungoid plants that raced into being and then in a few swift hours rotted in decay.

I felt pretty sick and miserable at the moment. I'd brought Joyce Kent here to teach her a lesson, but it was I that was learning the lesson, and a bitter one it was!

The skiff was dancing crazily out to sea, with the shark fins between it and me. I was marooned on my Secret Island and I'd marooned the girl with me. I hadn't tools or weapons.

I had only a handful of matches; and though by good luck I'd fetched out the canvas sack of provisions when I first stepped ashore, there were scarcely three days' rations in it. After that where would I be? And suppose after all there were no water on the island? Though I'd stopped at the cove once before on a solitary cruise, I'd never taken the trouble to explore the place.

Famine and thirst were bad enough to face. In addition here was this Thing that shouted and mocked from the trees!

Maybe I groaned a little, thinking of the kettle of fish I'd picked out for myself! Not a cargo boat, nor a fisherman's yawl touched these waters, and without tools how could I make any craft to carry us across violent seas to safety?

Joyce and myself—alone—perhaps for ever! Then even as I thought that, I had a dark, guilty thrill. She'd be mine! There'd be no one to take her from me. There'd be no one else in the whole universe! And it seemed to me that savage things stirred in me, simple things like hunger and love and fight.

But what would she make of it? Cut off from the world, with me whom she hated? Alone with me after I'd brought this

misfortune upon her? She'd go mad if she knew the possibilities that faced us. It would be like a living death to her.

My head was whirling confusedly with a thousand different thoughts. At one moment I was rejoicing, and the next I could have cut my own throat for desperation. Along with that, like an undercurrent, was the mystery of this creature that dwelt among the trees. What manner of thing could it be?

I hadn't moved. I'd just stood very still and listened. But the echoes had died away, and a heavy silence had fallen. It was as if I were being watched, as if invisible eyes peered out at me through the jungle growth.

But I wasn't going to let that frighten me. I straightened my shoulders and picked my way back to the shelter of the beach palms.

When I got there, I found the girl awake. She had lifted herself on one elbow, and was staring around. Had that cry awakened her? If so, there was no trace of fear in her eyes.

They fell on me, and a cold fury came into them. Her hand went up absently and touched her disordered hair. Her soft cheeks, browned by the sunlight, seemed to glow with color above the white and wrinkled linen dress she had on.

"So I haven't been dreaming after all!" she said in a slow, icy voice. "You really brought me here like this? Just when are you planning to take me back?"

I couldn't tell her all the truth, but I could tell her enough. "My skiff's gone! Ebb tide's carried it away," I said bluntly.

"We're marooned together here for a little while, until some passing steamer picks us up."

She rose to her feet. Some of the color had streamed from her face.

"But I've got to get back. You understand that, don't you? I not only want to, I've got to!"

"I'm sorry," I said, "but the skiff's gone. There's nothing I can do."

Those fine eyes of hers blazed. She tried hard to speak. Then at last she managed to say:

"WHEN will a steamer pick us up? How long will I have to stay here like this with you?"

"I don't know," I answered.

She was silent for a long moment, staring at me with many changing emotions. And finally she said:

"Oh, you don't know what you've done!" She covered her face with her hands, and a little shiver of misery went through her.

I paid the full price for my folly in that moment. I'd have given anything not to have brought unhappiness upon her, never to have given way to the crazy impulse to steal her off her father's yacht.

"I'll do what I can," I muttered. "There's no use in saying I'm sorry."

She dropped her hands and there was a desperate scorn in her face.

"No use at all!" she said. "I hated you before for what you did, but at least you didn't whine about it. And now I don't even hate you. I don't respect you enough with your contemptible soul. Oh, if I only had the courage, I'd throw myself into the sea!"

She looked lovely then with her eyes all fire, her mouth trembling.

"I'll do what I can," I repeated. "I'll get some beacons ready, as soon as we've had a bite to eat."

I picked up the canvas sack of old Juan's grub. There was some tough bread in it, a boiled fowl, a kind of native sausage, and a beaker of tepid water. Then I made a small fire on the sand. The sun was scorching overhead, and the heat seemed to stream up into the skies like the breath of the sweltering land.

I went down to the cove where I'd seen some submerged rocks, and filled my pockets with black, salty Caribbean oysters, to roast in their shells over my embers. But all the time I was thinking of her, thinking how wonderful she was, and remembering the dull agony of the moment when I'd seen her in that young fool, Churchill's arms and the golden dreams I'd dreamed about winning her after I'd made my fortune on Matthews's plantation.

Well, there wasn't any plantation to dream about now. There wasn't any Churchill to hate. But I wasn't feeling happy nor

proud. It was a devilish thing I'd done, and I'd have been willing to give my life itself, to get her clear and free of this place.

I knew that the chances were all against us, that building beacon fires to attract passing ships, where no ships ever passed, was less than buying a lottery ticket and expecting to reap wealth with it.

I'D CUT her off from her family and her friends, from all the world except myself. And though I loved her, I knew what it was I'd done. I'd have prayed to God to forgive me, if that had been my way.

I scattered the little oysters on the coals while the girl watched me. Then she said in a matter-of-fact voice which I didn't expect:

"I heard you back there in the trees. How did you happen to come that way from the beach?"

I stopped and looked at her. There was no use telling her what I suspected, no use frightening her. The creature that lurked on this Secret Island was apparently spying on us, was not far away even now. I mumbled something about having wandered in a circle, letting her think that noise in the underbrush had come from me and not from the Thing that was watching us.

Though she said nothing more, but brooded over her own thoughts, she ate with a good appetite. As for me, I'd never been hungrier. I packed my pipe and lit it. A dozen more pipefuls and I'd be done with tobacco for good, unless the stuff grew wild here.

Then, to encourage her, but without faith myself, I set to work to gather piles of driftwood and arrange them so that I could whip up a strong fire in ten minutes whenever I chose. But I took care not to wander out of sight of her this time, and my four prepared beacons were grouped closely together.

However, whatever it was that lurked on the island, did not trouble us during the heat. Whether it slept or merely watched, I didn't know, but gradually I was lulled into a false security and even forgot to ponder on what it might be.

I finished with my beacons, and then set to work to make a better encampment. Half of the canvas cover I fastened between the palms, levelled the sand there and tore up any sparse vegetation that might harbor insect life.

We ate again, and judging from the remains in Juan's provision-sack, I decided I had only a day before foraging for provisions became a necessity.

I was sorry that it wasn't my habit to carry a jack-knife. Fire was the only tool I had. But I decided I might be able to burn a stake to a point and spear some fish with it. Of shell-fish there was an abundance, but how long one could sustain life on them I wasn't chemist enough to know.

The swift, tropic twilight, unlike the northern dusk, has no spaced interval. Darkness follows blazing light as suddenly as a candle is extinguished.

I lay down, but not to sleep. Joyce Kent, her head turned from me, lay not ten feet away. She was very still. Presently I heard her slow, deep breathing and knew that she slept.

I could hear the slow, regular splash of the sea on our doorstep of sand. The stars were out, and the moon was flooding the silent world with silver. My thoughts moved vaguely. Little by little Joyce would learn the truth, that we were marooned here, the two of us, perhaps forever.

MEANWHILE I'd do my best to show her I wanted only to serve her, to show her that I loved her. Perhaps she'd hate me for having brought this Fate upon her, but in the end? After all I'd be the only man in the universe for her, the one other living person, and she'd feel at least I was necessary.

What was going to happen to us? Could we slowly and painfully put together the rudiments of civilized life? Could I build a house with my hands that would withstand the wind and torrents of the rainy season. Could we escape fever and sickness if we stayed here long?

I stretched my muscles a little. It was something to feel yourself young and strong. It was something to have the knowledge of other men in your head. I was going to live a primitive life, but with a twentieth century brain to guide me.

Joyce and I, just the two of us, with no law, no community to criticize the words went on in my head like a refrain



Joyce had lifted herself on one elbow and was staring around, but there was no trace of fear. As she looked at me a light of cold fury came into her eyes. "So I haven't been dreaming," she said in a slow, icy voice. "You really brought me here. I've got to get back. You understand that, don't you? I've got to get back." Her fine eyes blazed at me



that lulled me at last into a troubled and dream tossed sleep.

I don't know how long I slept, not more than three hours I'd say. But all at once I started up abruptly at the sound of a cry.

The moon had gone down but the starlight illumined the ghostly beach. Joyce was sitting up, and though I could scarcely make out her face, I sensed the terror in her tense body.

"Oh, take me away!" she whispered frantically. "Do some-

thing! I'm afraid, I'm afraid! Oh, please take me away!"

The courage was all out of her now. She was like a helpless child, and she had turned to me desperately. Even in that instant the thought was warming to me.

"What's happened?" I demanded.

"I was dreaming that I was back on the yacht. And then I thought I saw something bend over me. A hand touched me, stroked my throat. I woke up! There [Continued on page 79]



"He's coming up," Joyce cried. I got to my feet and listened. The wild man was coming. If he gained the summit, he could hurl me over the cliff. Now I had Joyce's love to fight for and I was not afraid to match my strength against the savage

By John J. Freschi

*Formerly Justice of the
Court of Special Sessions
of New York*

Should The Woman Pay?

A SENSATIONAL murder trial had dragged its way through the newspapers. It had been much like the usual popular murder trials where a young woman is the defendant, except in one striking detail. Whereas the fair murderer is usually able to assert, with some plausibility, that the victim was her betrayer, thus arousing sympathy, in this case the opposite was true.

The victim was the one man in her storm-tossed life who had wanted to uplift her. He had loved her so unselfishly that he wanted to marry her in spite of her drab past. It was because he was trying to save her from the man who had wronged her that she rewarded him with violent death.

That was why outraged public conscience demanded adequate punishment, why the jury, closing its ears to the usual romantic pleas by the defense, had found her guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, why the trial judge commended the jury for its verdict, saying it was a step toward decreasing the number of murders by women.

At last, said the newspapers, a woman would pay!

When the day came for sentence, the judge expressed extreme regret at the need for severity. Then he sentenced the girl to prison for a term which means, if she behaves herself, she will be out in three years.

I have a friend of practical intelligence, a man who mirrors public opinion of the better sort. He is not at all bloodthirsty, and certainly is not a woman hater. He was appalled at the seeming inadequacy of the girl's punishment. He pointed out that a day or so before, a man had been sent to prison for twenty years for merely threatening his victim with a pistol.

"AFTER all the talk of making an example of this woman," he exploded, "what happens? Simply another gesture of encouragement to other women to go and do likewise!

"If it had been a man the jury would have sent him to the chair!

"It doesn't seem right that the Courts should constantly make a difference between the sexes. Why shouldn't a woman who commits a crime pay the same penalty that a man is made to pay for his?"

Why shouldn't she? That is a question the whole American public is asking.

This country is undeniably facing the problem of an increase in feminine lawbreaking. In days gone by woman's participation in crime was so negligible as to assign a practical monopoly to man. But gradually the balance has been changing. Each day sees a larger proportion of women before the

Bar of Justice. Nowadays, of the defendants arraigned in the Court of Special Sessions, New York, approximately one in every ten is a woman. In felonies and more serious crimes, fortunately, she plays a lesser part.

Favorable though that ratio may seem for women, it is nevertheless menacing, considering that she is only in her novitiate as a lawbreaker.

LENIENCY, however, has nothing to do with the situation. At the bottom of it is the sudden shifting of woman's sphere from the home to the outside world, and with it the shelving of age-old restrictions, which protected while they governed. The World War enlisted her in business service. She earned largely, spent lavishly, and incidentally, she learned extravagance. With it all she tasted a thrilling independence—tasted it too suddenly to be able to keep her equilibrium.

Another factor entered. Where once every girl had it ceaselessly hammered into her that she must shun liquor as the key to woman's certain downfall, today drinking by women is entirely conventional. In fact it is actually encouraged as socially "smart." Today she finds in stimulants the final spur to undisciplined emotions. And emotion, broadly speaking, is the mother of woman's every transgression.

Woman's crimes are almost always crimes of impulse. They are seldom mercenary or premeditated. When she steals it is usually because she has been swept off her balance by a sudden impulse, which has feminine vanity as its inspiration. And when she kills her crime can be traced to emotions run wild—to love, usually love scourged by jealousy.

Woman differs from man in body, in mind, in temperament and her offenses are different, both in conception and execution. This being so, to punish her infractions with the same rigorous measures devised to punish man, would be as unreasonable as holding a child to as rigid an accounting for a thoughtless offense as we do a man who deliberately breaks the law.

All things being equal, judicial mercy shades unfairly toward the man who gets the longer sentence. His one year in prison is infinitely less in its punitive effect than the month a woman may spend in durance for the same offense. Consider this: not only is woman's capacity for suffering from public disgrace and humiliation greater than man's, but if the man so determines, his punishment ends when he has served his sentence; the woman's punishment only begins when her term is over and she leaves the jail behind. [Continued on page 75]

Should the Woman Pay?

PRIZE CONTEST

What has sex to do with the law? Altogether too much, a lot of us think. Too much emotion, too much sentiment, too much sex. That's why so many feminine defendants get off so lightly.

But is there another side to the question? Judge Freschi thinks there is. Read his article. Then think over the famous cases in which you think women "got away with murder."

SMART SET wants to know how you feel on this problem and what you think should be done about it. For the best 250 word letter in answer to the question

Should the Woman Pay?

SMART SET will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. The editors will be judges, no letters will be returned. Contest closes December 31, 1927

*Do You Think
It Strange
for a
JUDGE
to Tell You
WOMEN
Who Break the
LAW
Should Not Be
PUNISHED
as Severely as
MEN?*



©Underwood & Underwood



A man's sentence ends when he has served his time. The woman's punishment begins when she leaves the jail. So," says Judge Freschi, "in a more enlightened day, when the world understands more about feminine psychology, we will continue to allot to women who commit crimes penalties less severe than those imposed on men"

The Man Who Laughed at LOVE

*With Drawings
From Life
By RAY SISLEY*



I SAT on a soap box and made up my mind to fall in love. The box was lately from the cellar where it had held fishing tackle and the paraphernalia of outdoors; and I was lately from a dance at the country club where I had held eleven pairs of soft little hands with a complete lack of enthusiasm. That was the reason for my present grouch.

As I finished getting ready my fishing tackle for John Will Denman's stag fishing and raising-Cain party down on the river I went over my dissatisfaction with myself.

Mother was going to raise the deuce with me as soon as she got home from the dance I had deserted. She was a chaperon and had to stay but I knew she had seen me cut away. When she got home I knew she would ask me why, and how come, and she would probably point out to me many varied excellencies in many, varied girls. As if I knew why I didn't fall in love!

Fervently did I wish I could. Folks in love seemed to enjoy it a lot part of the time. As a kid, growing up, I'd expected to fall in love. Everybody did in my part of the South. I'd wondered, kid-fashion, what she was going to be like when she did come along; and later, when my beard began to arrive, each time I met a new girl I'd ask myself the silent question: "Do you reckon this can be the one?"

And here I was getting old, pretty well toward thirty—and still the left-out. Most of the fellows I ran with met the one-person-in-all-the-world, irrevocably and finally, half a dozen times a year; and I never did. I must admit there had been occasions when the feel of soft young arms about my neck and the cling of warm young lips to mine had made the blood pound through me like wine. Trouble was, there always came the day after when the white blinding sunshine made

*A Romance
of a
Boy from Dixie Land
and a
Girl Who Loved
Too Well*

silly foolishness of what had seemed so plausible the night before under the moon.

What was this stuff called love, anyhow? Was I abnormal, that I couldn't feel it?

Did Jimmy Briggs, for instance, really mean all he said inevitably about whichever girl happened at that time to be his love-for-all-eternity? Did something that I had never felt make Jimmy believe that girl was like no other one on earth? Did he and all the other fellows and girls really feel those emotions they talked about so much? Or did they, as I did when I was driven into a corner, say those things because everybody else did?

The trouble was right here, in Lee Austin, I told myself savagely. I let girls get on my nerves. That habit of mine, for instance, of postponing as long as possible meeting a new girl who looked appealing; preferring to look at her from a distance; reminding myself that when I'd met her the first sound of her voice or the sheer inanity of her first remark would strip away all the rose taint and romance, and leave her plain, unattractive girl.

IT WASN'T that I didn't care for girls, in the abstract. I did! Too much! I thought of them, dreamed of them, longed for them. They looked unbelievably beautiful, unbelievably sweet as they danced by in some fellow's arms, the soft, misty clouds of their frocks draped revealingly about their pretty shoulders and their slim young figures, their dark eyes afloat and their dewy, red young lips apart with sheer youth and enjoyment. It was hard to keep reminding oneself how flat they flopped when a fellow did meet them.

I knew how they felt toward me. "Lee-the-Lucky" was what they called me. They claimed that I flaunted Fortune constantly and that, womanlike, she only redoubled her favors to me. They kept reminding me that I was the only child of two only children, each of them the last of an old and wealthy family and that I had half-a-dozen maiden great-aunts who openly intended leaving me their not inconsiderable earthly possessions. They claimed that nothing I could do went wrong.

Thinking about that, though, didn't help to provide an answer to the pointed inquiry Mother was going to make as to why didn't I pick out a nice girl and settle down.

"Why not?" I asked myself suddenly.

The fault was within Lee Austin alone. I'd just finished ad-

It was Ann. Not bad-looking at all I discovered to my surprise. Funny I hadn't ever really looked at her before. And she didn't pop off something inane when I said, "Hello," but smiled back as if we had some gorgeous secret between us



mitting that to myself. I didn't give any girl a fair chance. I'd go with her once or twice and then, because of some tiny thing she said, or some mere glance she gave, I'd lose interest, grow sick of her, stop dead. If everything that folks said was right, the way to fall in love with a girl, excepting always that "first sight" rot, was to share pleasure with her; have with her memories to look back to, little secret understandings. Propinquity! That was the word!

WHY, the thing could be done cold-bloodedly! One could fall in love with any girl he chose! Merely pick her, make all the dates with her she'd let him, go to see her every night, make the momentum carry him off his feet. What a peach of a way out! I wondered if anybody else had had that hunch before.

Better still, when Mother came in, find out the girl she really preferred, and deliberately make myself fall in love with that girl! Mother was guilelessly transparent to one who loved her.

I heard Dad's key letting them in and when Mother came into my room my lap was full of fishing tackle. "Mother," I asked, "what do you think of the curious custom that has descended to us through the ages known as 'marriage'?"

"I wish you would marry, Lover," she said. "You don't know how much it would please your father and me to see you settled. We're getting old, you know."

I couldn't tease when Mother talked like that. "Honey," I said, "I just can't find me a girl."

"Can't find one, Lover! The woods are full of them! There's Annabelle Lawrence and Florence Anderson, and that real pretty, sweet little Oldham girl. You know, the one all the boys rush so at the dances. She has such a darling little figure! And there's Martha Prue Denman. Oh, Lover, of course you can find you a girl."

"The pretty Oldham girl." I mused over Mother's obvious preference! Not bad, I supposed; and then, to Mother, in business-like tones: "Very well, Mrs. Austin, your request has been filed and will receive its due attention as soon as I get

back from the party that John Will is having down the river."

"Have all the innocent fun you want, Lee. But don't let that young Perry boy lose too much at poker; and be careful what you drink. Can I help you get up your stuff? Kiss me good-by when you leave in the morning."

Down at the river, there was alcohol, poker and fishing, in the order named. True, quiet-eyed John Will Denman took a couple of the colored hands and "ran the trot line" for channel cat two or three times a night; but we others labored intensively at the first two occupations until Jimmy Briggs called out, "Come on fellows, we're going over to the Pines to see the girls. Come on!"

"We're all too drunk," argued young Perry, not without reason.

"Don't make no difference," refuted Jimmy. "Besides, we'll let John Will drive."

We piled into the car and the cool air, the rush of the wind across our faces quieted and helped to sober us. We had ourselves well in hand when John Will braked the car to a halt on the pebbled driveway in front of The Pines.

A window went up to frame the pretty faces of Annabelle Lawrence and Martha Prue Denman. "Look what somebody left in our front yard! Florence! Jennie! Jimmy and John Will and Lee and lot of the fellows 're downstairs! You boys wait till we can get on some clothes!"

Dancing was done; and many other things. Also much love was made! Even some by me.

I REMEMBERED pretty clearly the earlier part of the visit; but I had no recollection of "passing out." I had other things on my mind when Florence passed around some super-dreadnaught blackberry wine the cook had made. As the time passed there grew a glorious, rose-colored haze. The music was playing just for me; and all the air was full of big, sparkling, tender eyes and red, red lips that puckered up, teasingly at me.

There never left the back of my thoughts, however, the half promise I had made Mother. The "pretty Oldham girl" was



there and I kept remembering hazily that I intended to rush her.

That was the first time I had ever "let my liquor get me down," and the one thing I was sure of was that most certainly I did not like it. Full consciousness returned when I was in my bunk, back down on the river, and Jimmy and young Perry, finding me awake at last, began to tell me what I had

done the night before. I had begun, so they said, by kissing every girl in the room.

I denied any knowledge of such a proceeding.

"I didn't think you were drunk!" Jimmy said. "Looked to me like you were showing good sense!"

"I didn't think you were drunk either, Lee," confirmed young Perry. "You really didn't show it at all. Walked perfectly straight; and your tongue never did get twisted. You even drove the car back. You mean you don't remember any of it—sa-a-ay!" he stopped abruptly and looked over at Jimmy seriously. He, too, had a thoughtful look on his face.

"Do you mean, Lee, that you don't remember anything about,—well—engagements to be married?"

From old experience with those young rascals I looked at them, confident of finding the tiny signs that would reveal unmistakably that they were kidding. But Perry looked as if he saw a ghost, and Jimmy's smile was gone. Gone, too, was all of the raillery, all of the lightness.

"YOU mean," Jimmy said, "that you don't remember anything about coming back into the living room and announcing your engagement to us all?"

For the first time doubt began to assail me. Neither of them could have kept on lying without some slip. More convincing than anything that they had said, too, was the dim, fumbling recollection of the moon shining across a clear-cut little face uplifted to mine, and the feel of young arms about my neck. I had gone there fully intending to make a dead set for "the pretty Oldham girl." Something told me I had done it.

But it never would do to let those two guess that they had me disturbed. "Sure I remember everything!" I lied boldly. "Why the surprise?"

Evidently, I deceived neither of them. "No, Lee," Jimmy's awkward, low tone admitted of no further doubt. "We're not kidding. We thought you knew what you were doing; or we'd never have kidded you about it."

I raised up in the bunk, startled. "What did I do, Jimmy?" I asked. "Tell me. Tell me!" Never in my life had I been so worried.

"I don't know, Lee," Jimmy answered. "I thought you were all right. I was doing a whole lot o' sweet-talkin' on my own hook and you did look perfectly able to take care of yourself. You must have been off in the car; and you came into the living room where all the rest of us were down on the rugs shootin' marbles. You two were swingin' hands, like a couple o' kids and you stopped the marble game to tell us she had just accepted you and that you were the proudest man on earth. Said you would be married just as soon as you could persuade her to quit buying a trousseau."

"GOOD Lord!" I groaned. Jimmy was not lying. His face told that; and his words woke remembrances within me. My worrying about not falling in love and that resolution to do it must have been just under the surface, ready to spring up when I "passed out" under the liquor.

"Who was she, Jimmy?" I asked. "Jennie Oldham, wasn't it?" Jimmy rose and stood over the bunk. "Lee," he said, "on your honor, don't you know to whom you announced your engagement?"

"On my honor, Jimmy. Who was it?"

"Gee, this is awful. I thought you knew!" Jimmy answered.


"It was Ann Blake, Lee."

"Ann Blake!" I repeated incredulously. "Ann Blake? Good Lord, I never spoke a dozen words to her in my life!"

Hastily I tried to marshal a picture of her; to remember what she looked like. The total was of a little thing, noticeable neither for her silences nor for her talking too much—who danced enough, sang enough, knew enough border-line stories to get by with our crowd. She was all right, I reckoned, but—

"Ann Blake!" I repeated. "Good Lord!"

Just in time I caught Jimmy's [Continued on page 116]



As John Will braked the car to a halt on the driveway in front of the Pines, a window went up to frame the pretty faces of Annabelle and Martha. "Look what somebody left in our front yard, girls! You boys wait. We'll be down in a minute." In the back of my thoughts was the promise I had made Mother. The "pretty Oldham girl" was there and I kept remembering that I intended to rush her

When Love of My Window

By
Mary
Calvert

TODAY is the anniversary of my wedding. And here in my morning's mail comes a long letter from Bill who writes:

"I look at things in the past as honestly and open-mindedly as possible. And I want to tell you once and for all that the greatest mistake of my life was made seven years ago. Understand, I think very likely you are happier and better off without me, but I shall never forget your steadfast goodness. It is only for the sake of the children that I am willing to have you bother with me. Otherwise I would wish you to forget the troublesome Bill, though he will never forget and never cease to love you."

Bill is my former husband. Seven years ago he asked me to divorce him, so that he could marry another woman with whom he said he was in love.

Yet I do not hate him; I am not jealous; I do not hate the other woman. I have always tried to understand their point of view. I was brought up in the strictest atmosphere, sent to a church school, and still retain old-fashioned ideas and ideals of what marriage should be; yet I do not consider Bill vile because he loved another woman while he was still married to me.

Am I a freak, or a moron?

During the months after we separated, while I was getting the divorce and waiting for the final decree, the thing that made me most unhappy was the thought of Bill's intolerable loneliness in a city rooming house.

Christmas came during this interval, and I could scarcely bear the thought of his being alone on this holiday, away from the children and the warm home fires.

BILL understood that I would be unhappy about that, for he called me up on Christmas eve and told me that he had been invited to a big, gay party the next day, and would very resolutely not be lonely. I was glad of that.

Oh, I am not posing as a saint, a great-hearted heroine.

I don't love Bill; I wouldn't want him back under any condition; he doesn't mean any more to me, emotionally, than my most casual masculine acquaintance. But I see no reason why I should not remain friends with him, because, in many ways, he is a fine man. We understand each other better than most friends do. Marriage certainly gives one an unrivalled opportunity to get acquainted. And each of us is honestly interested in the other's happiness and prosperity.

I shouldn't feel that I had got free from Bill if I continued to think about him and hate him, as some women hate their ex-husbands. That's a form of bitterness that has put ugly hard little lines about the mouths of several pretty women I know, and ugly hard little fences about their souls. They are not free; they are tied to memories and jealousy. But I am utterly, happily free from Bill. I go days without thinking of him, then along comes a letter, and I am reminded that I

"Seven years ago my husband asked me to divorce him, so that he could marry another woman," writes the author of this story. "Yet, I do not hate him, I am not jealous. I do not hate the other woman. I have always tried to understand their point of view. I was brought up in the strictest atmosphere, sent to a church school, and still retain old-fashioned ideas and ideals of what marriage should be. Yet I do not consider Bill vile because he loved another woman while still married to me. Am I a freak, or a moron?"



Flew Out

*Another of Those
Amazing Human Documents
You Will Find
Only in Smart Set*



Sketched from Life
By
LOUIS G. SCHROEDER

still have a friend named Bill. "You still love Bill!" say some of my friends.

They don't know that I got over loving Bill years before he ever turned to another woman. It's just because I do not love him, and realize that fact, that I am not jealous of the other woman.

I believe lots of other divorced couples could be friends, and that is enormously important, if there are children, if only they would face the fact that love died long before they parted.

I hate to hear a woman wail, "She stole my husband's love." That is a childish plaint. I do not believe any other woman can take a married man from his wife, if she loves him in return. When one of a married pair turns for love to somebody besides the mate, that is proof enough, in my mind, that

the marriage has not been a success, that the flame that leaped up and swept those two together has flickered out, instead of settling down to a warm, satisfying glow. And if the flame has died for one, it is really dead for both. Who wants a one-sided love? Who could enjoy trying to hold an unwilling, unloving mate?

One of my best friends says, "You have no proper pride. I don't see how you can ever speak to him again, after the way he cut up with that woman!"

Well, each human being has his own sort of pride. Perhaps it would hurt mine if I had ever felt that the other woman took Bill away from me. But I never have.

I SHALL never forget that lovely June evening when Bill told me that there was another woman. Children's voices came to us from the lawn; the last of the sunshine lighted the garden, which I could see from my place at the dining table.

My mother was with us, and for days she had discussed Bill's moods, the curtailed amount of money he was giving me, his preoccupied manner. She was sure Bill was interested in another woman.

"We aren't happy together," I said. "But there are the children, our home, everything. No, Bill wouldn't! Bill couldn't! We'll stick for a thousand years, for the sake of the children."

I was so sure of myself that I felt sure of Bill. It was unthinkable. Bill wasn't the type to love lightly and often. Above all, Bill wouldn't want to hurt me.

That evening the children left the table and rushed out, as children love to do on summer evenings, for one more game before bedtime, while we lingered over our dessert and coffee. My mother presently made some bitter remark about men who carried on affairs with other women, and Bill said quietly, after a little pause:

"Yes, there is another woman."

"I knew it!" my mother said triumphantly.

"I've wanted to tell Mary for months, for over a year," Bill went on. He was still talking to my mother.

I SAT there, huddled in my chair, my heart pounding madly. I couldn't speak. It was like being at a play which suddenly develops a most surprising, breath-taking plot, a scene so poignant that it is almost unbearable.

But it wasn't a play. It was real life, my life, Bill's life, the children's, our home, everything suddenly touched by this unbelievable thing. Bill loved another woman!

Yet even in the anguish of that moment when all the foundations of our family life began to sweep away, I could still see Bill's side of it, could still feel, with a throb of pity, how dreadfully unhappy he must have been all those months, to have turned from me to someone else.

That night, after the children were in bed and my mother had gone to her room, Bill and I sat in the living room on the couch, and he told me everything, and wiped my tears on his big handkerchief, after my small one was hopelessly drenched. I was so glad we could be friends to each other on that tragic night, because we both needed comfort and courage.

And even on that night, I did not hate the other woman, nor feel that she had stolen Bill from me.

OUR love had been one of those fierce, quick-flaming bonfire affairs of youth and inexperience. A swift summer romance, a brief, ecstatic engagement, and then marriage in a mood of high courage, defiance, and youthful cock-sureness.

"Of course, we hadn't known each other very long, according to the silly standards of the stupid world," we said, "but didn't we know and understand each other better than any two lovers ever had since Time began? Of course, we had no money, but didn't we have hope and each other, and brilliant prospects? Mere money wasn't much, anyhow. Look at all the dull and stodgy people who had loads of it, but not enough sense to know how to enjoy it. Pooh! We should be infinitely richer on Bill's forty dollars a week.

I can look back now, without bitterness, indeed, with a kind of tender pity, on the sad folly of those two pathetic young things, Bill and me. I know now, that like thousands of other quite sincere young pairs, we were both desperately in love with love and romance, but only very slightly acquainted with each other. In many ways we were the proverbial opposites.

I soon found that I had married an irresponsible small boy of utterly Bohemian instincts. And poor Bill found that he had married an excellent housekeeper who had a deep-rooted prejudice in favor of conventionality and a very grave sense of responsibility. About the children we would have, we were in perfect accord; we both thought six, in a big suburban home, would be ideal.

EVEN on the honeymoon I began to see that I had trusted my future to a boy who did not know and would never know, the value of money. Bill's trousseau was quite dazzling—a frock suit, evening clothes, good looking business suits, nice accessories—but before we had reached New York, where we were to live, Bill's purse was empty, and I had to cash some of the wedding gift checks to enable Bill to buy our tickets for the last lap of our wedding journey.

I think the nest-building instinct is stronger in women than in men. In fact, I believe that many girls unconsciously marry for a home rather than a companion. Of course, marriage should imply both blessings, but sometimes a woman with a passion for a lovely, tidy home actually comes to dislike the man who gave it to her, because he disturbs its calm order with his cigar ashes, scattered papers and other possessions, and spots up the tablecloth when he carves the juicy roast.

The home-making instinct is strong in me. I confess without shame that I have the soul of a good housemaid. I adore dusting and making beds. I honestly enjoy running a vacuum cleaner and I will cheerfully work myself to the point of exhaustion cultivating a rose bed or weeding the lawn. There are women like that. It isn't a virtue! They are born so, just as some women are born with a passion for bridge, or embroidery, or club work.

Our little apartment was my pride and joy and despair. I used to want to scream when our friends, most of whom were

so very much more prosperous than we were, would say, as I showed them our little home and explained that we were going to have a desk just here when we could afford it, or a couch there. "But my dear, it must be such fun to get things slowly, just a few at a time, and build up gradually." I never found waiting for things, longing for them, any fun at all.

But it wasn't long before I discovered that waiting and longing were to be part of my life, if I depended on Bill. While we had been engaged he had worked like mad to earn extra money. He actually saved five hundred dollars, which seemed to me a lordly sum with which to set up housekeeping. But on our wedding trip he confessed that he had lent all of that five hundred dollars to a relative just before our marriage! "But never mind, Mary darling," he said. "Think of an apartment with two real fire-places! We'll get a carpenter to build us some book shelves, and we'll get those Japanese prints framed, and by-and-by we'll get a really good baby grand piano, which will lend tone to the whole place."

WHAT matter if the floors were bare, and our furniture mostly second-hand relics, which his mother had lent us? In just a year or two Bill promised we should have a lovely home in the country somewhere. Meanwhile we would be awfully happy here, rugs or no rugs. It was going to be simply a maddeningly sweet little home.

Well, in a way it was. I developed into a successful cook, and Bill was always a charming, eager, hearty host. He was radiantly happy. Give him a piano so he could improvise when in a quiet mood, or roar out songs when hilarious, a few prints and a lot of books about him, and he was perfectly content.

He never cared what he was eating, so long as he was with those he cared for, and could talk and roar laughter and quote poetry and tell the amusing stories he had picked up during the day. He had a large and interesting acquaintance among writers, artists, theatrical people and musicians. His life was interesting, his friends entertaining, his work congenial, and he basked in pure joy. He was quite foolishly pleased with me, praised my housekeeping efforts, and brought his friends home in droves to show me off.

Enough to make any girl happy, you say? Yes, except that it takes money to entertain, even modestly. If I could only have been as care-free as Bill was! But your true Bohemian is born, not made after twenty. I could no more help my mental

habit of looking ahead, counting the cost, and feeling our responsibilities and obligations, than I could help the color of my eyes. I can see that Bill would have been happier with a girl as care-free and happy-go-lucky as himself. Goodness knows where they would have landed, but it would have been some happy, even if rather shabby port, I am sure.

BILL'S weekly salary check was spent almost before it was earned. I had no allowance for the house. When Bill kissed me good-by in the morning he would hand me a bill, a two, five, three, or one. That was for food. He paid the rent, the gas, and the telephone bills. He lent as easily as he borrowed. I did not know for a year or two that he did borrow. He received a little legacy from a distant relative, and when I said that we could buy the desk and have his inlay work done, he confessed that he owed more than the legacy would bring.

I can honestly say that I never spent one unnecessary cent in all my married life, yet there was [Continued on page 85]

When You're Away

By Louella F. Still

The hours we spend together are like hill tops;
Your absence cuts deep valleys in between.
But only in the silence of the valleys,
I dare to think how much the hill tops mean.

Up there, close to the stars, when you are near me,
I scarcely seem to hear the things you say.
My heart records them all and sings them to me,
In the hours when you have to be away.

Come soon, and let us seek another hill top.
My heart must learn another waiting song.
It might forget the way to fill the silence
If you should stay away from me too long.

*In
Re:
Pose*



Warner Brothers

Myrna Loy is sleepy too, but how can she get ready for bed when Marceline Day is sound asleep in the suit case where Myrna left her silk pajamas?

M-G-M.



Our Favorite Co-Ed

A soft job is Johnny Mack Brown's in M-G-M's new picture, "The Fair Co-ed." As athletic coach all he has to do is tell a crew of beautiful co-eds like Marion Davies to do their stuff—and watch 'em do it! It's a life job so no others need apply



Here's one of the reasons why men come home occasionally. Wouldn't you love to tinkle a little silver bell and have Dorothy Sebastian say, "At your service, sir"?

M-G-M.



Ruth Harriet Lodge



Edward Tinsley Mennen

Not so long ago you read in *Smart Set* about a girl who was struck with *Manhattan Madness*. Lovely Mae Clarke was too! She came! She saw! She conquered! Now she has a part in "*Manhattan Mary*"

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



*I Have Known Many Instances
of Self-Sacrificing Friendships
But It Was In the Great American Desert
That I Found the True Meaning of—*

Loyalty

I HAVE often thought loyalty the supreme virtue. It covers the entire field. Loyalty is the lodestone of all love worthy the name and has inspired every great deed.

Ruth's "Whither thou goest, I will go," to Naomi is about the most beautiful passage in the Bible.

Nearly all the woe in the world is attributable to disloyalty. Outside of sickness and poverty, it is directly responsible for all human misery.

One of the unforgettable incidents in my life was the loyalty of a dog I permitted, in a moment of neglect, to be mangled under the wheels of a motor car. He crawled to me to be lifted into my arms, licked my face and died. He was loyal to the last gasp. His memory is ever green.

Jack Dempsey's faithful trainer, the silent Jerry the Greek, is an example of human loyalty the world knows very little about. In victory and defeat, he has dogged the steps of his master, his idol.

Few have visited Dempsey at his home or at his training camps without being under the surveillance of Jerry. When

Dempsey first lost the championship to Tunney, Jerry sat alone in a hotel room refusing to eat, sleep or talk for three days. Yet sometimes a week or so has passed without Jerry saying a word to his hero. He is content merely to be near him. He refuses salary. Whenever he requires money for his modest needs he asks for it. With Dempsey's last defeat, Jerry has been inconsolable.

All of which is a mere preamble to a most magnificent bit of loyalty which recently came under my notice. It transcends the human and sparks of the divine.

En route home from the West Coast I stopped off at Tucson, Arizona, between trains, and drove out about twenty miles across the bleak desert country to a lonely shack among the barren foot hills. Here a former good fellow of Broadway was making a valiant struggle for his health. He had been caught in the vortex of high spending and high living for which the street is famous and was paying the piper.

I FOUND him stretched out on a cot of a sleeping porch staring at the soft puffs of clouds lazily through the sky. I could not help comparing the desolation that was his to the world of tinsel and hurrah of which he had been a conspicuous part during the best years of his life. [Continued on page 89]

Robert S. Carr's

STORY

of

High School Life

SENSATIONAL

Only

Because

It Is

TRUE

Paul's Story So Far:

PAUL BENTON, on his sixteenth birthday, was a freshman in Westfield High School. There was nothing about that to make him feel so important—but he was wearing his first long trousers and trying desperately to live up to them! He was learning to smoke, to shoot pool and to make hot dates. He was one of the "gang" of small town regular guys.

Before his seventeenth birthday Paul's family moved to the city and he was transplanted to East High. Paul had visited the city only once before with the Westfield gang and remembered it as being the place where he had seen the most beautiful girl in the world on the street. She had had golden curly hair and had worn a pink slicker with a butterfly painted on the back of it.

Paul found out after he came to East High that this dream girl of his was Doris Bulen, one of the high-hat crowd—but he found out too late. He had already become identified with Art Meredith's crowd, the kind that frequented cheap dance halls and made dates with the girls they met there.

Paul never forgot the first night he went to the Palace dance hall with Art. How could he? That was the night he learned to dance! Where he ever got the nerve to approach a perfectly strange girl and ask her to dance he didn't know. He only knew that in some mysterious way he found himself moving in time to the music and another chapter in his education



"Hello, Mother," Claire said into the phone. "I'm going to stay over at Edna's tonight. I'm calling from there now. We're going to study a while and go to bed early." Fritzie broke into a titter of laughter and white faced Claire silenced her with a frantic gesture

Crucible of Youth

*With Drawings
from Life*

By C. R. CHICKERING



was completed to his satisfaction.

Paul's formal education, supposedly acquired in the class room, never made half as much impression on him as the things he learned from the gang. In fact his chief interest in some class rooms was that Doris Bulen, his golden-haired girl of the pink slicker, was there, within speaking distance.

PAUL soon found out that a girl like Doris was so totally different, for instance, from Fritzie Wentgill, one of Art's girls, that she wouldn't even be seen with the kind of a boy who would take Fritzie out. She told Paul so in unmistakably plain English and after that Paul stuck closer than ever to Art's crowd, who by this time accepted him as one of them without question. He went to more wild parties; he stayed out later; he wished harder than ever for a car so that he wouldn't have to depend on the other fellows for a date.

CHRISTMAS came and went with its flurry of socks, neckties and snow. Paul had persistently begged for a machine of his own and had even deluded himself into regarding it as a probability; consequently the holiday fell rather short when he was vaguely promised, "Well, maybe you can use the big car after a while, when you're a little older and have better judgment."

Between Happy Watson and Art Meredith, Paul did quite a bit of double dating that winter. It was icy cold in Art's roadster and even Happy's snug sedan made Paul feel like an Arctic explorer necking an Esquimo lass, so they did no roadside parking. Usually they went to one of the better downtown movies, had ice cream or sandwiches afterwards, and took the girls straight home. Often they went to some public dancing place, but never to the Palace. Paul had learned to hate that dump. If they were invited into the house and the davenport proved satisfactory, they did not leave until very late. But if the girls merely smiled and twittered, "Good night, had a wonderful time," then scampered across the sidewalk and up the steps into the house, the boys yawned glumly, drove off disappointed and were diffident about dating with those same girls again.

Women, concluded Paul wearily, were very much the same. But perhaps the dates he was having just then were much the same. They were all girls, they all giggled loudly or softly, danced well or poorly, wore their best dresses and flaunted all the family jewelry at once.

THIS necking process varied widely with the girls. With the aid of a few well-timed slaps Paul learned to shift his emotional gears quickly from one night to another. The vast majority of the free-dating, white, high school girls necked mildly on the defensive up to a certain point, at which point their gentleman friend of the evening experienced a sensation much the same as encountering a tightly-stretched clothes-line while sprinting across the back yard in the dark.

Paul sat on the davenport in the front room at home studying. These afternoons when he came home to an empty house were not very pleasant for the boy. Sometimes he studied his lessons that he might be free in the evening, or, more often, he lay on his bed in his room and caught up on sleep lost on previous evenings.

The telephone sang shrilly out through the hollow rooms. Paul started, then arose to answer. It was Fritzie.

"That you Snookums? Come on over, I'm lonesome. There's nobody here but me."

"But I was studyin'."

"The deuce with your studying! You can do that some other time. Come on over, before that cock-eyed papa of mine

gets home and starts raising Cain about something or other."

Paul's jaw hardened a trifle. "I'm sorry, Fritzie, but I'm busy. I won't be able to come over this afternoon."

"Oh, you won't? Well, all I've got to say is you better be here inside of fifteen minutes."

"Is that so? 'Spose I don't come?"

"You'll come, all right, because I've got something to tell you!"

She hung up sharply.

A little of the color drained from Paul's face. He knitted his brows anxiously for a moment, then essayed a light laugh which turned into a flat, forced grimace. Something to tell. Didn't worry him a darn bit!

He hurried nervously into the front hall and put on his wraps. He was trying to look unconcerned and even amused,

but all the while there was a cold, dull fear growing in him, a fear that had been present for some time, though never before openly recognized as a fear instead of merely an unpleasant possibility.

WHISTLING blithely, he bent his steps towards Fritzie's house on that ghastly, nerve-racking trip which thousands upon thousands of other boys before him have made.

His felt hat was crushed jauntily to one side, but his teeth gritted as he punched the Wentgill door-bell. Crazed with impatience he wrenched the knob and stepped inside. Fritzie, in a slinky velvet dress, met him in the front hall. She moved towards him with eager arms but he shrank quickly back.

"What didja wanta tell me?" he asked hoarsely, eyeing her fearfully up and down.

She smiled an enigmatical little red smile. "Kiss me first," she demanded, pursing up her tempting lips.

"No!" Paul yelled. "Tell me—is anything wrong?" His voice broke; his knees trembled; his eyes became terrible bright pin-points of terror.

Fritzie laughed quietly. "Don't get so excited, Snookums. Here, give me your hat and coat. Come in and sit down where we can talk."

She took hold of both his wrists and pulled him down beside her. She covered his protesting lips with her plentiful kisses.

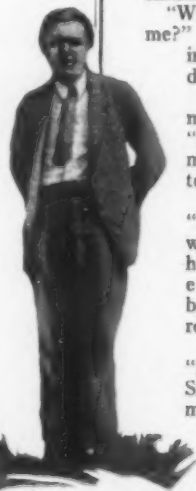
Fritzie Wentgill was strangely the same as jazz music. She paralyzed every piece of logical thinking machinery in Paul's brain. As soon as she was out of his sight he halfway hated her for making him hate himself, but with her soft clinging arms twined about him and her lips calling for kisses, he loved her—he called it love—with an intensity that banished everything else in the world for the time being.

His head began to swim; his heart pounded. He was in a happy delirium, kissing her pouting red lips again and again.



Eighteen Year Old Author Who Has Thrilled America

SUCCESS has come to Bob Carr because he has written the story of his own Youth as he lived it. As a result you young people see yourselves pictured by him as you are. And you parents here see your sons and daughters as you have never before seen them. This amazing cross-section of high school life holds the mirror up to nature and shows conditions, not as they were twenty-five years ago, but as they are right now as known to this boy who is just out of high school. The success of his story lies in the truth of what Bob Carr tells and in the power of its telling.





*F*ritzie took hold of Paul's wrists and pulled him to her. To Paul this girl was strangely the same as jazz music. She paralyzed every chance for logical thinking. As soon as she was out of his sight he half-way hated her for making him hate himself. But when she was clinging to him he loved her with an intensity that banished everything else in the world



"But I have got something to tell you, Snookums, something nice," she said. "I got a letter from my cousin today. She said she had a new man and he's got a dandy cottage over at the lake. They're going to be over there for a few days, starting today, and she said if I could get a boy I liked real awful much, for me to bring him over."

Paul was not thinking clearly. "Well?"

"WELL?" she said. "You and I are going over, that's what. You get your machine tonight and come for me."

"But Fritzie—"

"And listen, Snookums, you know there's hardly any people

over there at the lake this time of the year, and there'll just be us four."

"But how'll we work it? What'll I tell my folks?"

"Oh, any old thing. That's what I tell mine. I'm supposed to be going to a sorority spread up at the Tau Gamma Delta house, or something like that."

Paul was thinking of it. The idea of such an affair was tremendously enticing, and with Fritzie so close and insinuating, he was hardly himself.

"But the machine! My folks don't let me drive it," he said.

"You know how to drive it, don't you?"

"Yeah! I know how and you know I do."



"One of you two girls was doing the talking," Mr. Billings said. "Shall I give you both zero?" Doris picked up her paper and started to get up. Paul leaped to his feet dramatically. "I was doin' that talkin'!" he cried. He flashed a silencing look at wide-eyed Doris and stalked stiffly down the aisle to the waste basket, ripped his examination paper in two and swept out of the room.

Well, then— she said, and there was a challenge in her voice. "Well then what?"

WHY, take it, you dumb dodo! You haven't gone and joined the Boy Scouts lately, have you? You didn't use to be so dense."

"You mean steal the bus outa the garage?"

"Of course!"

"Oh, Fritzie," he said. "I couldn't do that!"

She arose swiftly, crossed to the other side of the room and stood at the window with her back turned.

Paul sat for a moment with a conflicting mass of thoughts

leaping about in his brain. Then he got up and went to her.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"Go 'way! You don't love me!" She pretended to cry.

"I do love you, kid, but gosh!"

"You do not love me! If you did you'd get that old machine in a minute!"

"But Fritzie, I can't."

"Art Meredith could."

"What?"

"Art Meredith would burn up the roads between here and the lake for a date with me and so would fifty other fellows I could name. And I go ahead and [Continued on page 105]

As Told to
DOROTHY HOLM

Joseph Hergesheimer

This Distinguished Novelist Says
All the Trouble Today
Between the Sexes Is Because

You Men Have Failed



"Judged by the new standards of women, men have failed miserably, not only as lovers, but as men. They have been unable to measure up to the qualifications set by women of today"

MEN are a failure at love. What is more, you women know it. As a result everything today is a frightful muddle. It is a terrible age to be living in—worse for men, I think, than for women.

Men today present a more pathetic spectacle than at any period in the world's history. They know a great deal is wrong. Their safe, comfortable men's world has been turned topsy-turvy, and they have no idea of how to go about adjusting themselves to the new state of affairs. You women have completely upset their equilibrium, leaving them bewildered and unhappy. And you are unhappy along with them.

It is difficult, of course, to draw a strict dividing line between the sexes. One cannot honestly say "men are this; women are that." We are all human beings first, men and women afterwards. Yet, in a discussion of this sort, it is



Courtesy Alfred A. Knopf

almost impossible to avoid generalizations.

You women started most of the present trouble when you decreed that matrimony no longer endowed men with haloes. The matrimonial halo was a great boon to men. It mitigated their faults and emphasized their virtues. It made them gods in the eyes of women. Without it they are at a loss.

TODAY, instead of being gods to women, they are failures. They have failed tragically as lovers, and, what is still more tragic, you women are bitterly aware of their inadequacy. In various ways you are voicing your protest. Many of you are going in for careers, searching for a happiness you will never find, for no career can take the place in a woman's life of a satisfying love.

As a whole, men have not realized the extent to which they have failed. They do not realize that much more is expected of them since you women so ruthlessly removed the halo from matrimony, revealing pygmies instead of gods. What has actually happened, of course, is that women's attitude toward

marriage has undergone a complete transformation, while the attitude of men has remained the same. Looking at a man no longer through eyes dazzled by the matrimonial halo, a woman sees him as an individual, instead of as a husband to whom all things are to be forgiven.

It is in this situation that men find themselves today. Judged by the new standards of women, they have failed miserably, not only as lovers, but as men. They have been unable to measure up to the qualifications set by the exacting, clear-seeing and clear-thinking women of today. It is not strange that men are finding themselves at a loss. They don't



As Lovers

know what to make of this new attitude that expects and demands so much.

Once it was enough to be a man, but, now, a man, if he is to be at all successful with women, must be an entertaining companion, an intelligent and understanding friend and a satisfactory lover. It is no wonder the poor men are dazed. They fail before they start. It is the unusual man today who can hold a woman. The task of measuring up to the qualifications is too much for most of them. They are not used to winning and holding women on their personal merits. Consequently, they lose them. And, it is because of this tragic failure of men in what should be the most important thing in their lives, that women are forced to turn away from them and search for happiness in careers.

Before this changed attitude came about on the part of women, marriage was their ultimate goal. When a man appeared on the horizon, a woman regarded him, not as an individual, but as the means to marriage. Marriage was an end in itself, and, having married, the woman was resigned. Her life was safely charted. She was married! She spent no time on the analysis of either her own or her husband's emotions. She was married! That was sufficient. Perhaps there were things about her husband she disliked. But whatever they were she refused to recognize them consciously. They were submerged in the unconscious.

BUT during the last decade a definite breaking off of the old conventional acceptance of marriage on the part of women has occurred. The modern woman refuses to accept marriage as an institution, the traditions of which she has no right to question. The woman which the last decade has developed is more intelligent, or at least, she uses her intelligence more, than her predecessors. She is mentally both inquiring and acquiring. She regards her emotions and everyone's else, as well, objectively. She spends hours dissecting and analyzing them.

She brings her analysis to bear upon both marriage and her husband. Marriage as an institution fails to intrigue her. She looks at her husband and questions whether or not he engages her interest. Her attitude toward marriage being what it is, her husband is divested of the matrimonial halo, which during the centuries made gods of so many half-men. Her husband has no particular glamour for her, just because she happens to be wearing a platinum wedding ring that, in accordance with tradition, coupled with the modern vogue for platinum, he bestowed upon her.

She looks at him as a man, not as a god, and when she has finished her critical survey of the creature she has not only seen and admitted to herself his many idiosyncrasies, but what is fatal to the man's [Continued on page 78]

"While women have been changing, taking away the traditional halo from marriage, raising the personal standards of what they demand from men, the men have remained stationary, making no effort to understand or meet the change"



A Woman

Which Was the Real Me?

The Innocent Girl of the Convent

Seeking Love?

Or the Star of the Screen

Seeking Adulation?

I DO not know English so well, for I am from a foreign land, but I will do the best I can with your beautiful language. For I must set down the strange thing that happened to me since I came here, the true romance, truer than any I have ever acted. Already you know I am an actress. It is in the movies, so I must be careful you can't guess who I am. My manager wouldn't like that. It is for this reason.

When people see me in the movies they ask:

"Where did she learn to kiss like that? Where did she learn with her hands to caress so? Is she a vampire, too learned in men? But then again, her face so innocent, her round eyes so childlike, the face of a young girl? Surely she is sweet and good! Which woman is she?"

I was convent-bred in one of the capitals of Europe. A convent is cool and quiet. It is a garden. One may dream there, watching the clouds or gathering flowers. One makes reveries and it is all so simple. One loves the bells and the chanting and the silent sisters. One even gets to love the early rising and the doing everything by the clock, every day the same.

But I did not dream the dreams that the sisters taught me. In the closed garden of my girlhood I dreamed of love. I dreamed of my knight, who was strong and gentle, who loved me with the deep love, and who brought me peace and strength. We walked in gardens, where there were waters, and the

*In the closed garden of
my girlhood I dreamed of
love. I dreamed of my
knight, who loved me with
a deep love*

with Two Souls

*With Drawings
from Life
By HARVE STEIN*

sound that leaves make in the wind, and we were as far away from all things as the heart of a desert. To be with each other always was the dream within the dream.

Sometimes for hours, in the night, I lay spellbound by the wonder of it, longing body and soul that he might tiptoe in, gather me up, climb the walls, set me on his horse, where, clinging, we clattered out of the city to a strange country and were happy ever after.

And the strange thing was that I was so happy with him through the simple things: because we ate breakfast together with strawberries and cream, or because we walked in the woods, or sat holding hands.

So I dreamed, and then it was otherwise. So soon as I got out, like so many convent-bred girls, like Sarah Bernhardt, everything that was unknown to my childhood blew me like a whirlwind. Men, men, men, and wine and song. I did not go back to my father in the country. No, I met my young cousin, Albert, who was an actor and he was dazzled with me. "Stay a week," he implored.

IN THAT week, life opened to me. At first I blushed and shrank to myself when I met men and they looked at me as if I were not just a person, but a woman and a pleasure.

Albert's sister soon had me in chic clothes, my hair done up, high heels and rouge, and then there was champagne, and music, and men, and dancing in the cabaret, and suddenly I was no more a girl. Oh, how delicious to be so madly alive. Yes, to be so precious. Like something high-priced.

But always something in me held me back, the garden of my girlhood and the dream in that garden, and always I played with men, was prankish, but so far and no farther. And thus I was a tantalizer, too, and

So I dreamed, and then it was otherwise. Life opened for me—the movies. Now you can see why the mad years are in my face at times and at others the garden and the dreams



The Breathless, Heart Throbbing Romance of

the men were like so many bees buzzing at me all the time.

It came natural then that when Carl Z—, the movie director, met me, he should fall and take me in the movies. Thus it was.

But now you can see why I look one time like a woman of the world and another like a child. The mad years are in my face at one time, and at others the garden and the dream. You see first the world and then the convent succeeding each other like shifting scenes.

Since now you can understand the meaning, I will tell my true romance. Already it is part written, for on the train from Los Angeles to New York, I was so heartbroken I had to put it down, and I cannot write it better any other way. So here it is:

THIS is the California Limited, in my stateroom. I have such a frenzy of fear and remorse, that I must tell it all, if even to some pieces of paper. For Roy may be dying, may be dead before I get to New York. He may be dead now, so that when I get to him he will lie there, gone, so that never may his arms be around me again or I hear his voice or his eyes look into mine. That I shouldn't ever again hear him say "I love you," and that it is because of me, my selfishness, my ambitions, my greediness with the public.

Oh, that I should have struck down the beautiful wonder of my life; that I have hurt you, my darling, maybe mortally and forever. Can I forgive myself even if he lives? For now that it is too late, I am yours, Roy, and shall surely follow you if you die.

It seems to me that the monotony of the song of the wheels will drive me mad. They turn and turn, so slowly; the desert is endless; the sand sifts into the room; I am parched. And I do not dare step out into the train. I should weep out or faint if anyone talked to me. Today, tonight, tomorrow, the next night, the next day, and still another; and only telegrams from the hospital, "Condition serious, asks for you."

Why for me? Must he be forgiven, as well as I? Has he done something he must tell me before dying? Is he pledged to this woman for whom he fought? The thought makes me ache with jealousy and fear, that his lips, pledged to mine, have kissed another woman's. Ah, and those are thoughts I dare not think.

I am coming, Roy. Perhaps you do not know it in your delirium and pain. But I am coming. And oh, live till I am beside you. Keep just a shred alive, and I will drag you back from death. My love is stronger, stronger than death. Wait for me, my darling.

But oh, I ramble on, and but make myself wild with impatience and anxiety. Instead I must spend the long hours in laying it all before me, easing my heart of my burden of guilt, and seeing how it happened. Who was to blame? Why was it so?

The first wild moment, in silver, and full of stars and the sea! It was my first trip to America. By accident I left England the day before war was declared with Germany. I was on the Mauretania, and the second day out, came the news. That night a great moon came up. I wanted to be alone with the sea, to dream, dream of the great nations and the great bursting of the war. I wanted to stand looking back from the ship to ancient Europe. So I stole out to the stern of the ship, right over the propellers. I leaned against the rail and watched the great white wake of foam behind us with the moon swinging far above to the right.

Then I was aware that a young man was beside me, also gazing out. We said nothing. We were too alone, each of us,

dreaming of Europe. Then, suddenly, the ship swerved from her course. There was news that German cruisers were chasing us. As it raced with incredible speed, there was enchantment, for the moon hung over the wake, which churned into silver.

It was midsummer madness, and fate. For the young man and I, spontaneous, saying no word, turned to each other's embrace, and kissed and kissed. Alone, at the end of the ship, in war, with a moon and a sea!

And a strange peace came over me. It was suddenly the peace of deep night in the little convent bed, a moon outside the window, and he had tiptoed in. Then we were galloping to a strange country. For sometimes the presence of another person, his lips, his arms, his way of love, is enough. One knows. So I knew.

And then, suddenly, blindly, coming back to my senses, I said good night and slipped away. And all that night I lay like a young girl again, enraptured, murmuring, "I have found him; we have found each other." I remembered but a moonlight glimpse of him: true blue eyes, firm full lips, chestnut hair, tall, strong, clean, fine. But even so I should recognize him. When morning came, I should be up early and watch for him.

I did not find him. Ah, what a strange fate has driven us, still drives us? It was not to be believed at the time, but I searched and searched and did not find him. He was nowhere. I had had a divine glimpse of the truth of my life, my dream-lover; his arms had been about me, his lips kissing me, and then he was gone. Come, without name, without a word of speech, and vanished. I wept and felt a breaking in my heart.

BUT no sooner did I reach New York, I had to go back and help in the war. Time passed, and it seemed finally as if that night had been merely a part of my girlhood dream. Perhaps it had not happened. Perhaps I was actually asleep against the rail. In my busy life, amongst all the agony and tragedy, there was no time to dream. Only once and again, in quietness, under a tree, beside a water, and I would remember the Mauretania, the ship swerving, the two of us leaping together, arms and lips.

When next I came here it was by contract, and I was destined to Hollywood. But I stopped in New York. Some friends of mine took me down to the Brevoort in the basement; and we had jolly fun. I noticed then the young man sitting beside me. He was tall and strong, with true blue eyes, firm full lips and chestnut hair. He looked at me strangely. He was vaguely familiar, disturbing. A prickle went up and down my back. Where had we met? He was a stranger, but he seemed already to mean too much to me. We stared at each other. Then he looked quite pale, frightened, and whispered:

"Shall we leave here and take a ride?"

"Yes," I said, "we shall."

First I excused myself, then he. There was a relic beside the curb, an old Victoria carriage, with a coachman. We got in. It ambled up Fifth Avenue, [Continued on page 100]

A Star of the Screen at War with Herself



And then, suddenly, blindly, coming back to my senses, I said good night and slipped away. And all that night I lay like a young girl again, enraptured

"I have found him; we have found each other," I thought as I remembered just a moon-lighted glimpse of him: true blue eyes, firm full lips, and chestnut hair

Can A Fat Girl Hold

A Man's LOVE?

By
One Who Did—
And How



The idea that a fat lady must cover herself all up is just another of those notions! When you're as fat as I am, why try to camouflage?

I AM a fat woman. Not "merely plump," or "quite stout," but just plain fat! When I married, ten years ago, I was sixteen and weighed around one hundred twenty. Now, I have more than doubled that. There are almost ten pounds of me for every year I have lived. Figure that up!

"Why, she must be a mountain!" you say. Yes, I am, but am I down-hearted? No!

I don't like to be so fat. I'd much rather be thin, it's so much more fashionable. There was even a time when I thought that I'd rather be dead than be so fat, but I've since decided that it's much more fun to be alive, even if fat.

I began to take on weight right after Junior was born. He's nine, now. Over-eating was the beginning of it, no doubt, for everybody knows that a mother with a little baby to take care of is usually ravenously hungry and has a tendency to eat too much.

So preoccupied was I, with my baby and my housekeeping, that I had little time left in which to worry about myself. Junior was always kept spotless, and if there was a house anywhere in town that came nearer to perfect tidiness than mine did, I'd like to have seen it.

Charles was preoccupied, too. Like all salesmen when they launch a new article, he had to get his territory established; then he began working up a larger territory. A comfortable home and plenty of the sort of food he liked were his only needs, during that time. If he noticed or cared that his wife was getting so fat, then he never mentioned it. He appeared perfectly satisfied.

But at last he got the territory where he wanted it, and his work became a matter of routine. He had time in which to relax, time for other things besides work and mere living, and time for play. And then, as the saying goes, "The fun began." It was not fun for me, though. It was just heartache and sheer misery.

I didn't see it coming. There were no warning signs that I could notice. It just came with a bang!

One morning, over our substantial breakfast of hot cakes, with honey, sausages and rich brown coffee, Charles asked me if I would mind going with him to a dance that night.

"The Associated Salesmen are giving a party, and I've turned down so many of their stunts that I'm afraid it would be poor business policy to refuse them again. So I thought we could just run over for a little while," Charles said.

The idea of Charles expecting me to go to a dance seemed ridiculous to me. I almost had to laugh at that picture of myself, but I managed to keep my face straight.

"Why, dear, you know I have no clothes to wear to that sort of function, and it would be next to impossible for me to get anything ready-made, on account of my size. I'd have to get someone to make me a dress, and that takes time," I said.

I don't like to be so fat. I'd much rather be thin, it's so much more fashionable. There was even a time when I thought that I'd rather be dead than be so fat, but I've since decided that it's much more fun to be alive, even if fat





The Personal Experience of MABEL HERFTER

You fat women, did you ever stop to think that it might not be your fat, but your lack of pep, that is driving your husbands away from you? Your tears, your infernal reducing, your inability to be a good mixer, maybe just your dull stupidity? Reduce if you can. I think everybody should try, but if you can't, then try my way. You won't lose anything by it. And you might win as I have done

I am a fat woman. Not "merely plump," or "quite stout," but just plain fat! How hard I have tried to reduce! There is nothing that was ever invented or advertised that I haven't tried! I've tried them all, both separately and all together

"Well, I never thought of that. I just thought it would be a change for us, we've stayed home so much," he said.

"But I'd have nobody to leave Junior with. And besides, Charles, can you imagine a person of my size doing these new-fangled dances? You know I'm far too heavy to dance."

I saw Charles sizing me up from across the breakfast nook beside Junior. I completely filled my side of the nook.

"WELL, that's so. You are fat. But you used to be light on your feet," he said.

Then he went away. But at noon he called me up, and asked if I'd mind much if he ran over to the party by himself for a little while. The men kept coming in and urging him to go and he feared it would be quite a task to get away from them. I told him to go on.

I thought no more about it until late that afternoon, when I happened to remember that this was the last day of grace

on an insurance premium that was due, and that I had no money nor check with which to pay it. I dressed myself and Junior hurriedly, and hastened down to Charles's office.

That premium never was paid and we lost the policy! All because of the lady who sat in Charles's car, parked in front of his office. She was a lovely, alluring lady. Between her red, red lips she held a cigarette, which Charles was attempting to light for her. He did it clumsily, for the match flared up and scorched the tips of her eyelashes.

"Oh, Mother," Junior said, "who is that pretty lady?" I dragged him around the corner.

"We mustn't speak to daddy now," I said. "He's busy."

My voice broke in a sob. We went on home and that night was not the only sleepless night I spent during the months that followed.

Charles never asked me to go out with him again. Yet, at least two or three times a week, he was away from home until late at night. He didn't even bother to lie about where he went—he just went. He would even tell me about the party if I asked, though perhaps he didn't tell me everything. He was looking younger every minute, and he had always been a handsome chap.

Finally, he took to ignoring me altogether. He came home only when he wanted clean clothes or something to eat.

Oh, how heartsick I was! Charles always out at night, and Junior was at school all day! How [Continued on page 88]

*With Drawings
from Life*
By HARLEY ENNIS
STIVERS

I FELT terribly sorry for the young man who sat so forlornly alone among the gay party that had been at Aunt Etta's nearly the whole week before Mary Lou's wedding. He looked exactly the way I felt, only of course, being one of the family, as you might say, I could manage to sneak out any time I chose.

This young man had just come, though. Most likely he was Gren Howard, the third usher, the poverty stricken one that I'd heard Mary Lou say couldn't come until the last minute on account of that stupid job he'd taken!

Anyhow, we looked at each other, and he must have seen how sympathetic I felt toward him, for he half smiled. Of course it was my duty to smile back, and I wondered all at once if the family knew he was there, and if he'd been properly welcomed.

I was sure he hadn't been there to dinner, and right after dinner Aunt Etta and Mary Lou had had to go upstairs for a session with the dressmaker.

Uncle Joe wouldn't be out until the last train, so if none of them had greeted this new comer, plainly it was my duty to do so. I sat a moment longer, uncertain what to do, when another young man suddenly entered from the other end of the long living room, a quite handsome, lively young man. Everyone rushed boisterously to speak to him, and the plain young man and I were practically alone on opposite sides of our end of the room.

There really was nothing else to do then, me being one of the family, even if only a sort of a step-member, so I arose quickly and went over to him while the crowd was out of the way.

"WE COULD get out at this west door and sit on the pier awhile; if you like," I said to him hurriedly under cover of the noise.

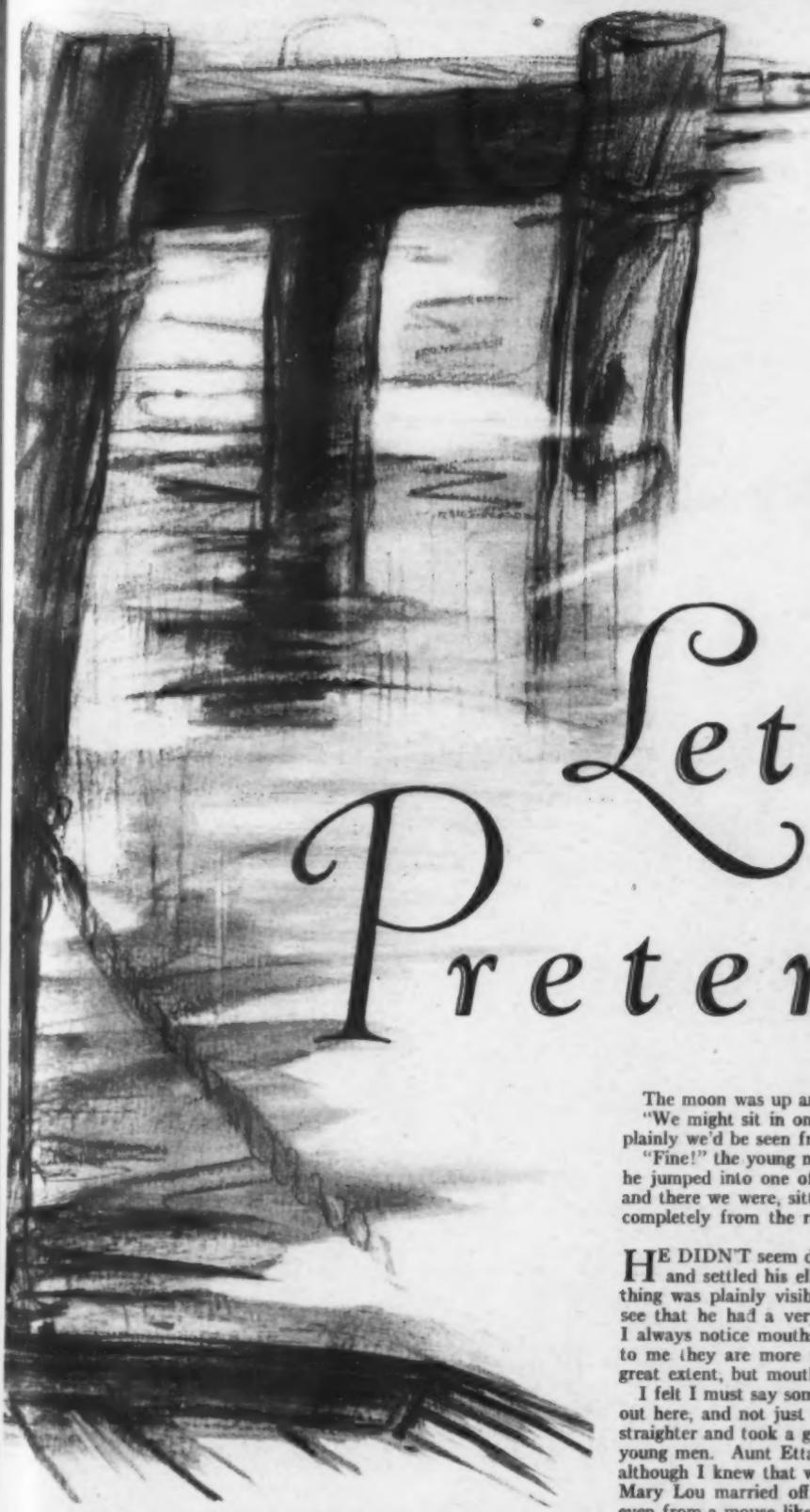
"Fine!" he answered, and we slipped out just as the rest scattered back to their places with the handsome new comer in their midst.

The pier was only about two hundred feet from the cottage. Aunt Etta was having the wedding at the lake because it could be done informally there, and therefore more cheaply.

I hurried the strange young man out to the end of the pier before I said any more, for I knew if Aunt Etta and Mary Lou saw us going they would try to rescue him from me.



I hurried the young man out to the pier for I knew they would try to rescue several boats. "We might sit in one of those," I said. Without a word he



*The
ROMANCE
of a
Poor Little
RICH GIRL*

*Let's
Pretend*

The moon was up and we could see several boats.
"We might sit in one of those," I said. I was thinking how plainly we'd be seen from the cottage if we sat on the pier.

"Fine!" the young man said again, and without another word he jumped into one of the boats and held up his arms to me, and there we were, sitting together most intimately and hidden completely from the rest of the world.

HE DIDN'T seem disturbed, however, but looked about him and settled his elbows comfortably on his knees. Everything was plainly visible in the bright moonlight, and I could see that he had a very nice mouth, even if he was so plain. I always notice mouths, as some people notice eyes. It seems to me they are more revealing. Eyes can be controlled to a great extent, but mouths can't. They are terribly telltale.

I felt I must say something, though, since I had brought him out here, and not just sit looking at his nice mouth. I sat up straighter and took a good breath. I wasn't used to talking to young men. Aunt Etta had always said that I was too young, although I knew that what she was thinking about was getting Mary Lou married off, and she didn't want any competition, even from a mouse like me.

"You're the third usher, aren't you?" I said, by way of starting a conversation.

him from me. The moon was up and we could see jumped into a boat and held up his arms to me



He looked up and smiled, quite ready to be pleasant to me. "Well, now, I can't just say, as I haven't been given my number yet!"

His mouth was nicer than ever when he smiled, and I felt a sudden little quiver of gladness inside me. Everyone who came to Aunt Etta's usually knew my standing too well to bother about being friendly with me. It just wasn't necessary.

AND then as I was about to say something else bright and chatty, it occurred to me that if this young man knew who I was and how little I mattered here, perhaps he wouldn't trouble to be so friendly, either, though he was quite plain and ever so poverty stricken.

It was an unfortunate thought, for it made me forget the bright remark I had been going to make.

The young man was speaking by this time, though.

"I hope," he said, "that if I am to be the third usher, you are going to be the third bridesmaid!"

It would have been fun to play up to that remark, but I knew it would be only a very short time until he found out who I was, so I'd just as well creep back into my mouse's skin.

"No," I said. "I'm not going to be a bridesmaid. Mary Lou wondered a little if people would think she ought to have me, but Aunt Etta decided they wouldn't, because nearly everyone invited knows my standing anyhow."

"Your standing?"



"I'm a poor relation," I explained as simply as I could. The plain young man stared for a moment, then threw back his head and laughed out loud.

"OH, DON'T do that!" I said. "They'll hear you, and then I will catch it for bringing you out here alone like this!" "But a poor relation! It sounds like Cinderella, or the heroine of a melodrama of the 'nineties! Surely girls don't submit to being 'poor relations' these days, do they?"

"They do if they live with Aunt Etta!" I felt ready to cry, having this strange young man laugh at me that way, even if he did it so nicely. He seemed to realize that he had hurt me, for he immediately became very grave, and his tone was

him absolutely. And then there's the natives. They always liked me and made me feel so important! And Peter Pan and Wendy."

"You bet! They'd wag their tails off if you went back!"

I looked at him in surprise.

"Why, how did you know they were dogs?"

"Oh—why—well, it just seemed—they just sound like dog names, don't you think?"

"Well, perhaps."

"Or maybe our minds are unusually well attuned! Anyway, you think you'll go back and help Pop Caswell operate, do you?"

"I'm planning to. I may have to give Aunt Etta a half interest. She seems to think it would [Continued on page 98]

I lay back in my chair weak and a little bit sick, but happier than I could ever remember being. For hadn't his eyes told me that I had not dreamed those kisses after all? And wasn't the storm increasing outside so that we might have to be there together for hours yet?

quite sympathetic when he spoke again.

"Then why live with Aunt Etta?"

I looked about quickly and then leaned a little toward him.

"After the twenty-fifth of next month I'm not going to!" I said.

"Fine!" he said, as if it were really something that mattered to him. "But why wait until the twenty-fifth of next month?"

"I'll be eighteen on that day, and daddy only said—"

I stopped, for even to this nice young man it seemed hard to talk about my dad. No one seemed to realize that he was just as alive to me as he had ever been!

"DID your daddy leave you with Aunt Etta?" the young man asked gently.

"He left me with Uncle Joe. He had never seen Aunt Etta. But he only said 'until I was eighteen.' He made me promise that, or I'd have gone out to see the world long ago!"

"To see the world?"

I looked closely to see if he was laughing again, but he wasn't.

"Yes, to see the world, and then to help Pop Caswell operate the pineapple plantation."

"The pineapple plantation?"

"Yes, in Hawaii. It's where daddy and I lived till I was ten and we had to come back to the States on account of his health."

"And it is yours now?"

"It will be the twenty-fifth of next month, if Aunt Etta doesn't persuade Uncle Joe to sell it before that time. Of course, it may be only a liability, as she says, but it's home to me!"

"You liked Hawaii?"

"I love it! Of course," I said, "I realize it wouldn't be the same now, but, good old Pop Caswell is there, and daddy trusted



This was a case where my medical knowledge alone could not save the situation. To meet the crisis I needed reason and understanding

ANOTHER REVELATION FROM

Because She Adored Her Husband

A DOCTOR not only sees life in its most intimate details; he is also told all secrets, for people in pain complain or confess. It is for this reason that the doctor has always been bound by professional honor not to betray the secrets entrusted to him.

However, it is necessary that doctors give reports of some of their more interesting cases, not only to other doctors, for the advancement of science; but also at times to the public, for the dissemination of knowledge. They do this by hiding the patient's identity. By this method they keep the real secret, but use the knowledge they have gained to help others.

You may remember that our previous story dealt with the case of a girl who refused to confess and thereby lost her memory. She brought up for me the problem of the doctor whose patient has fallen in love with him. At the end of that story I said that I had another on my index cards which I wanted to tell, the story of the wife who adored her husband too much. This is that story.

One blowing wintry night, at about eleven o'clock, there came a frantic ringing at my door. I opened it to find a tall powerful looking young man, a man whom some women would think ugly and others handsome. His face, which had large, dark, gleaming eyes, was deeply creased, his jaw had a surly slant, and his head was lion-like with heavy tan-colored hair. Fear sat upon him and an almost livid remorse.

He braced himself and spoke, gnashing out the words: "We live upstairs. My wife—" He paused, then went on, "it's a month ahead of time. Our doctor's away."

"I'll come," I said briefly. "Wait."

I got my bag and followed him into the elevator. We got off at the ninth floor and entered his apartment.

Fifteen minutes later I joined him in the front living room. He was pacing violently up and down the room, like a man caged, but turned and stood stock still when I entered. His face had become distorted and ghastly.

"SHE'S gone still," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "I gave her something. I've also phoned for a nurse. Your maid is with her, and there's nothing to do for a bit. Let's talk."

Roderick F—, for such was his name, still stared at me.

"There's no danger?"

"There may be," I said, "but talk may help."

He came close to me and looked me straight in the eyes.

"If she dies, it's a plain case of murder." He suddenly seized the mop of his hair in his fist. "Oh, God," he said, "what a rotter I am!"

I looked at him quietly.

"Mr. F—," I said, "this doesn't help. Sit down and light your pipe and tell me about it." [Continued on page 102]

BEHIND A FAMILY DOCTOR'S DOOR



"Don't get me wrong, Doctor," the distracted husband told me. "From the time I met Emily there hasn't been any other woman in the world for me; not one. I loved her so that I hadn't the heart or the courage to show her the real me, to disillusion her, to make her love me less. Or perhaps I was too weak, too vain. I strutted my stuff before her and liked to feel big. And so," his voice dropped to a despairing whisper, "I've crushed her, and broken the only beautiful thing I knew in life. Why are we all such fools?"

With
Drawings
from Life
By
DE ALTON VALENTINE



We had no place to go, no way to get there, and we had been ousted from our rooms. "Just leave it to me!" Shorty said, "I'll think of something." Then—came the dawn! The clerk handed Shorty a telegram

The Wrong Santa

SANTA CLAUS came to see me one Christmas, in person. I was a great big girl and I didn't believe in him any more, but he came just the same and brought me a pack full of thrills that'll keep that Yuletide clear in my memory as long as I draw breath.

I was tramping out in the Northwest that winter. It was my first year in the show business. I had signed on in Chicago with the musical show called "Merry Christmas," and you can imagine how bad it was when I tell you that I, on my first trip as a professional, was singing one of the principal parts. I got twenty dollars a week the first week. After that I got a dollar now and a dollar then. It was that kind of company.

Shorty Ebbett was our manager. He owns a picture house in San Francisco now, but in 1916 all he had was enough money to get us out of Chicago and into trouble. George Hovey was our golden-voiced tenor and leading man. He's a screen star now, and it's news when he stubs his toe or gets home after sun-up.

There were twenty-two others in the cast including myself but I was perfectly certain that when the members of that company grew old, their pet story would be the tale of the time they tramped with Mary Luther. I was a little undecided as to whether I should burst on Broadway as a musical comedy comedienne and drive Elsie Janis to washing dishes for a living, or take my art in earnest and make Tetrassini mad. I

was perfectly certain, however, that I was on my way to the mountain top. It was just a question of which peak I should scale.

We managed to get from town to town somehow. Things went bad for a while and then they got worse. Still we kept on going. Hotel proprietors and bad towns proved either kind or wise. Our scenery and costumes weren't really worth attaching anyhow, and none of the little towns we played cared to have a gang of hungry troupers settle down and stay for the winter.

But late in December, way out in the Northwest, nature had its way with us, and we just plain lay down and died. We had no place to go, no way to get there, and we couldn't stay where we were. I'll never forget Shorty Ebbett as he sat in

Christmas Comes to the Orphans—And Love Comes to a Girl
In One of the Strangest Stories Ever Told



Claus

the hotel lobby trying to make the rest of us think he was thinking. We were all sitting in the hotel lobby with him. It was the only place in the hotel where we could sit. We had been ousted from our rooms, and there were guards at the dining room door with instructions.

"We've got to do something," Shorty was saying. "Yes, sir! We've got to do something and do it now. Now don't get panicky, boys and girls. Just let me think."

"Think up a plate of ham and eggs for me," George Hovey said.

"When you get that thought on to the table for George, inhale another whiff and dream me a pair of new shoes with nice thick soles," the character comedian said. "I've got a hunch I'm going to need something strong and comfortable for

my feet to work in before so many days have passed." "Just leave it to me!" Shorty said. "Don't worry! I'll think of something."

A kid came in with a telegram, and the clerk brought it over to Shorty. He carried it as though it were limburger cheese.

Shorty opened it, read it, and came the dawn!

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Didn't I tell you I'd think of something? Didn't I? Will you leave it to me after this to get you out of a hole? Listen to this!"

He read it to us then. It was from a theatrical manager in a town thirty miles away. They had built a new opera house in the burg, and were opening on Christmas night. They had had a company booked for the dedication, but the troupe had passed away en route. He wanted us for Christmas matinee and night, and guaranteed us nine hundred dollars. Also, which was more to the point and proved that this lad knew his scenery, he offered to advance expenses if we accepted his offer.

"There you are," said Shorty triumphantly when he had finished reading it to us, "didn't I tell you I'd think of something?"

That boy certainly could claim! If he'd been on a boat anywhere in the Atlantic when the Spanish navy was licked outside of Havana harbor, he'd have put Sampson and Schley in their places.

We wired for the advance, fed our fill, and checked out the

next morning, Christmas Day, on our way to open the new theater, and earn the price of railroad tickets for the lot of us back to Chicago.

Everybody on the train was gossiping about a holdup that had happened the night before some distance up the line. A lone masked bandit had held up a westbound passenger train and collected a dollar from every passenger and each member of the crew. That was all, a dollar apiece. He had made a lot of funny cracks when he was collecting, and everybody was laughing about it.

"HE WAS a fool," the conductor said. "He might just as well have made a big haul while he was at it. A lot of folks think it was just some local cow-puncher playing a joke, but believe me, he'll pay high for his fun if they catch him! He'll get his mail at the same address just as long for taking a dollar a head from those people as he would for cleaning them of everything they had."

We got to our destination about ten-thirty in the morning. As I got off the train I noticed that the platform seemed strangely deserted. The station agent came out to meet us.

"You the show folks?" he asked.

Shorty Ebbett admitted our identity.

"Just a minute 'til this train pulls out, and I'll lock up the station and take you down to see it," he said.

"See what?" Shorty asked.

"Look!" the station agent said. "You can see the smoke from here. Right over that church steeple! See?"

We looked and saw a column of black smoke rising in the air.

"What is it?" Shorty repeated. "A fire?"

"Fire!" said the station agent. "I should hope to tell you it's a fire! Darndest fire we've had in this town in years. That's the new operry house burnin' now, and unless I miss my guess the whole blame block's goin' to go before they get it put out. Just a minute 'til I lock up and I'll go with you to look at it."

Say! by the time that bozo got his funny looking station locked, we were all as close to that fire as we could get without blistering our skins. Standing there in a group with our mouths open, we watched our immediate future melt into the charred mass of the brand new theater.

The whole block didn't go, but the opera house did. Completely! After it was all over the local manager met us in the hotel lobby.

"THAT was a great blow to me!" he said. "A great blow! But of course I was insured. There's that."

"Yeah!" said Shorty Ebbett. "You were, but we weren't. Isn't there any other place in town we can give this show?"

The local manager shook his head. "No chance," he said. "I tore the old opera house down to build the new one. There isn't a place in town you could show."

"You got us to come here," Shorty said. "Here we are! What are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" the manager said.

"That's the word!" Shorty said. "Do! It's not our fault your theater burned down. We

wasted our time and money getting here. Now what are you going to do?"

"Your time and money?" the local manager said.

"Well, it would have been our money if we'd had a chance to play our engagement," Shorty argued.

"I don't want to be hard," the manager said. "I'll tell you what I'll do! You pay me back half of the money I advanced you to get here and I'll call it square. Is that fair?"

"Mister," Shorty said, "that's not only unfair but it's impossible. You might give me an argument as to the fairness of the arrangement you suggest, but there can't be any discussion as to the impossibility. I'll lay my cards on the table face up for the good and sufficient reason that you'd find out what they are in a few minutes anyhow. That money you sent us has been spent, every penny of it. Before we got that money we were broke. There wasn't the price of a post-card among the lot of us. Now we're broke again and we've got to do something."

"That's right," the manager agreed.

"What'll it be?" Shorty asked.

The manager scratched his head. "Well, now, I don't know," he said. "I'll have to think a minute."

"Never mind that," Shorty said. "I can think. What you've got to do is to tell us how we can get some money."

The manager had an idea. You could see it break out on his face like a rash. "I'm not a hard man," he said. "I'm willing to be fair. I'll tell you what I'll do. You know that expense money I wired you?"

"I do," Shorty said. "I had only a brief acquaintance with it, but I came to know it well in the short time we were together."

"Well, sir," the manager said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Since you're up against it that way, I'll just call that square. You don't have to pay me back a penny of that money! Not one penny!"

"Why, you nice old thing!" Shorty said. "I bet they call you big-hearted George around town, don't they? Maybe 'Generous Jim.' Some kind of a pet name like that. If you owned Lake Michigan, I'll bet you'd let the ducks light on it and swim around without charging them a cent! Yes, sir, you wouldn't make them pay for anything except the water they drank!"

"BOY! St. Peter's sure going to have to put on a great party when you show up at the heavenly portals and tell them all the wonderful things you did on earth! I don't have to pay you back any of that money you advanced, eh? That's grand! We've got the big question settled. Now there's just the small matter of where, how and when, me and this company of mine are going to lunch today and with and on who."

There were a lot of people in the lobby listening to the confab. One of them stepped up and spoke to Shorty. He was a tall, bony, gray-haired fellow with a big nose and a long drooping white mustache.

"You the manager of this company?" he asked Shorty.

Shorty owned up.

"My name's Otis," the old man said. "James K. Otis. I'm in the cattle business. I seen your show about three weeks ago back in Bardstown."

"Go right on talking, mister!" Shorty said. "You've heard my speech."

"I was on that train that was held up last night by that feller they're callin' the dollar bandit," Otis went on. "It just so happened that I had seven thousand dollars in cash in my wallet when that holdup came along. This feller that done the job looked into my wallet, and laughed when he seen all that money there. He picked one five dollar bill out o' all that mess, and you know what he done then? He made change for me! Yes, sir, he kept that five and counted out four silver dollars and put 'em in the wallet and handed the whole thing back to me! 'Mister,' he said to me when he give me all that money back, 'Lady Luck certainly brushed your eyebrows with her wing-tips the night you were born. You'd best not carry that much cash around with you again, old son, 'cause the next bandit that stands you up may be chargin' his customers higher'n a dollar a head and you'll be shy real money when the [Continued on page 92]





Santa Claus put his arm around me, slipped me into the dressing room and shut the door. A strange voice came from among those voluminous whiskers. "Easy, now, sister," he was saying. "I don't want to hurt you, but I'll play rough if I have to. Going to behave?"

Growth, not "perfect happiness" is the Big Plan. Reaching just ahead for something better. Sweeping on past ignorance, past sin, past disease as we have been doing since the beginning of things

By
MARTHA
MADISON



What happiness there is in life for all of us lies just ahead, five minutes from now or five years, or fifty years. It doesn't depend on a new fur coat or patching up a foolish quarrel with your boy friend

Can Happiness Be Bought and Paid For?

I HAVE just laid aside a letter from "Blue-Eyed Vivian," but her final words are still dancing before my eyes. I am looking down at the innocent little two-cent stamp that fluttered to the floor when I unfolded her letter.

The main part of Vivian's letter is devoted to the details of a quarrel between the boy she loves and herself. There's nothing unusual about it; it's a typical young lover's quarrel that she wants me to straighten out. But it shrinks into insignificance beside the last paragraph of her letter, and it's that last paragraph I am going to answer here, not alone for Vivian, but for the thousands of unhappy people who are continually asking the same question.

"Please, Mrs. Madison," Vivian writes in conclusion, "can't you tell me how to be happy? I get so sick and disgusted with everything and everybody—my family, my friends and my job, that sometimes I wish I was dead. I suppose I should be thankful that I have them to worry about, but I'm not."

"You know so much about life and people, can't you tell me if and why there is such a thing as perfect happiness for some? Children, for instance, are so happy. Why can't I be happy, as I was when I was a little girl? That doesn't seem to be asking very much. I am enclosing a stamp for your reply. Blue-Eyed Vivian."

Not much! The secret of happiness in return for a two-cent stamp. Not much!

I suppose I really should feel flattered and proud and awfully

important, and all that, for Vivian's beautiful confidence in my wisdom. But I don't. Instead, I'm in one of those black moods when I wonder why the editor of SMART SET ever gave me this job. Because right now I've got to begin tearing down one of the prettiest and most inane theories that ever saw the light of day—the belief that anybody can be "perfectly happy."

Ah, Vivian, if I could tell you how to be happy I'd never have to worry about a job again. I'd be rich as Croesus. The whole world would be at my feet. But I can't tell you because I don't know. And neither does anybody else. A few golden moments, short periods of pleasure, a fleeting ecstasy or two—yes, I've seen and heard of those. But I doubt that there is such a thing as "perfect happiness." I hope there isn't! Why?

BECAUSE I think perfect happiness would be a terrible state of existence. The end of everything. The end of growth. The death of all future hope. Just think, Vivian, if you were "perfectly happy" you'd be perfectly satisfied with everything, yourself included. And what a terrible person you'd be! Going about with a detestable grin on your face, patting yourself on the back for being such a wonderful creature. Never wanting to grow wiser or stronger or kinder. And worse than that, blinding yourself to the misery of those about you, indifferent to the cruelty and crookedness that certain powerful people employ, never tortured by your own helplessness to change it all? Vivian, would you want to be like that?

And that particular brand of happiness that so many of us sigh over: "Oh, to be happy with the happiness of childhood." That can't be. Because we must grow, we, ourselves, minds and spirits, just as our bodies grow. You can't have a ten-year-old's complexion at forty, and you can't carry a child's mind along with you into middle-age. Remember the growing pains? Hurt feelings, disappointments, frustrations. They're part of it, too. Part of the Big Plan.

WHAT is the Big Plan? Why should we think its ultimate aim is human happiness? Why isn't it growth? Reaching just ahead for something better. Sweeping on past ignorance, past sin, past disease, as we have been doing since the beginning of things. What is history but a record of this growth? Life has never been allowed to find a nice, convenient and comfortable rut and run along in it for very long.

What happens?

Something or somebody comes along and kicks it out of that rut and makes it take a newer and more difficult one. Discomfort? Risk? Of course. But all this means growth or progress, if you want to call it that. And it starts our brains to working, makes our hearts beat a bit faster. Nobody with a normal heart and brain can be "perfectly" happy, Vivian, because the very minute we begin to feel hurts and disappointments we're sensitive to the pain of others. And the minute we begin to think, we see, and most of what we see makes us sad. Isn't it foolish, then, to think that your life's happiness depends on any one thing?

"If I only had a million dollars! If I could just go to Europe! If I could marry a rich and handsome young man! If Jimmy would only come back to me! Oh, if I had a beautiful fur coat I'd be perfectly happy!"

For five minutes, maybe. Then you'd want something else.

And now, having torn down such a beautiful belief, I must substitute something else or I've done more harm than good.

My substitute? It's not lined with gold nor coated with sugar. It's not exciting, but it's a lot more helpful and useful and comfortable for everyone concerned once you've got the hang of it. My plan necessitates a change in viewpoint and a new faith in yourself. You must think of yourself and the things you do in a bigger way. Stop fretting about your own little plan and be glad that the Big Plan is going over. And it is. Even if your job is only running an adding machine or waiting on table you are vitally necessary to that Big Plan. You are doing things now that people, only a few hundred years back, longed to do.

OF COURSE it's not exactly the way you'd have it. You'd like to wake up some morning and find yourself rich and famous, but we can't all be sitting on top of the world. Not while this business of growing is in progress, anyway. We must watch our step and take the bumps along with the smooth places. And not until we have rebelled enough will we reap the fruits of that rebellion. Some time, Vivian, you are going to break loose from that tiresome job and take a grand fling at a real one. It's in the cards, or you wouldn't feel as you do. And no matter how it turns out you're going to grow in wis-

dom and experience. You're going to be a lot more tolerant.

No, Vivian, I can't tell you how to be perfectly happy, but I can tell you how to avoid much unhappiness. Keep looking ahead. Don't look back on old mistakes, unhappy times, disappointments, or even the good things you have done and the happiness you have had. Oceans of tears can't wash away the bad things and you can't live forever on the good ones.

What happiness there is in life for all of us lies just ahead, five minutes from now, or five years, or fifty years. It doesn't depend on a new fur coat or patching up this foolish quarrel with your boy friend, but on that very desire for something better, richer, fuller, which inevitably means discontent and even discomfort.

Like the sprouting seed that must also push aside weeds and roots and rocks and earth while it grows, so must we humans fight our way against stupidity and cruelty and ignorance.

Growth, not "perfect happiness," Vivian. That's the Big Plan. Yours and mine. Ours!

AMONG the many letters that came in this month, I have chosen this one from "Little Betty," who lives down in West Virginia, as one of those to be answered in the magazine. You, too, may have been unfortunate enough to fall in love with someone of whom your family disapproves. Perhaps they are right. But I'm hoping that you will find some way of drawing their attention to Betty's letter, for this poor child is an excellent example of what happens when parents overstep their authority.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes, "I'm writing this letter as much to help other girls as myself, but I hope there isn't anyone among your readers who is as miserable as I am. My trouble has all come from a bossy, interfering, narrow-minded family.

"For seven months I went with a boy whom I shall call 'Bill,' and I don't believe Romeo and Juliet ever loved more madly than we. We were both young, but our love was nevertheless real and beautiful. He was good and dear to me, a splendid boy in every way and I was, oh, so happy!

"**T**HEN, suddenly, my family discovered that Bill wasn't of our nationality. At first they objected mildly, but when I paid no attention they said I must break with him. When I refused, my mother went to him and forbade him to see me any more. That was way last February, and because Bill is an honorable and a good boy, he obeyed my mother.

"But what about me? I've lost fifteen pounds since then. I'm a nervous wreck. I've been seriously ill three times and each time I wanted to die. I've tried going out with others, but it isn't any use. I love only Bill.

"Now my mother realizes her mistake and says I can go with Bill again, but I haven't made any effort to see him. Why? Because I'm afraid! Afraid that he may have changed. Afraid of what it would do to me if I found he had. Do you understand, Mrs. Madison? That boy is life itself to me.

"In the past months I have met him occasionally on the street and he always stops and speaks, [Continued on page 95]



M. G. M.

ce in
black
gave
down
w the
ppy."

terrible
and of
an, if
with
person
face,
crea-
And
about
ertain
pleas-
that?



The Funny World

AS SEEN BY ALECK SMART

Says Which?

WE'RE wise at last. That noise the flappers make means something. It's a sort of a kind of a language. Babe Zaucha of Reese, Mich., where the farm is, and of Chicago, Ill., where the loop is, has spilled the beans for us.

She's Wise, All Right, All Right!

*Here's to the girl who knows
her mind
And knows the stuff she
knows;
Who knows a lover is never
blind—
And knows when to powder
her nose.*



Happy New Year? Well, Rather

*Welcome the year of 'twenty-eight
And spurn the year that's fled;
For the things "to be" are always great
And the things that "ain't" are dead.*

*For the year is just a flapper frail
Whom you pet and then forget;
For many have his the long, long trail
But there're many to greet you yet.*

Is the Editor Getting Good?

Homer Croy, who found fame "West of the Water Tower," has busted into our midst with a whang. That's just like Homer. He's always whanging all over the place. If you don't believe us take a look at "The Shadow of Her Past." We'll bet the Brooklyn Bridge against a pig's squeal that if you start that story you'll finish it. And then you'll be glad you started it. Ship all squeals to us, c/o of SMART SET. While you're reading don't miss "The Man Who Laughed at Love" and "One Fleeting Moment of Glory." You're going to give yourself a good time if you take our advice. You can say what you please, and probably you will, but the Editor (we've mentioned this gent to you before!) is getting off to a running start for the glad New Year. Our suggestion to you is: Just watch him and his magazine travel during 1928.

What Made 'Em "Old-Fashioned"?

Dear Aleck:—Can you help me? I'm looking for an old-fashioned girl — (George Neal, Chicago.)

Stop where you are. All traffic signals are red. Fire engine must be going by. You're looking for an old-fashioned girl? All right, we'll bite. What is an old-fashioned girl and how did she get that way? What made her old-fashioned? What do you mean, anyway? Now we'll ask one, George. Is any girl old-fashioned as long as she's a girl—and alive? Crack that one, son.

Got a Last Line Handy?

LIMERICK PRIZE CONTEST

*There once was a flapper named
Kate*

*Who went on the lake for a skate;
The ice was as thin
As the sharp edge of sin*

Supply that last line. For the best line SMART SET will pay \$5 and \$1 for each of the next five best. Contest closes Dec. 31st, 1927. Aleck Smart is judge.



According to Babe some of the flapper lingo translates like this: "Anchor" means bankroll; "blouse" means beat it; "bomb" means a wild party; "bozo" means a stupid fellow; "brush ape" means a boy from the country; "cash" means kiss me now; "check" means kiss me later; "clothesline" means a gossip.

What we wonder now is, do New York, Philadelphia and Boston flappers use the same code Chicago uses? If not, why doesn't someone set us right? We're not too old to learn. If the "language" is different we ought to know it because we, personally, don't meet many Chicago flappers. You tell us!

He Thought—and Died

**The gink who lies here is awful dead:
He thought the string was a basting
thread—**



*Off with the old love and on with the new;
A Happy New Year to all of you*

College Wits—Or What?

Since seeing is believing, according to the *Carnegie Puppet*, there is little wonder that people believe in the modern girl. . . . Being in love is just like ski jumping, thinks the *Texas Ranger*. First you are up in the air and then you come down to earth with a jar. But, oh, what a thrill you get while you are still up in the air! . . . According to a recent magazine article, scoffs the *Cincinnati Cynic*, sixty-five per cent of the college girls in the Middle West pet. We wonder what the other thirty-five per cent call it. . . . She was only a dressmaker's daughter, sighs the *Yellow Crab*, but oh, my, the clothes she didn't wear. . . . They told me her poise couldn't be shaken, boasts *Hamilton Royal Gaboon*, but they'd never seen her Charleston.

Spin on This One!

What's the right answer when a nice shiny car slides up to the curb and a sheik sticks his head out to say: "How about a little spin, dearie?" SMART SET will give \$2 for the best wise-crack answer and \$1 for each of the next five best. Aleck Smart, such as he is, will act as judge and contest closes December 31, 1927. We dare you to make us laugh.

That Prize Last Line

CONTEST WINNERS

The five dollars, with thanks, go to Mrs. S. G. Murray of Ironton, Ohio, for the best last line for the November limerick. This distinctive success was won with the line, "Decorated with garters and lace." The five \$1 prize winners were: Donley M. Steele, Cayuga, N. Y.; Mrs. Dorothy Yarbrough, Noti, Ore.; Leon M. Small, Ridonville, Maine; Dorothy S. Dase, Detroit, Mich.; Mac Scoles, Lima, Ohio. Many hundreds of you failed to land a prize. That's too bad. Everybody deserved something so accept our thanks and tackle the new limerick on this page.

Let's Put the Editor Right

Down here in this out of the way corner we want to run something the Editor will never see. What we want to know is: Do you like this magazine and what in it do you like best? Don't mention This Funny World. Now get busy and tell Aleck Smart what story or feature in this issue you like best and WHY and what you don't like and WHY. For the best letter SMART SET will pay \$10; for the second best \$7; for the third best \$5; and \$1 for each of the next seven best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes December 31, 1927.

Some Night Birds

GIRL ON THE FENCE: It's almost Leap Year.

If he comes up tonight I'll propose to him

THE OWL: Hoo! Hoo?

GIRL: Oh, any good-looking chap except the man
in the moon



Audrey Torrie
Warner Bros.



Fay Webb
M-G-M



Don't pet! Fay Webb was horrified to discover that even nowadays a witch is sometimes put in the stocks for a "petty" offense

Joan Crawford
M-G-M

DOLLY: Say, Teddy, what makes Joan go to sleep sitting up?

TEDDY: Must be the nightcap, Dolly. They always make me sleepy too

FUN from



Richard Walling
Fox Comedies

Carmelita Coraghty
and George Davis
Universal

How times have changed! Once we had our private opinion of girls who showed their knees. Now we have our secret suspicions of a girl who doesn't



HE: Stay out of here. I don't want to be mixed up with any scandals
SHE: Heavens, I'm not in the Scandals I'm only in the movies



MRS. NEWLYWED: Now when I get a new outfit to match the car won't you be proud of us?
MR. NEWLYWED: Proud? I'll be broke

Clara Bow and
Charles Rogers
Paramount



Barbara Worth
Universal

THE ANVIL: What's the hammer for, Barbara?
BARBARA: All my friends are married so I'm getting ready to hook a fish myself

the FILMS



Eddie Clayton
and Marie Cassman, Fox
Comedies

MARIE: How did you get outside of my port hole?

EDDIE: My girl saw me kissing you on the upper deck and she threw me over



Nick Stuart
Fox Comedy

HANDSOME TENOR: Do you know you're the only girl in the world for me?

LEADING LADY: How unoriginal. That's what my husband said when he proposed



Follow Edward's gaze
and you'll see why he's a
true Knight of the Garter

Edward Everett Horton
Paramount



Fat
Skinny
Comedy

FAT: So you think you're the original sheik, do you?

SKINNY: Sure. I make a lasting impression on every pretty girl that comes my way

They've Got Your Number



Dorothy Lindor
First National



Eva Gregory
Hal Roach Comedies

FIRST SWEETIE: And you've never lost your heart before?
BOY FRIEND: Often, but I never let my right hand know what my left hand does
SECOND SWEETIE: I think it's wonderful the way you keep your head
B.F.: Something tells me I'm due to lose it soon



DOROTHY: I must call Eva and ask her if she doesn't think that scale she was weighed on was out of order or something

EVA: Of course it will only be a pose but I shall tell Dorothy when she asks what my weight really is that figures don't lie



Marjorie
Dawson

Pat Combs

Demanded by millions—a first class tooth paste at 25¢

AS in every other line, mass production methods with consequent low price have extended to the dentifrice field. Now, in response to popular demand, we have produced a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth at 25c.

Its name is Listerine Tooth Paste. And its price is but 25c for the large tube—half of what you usually pay.

As makers of Listerine for half a century, we learned much about the requirements for clean teeth, healthy gums and a sweet mouth.

We put what we learned into a formula. So, in Listerine Tooth Paste, are included sixteen ingredients. Each one performs a special task in the general work of oral hygiene.

Outstanding in importance is the presence of a new, safe and gentle polishing agent—marvelous in its power to clean teeth speedily.

We urge you to try this new dentifrice for a month. Your teeth will look whiter and your mouth will feel better.

And remember that the saving is important—especially in a large family! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

*Silk stockings
that cost you
nothing*

Thousands of women having proved that Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth as perfectly as dentifrices costing more, use it regularly and apply the savings to buying hosiery, handkerchiefs, cold cream, etc.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

*Large
tube*

25¢



What Would You Say?

Martha Madison Prize Winners

TRUTH wins. Square dealing is the motto of those who wrote letters in reply to "Dorothy" who had deceived her sweetheart and been found out. "Dorothy" asked Mrs. Madison what she should do and Mrs. Madison passed the question on to you readers.

You told Dorothy, all right! Apparently Dorothy thought she could be "diplomatic." You, most of you, agreed to that. "Yes, be diplomatic," you said, "but honest."

It was delightful to hear you plead for honesty. Is that the spirit of you flaming youths? Are you slaying the old dictum, "It's only wrong to be found out?" Your letters indicate that you are. You seem to be square shooters, ready to saddle the burden of your own mistakes. That is the general trend of the advice given Dorothy. Tell the truth and let your sweetheart see that you are not building deceit on deceit.

First prize, was awarded to Gilson Willets of San Francisco. His advice was, "Tell the gospel truth. If your lover listens to you and agrees to help you, he is sincere and loves you." His letter follows:

LITTLE girl, there is but one thing in life that is the key note to all that is good and worth while . . . it is Truth.

Tell your sweetheart, unreservedly the gospel truth. Tell him that you were infatuated with the popular boy; tell him that you want his help to overcome that infatuation and help you stick to him, though he is obviously less dazzling.

If he listens to you, agrees to help you, he is sincere and loves you. Who knows but that a day may come when you may be helping him to overcome a similar infatuation?

What has happened to you as a young girl is not uncommon. We are all subject to it, but so secretive that we hide it, and when it leaks out the lawyers and their kind get all our money for divorces.

I can truly tell you that I am a man of thirty years who has lived and loved much. I am divorced twice, because I didn't always tell the truth and my former wives found out. Then, one day I found a girl that I could love and start again with and I told her all about my past. She took me to her heart with the understanding between us that we would never hold anything from each other.

Tonight I am sending this letter to Mrs. Madison for you (I do not know whether you are fiction or fact, Dorothy, but if you are fiction you've countless prototypes in this cruel world) . . . I am sending it in the prize contest because, not for the prize money but for the fact that I want you and your prototypes to see this . . . because this very night, I confessed an infatuation to my sweetheart who knew of it all along. She had already forgiven me. She helps me overcome it and she sticks. She is a regular girl. But, if I did keep it a secret, and others told her, then I'd be as I was or eleven years, a wandering, worthless creel.

The situation is so parallel with your case I cannot help but write this. Tell him the

truth and may God bless you both.—G. W.

Alice Graham Bishop, Big Springs, Texas, winner of the second prize, writes, "If he asks for an explanation, I'd tell him frankly and directly how it happened." That means, tell the truth and face the consequences. Her letter reads:

I FOR one would like to answer Dorothy's letter. Such situations as the one in which she is involved are very interesting because, although there are many which are very similar, each has its own outcome.

If I were Dorothy I would not mention the matter until he brought the subject up. If he asked me for an explanation, I would tell him frankly and directly how it happened. I would answer all his questions willingly and honestly. When he asked why, as he is bound to do, for men are continually asking why this and why

him and he'll come across. It may take a little time but he will eventually. Isn't that much better than telling him a lie and then having him find out that it is a lie, for he will sometime, you know. They always do. Tell him the truth in a real sweet way, show him that you are sorry, and then trust to luck and I'll bet you ten to one you come through.—Alice.

"Just apologize," is the advice of Paul Fairchild who gets the third prize. His brief letter is worth reading:

YOU didn't ask what I thought but I am telling you. All Dorothy would have to say to me would be to apologize for her fib. I think a girl has as good a right to go with other fellows as we have to see other girls. If my girl treated me like that I'd be big enough to tell her that the next time she wanted to do that sort of thing to tell me and I'd get another sweetie and we'd have a double date. And if that didn't cure her of wanting another fellow, Mrs. Madison, I don't know my onions.—P. F.

Here is a one dollar prize winner who says, "Truth with diplomacy is the best policy." Frankness and truth are the points she most emphasized in the following letter:

TRUTH with diplomacy is the best policy. You are in a delicate plight and must approach your saddened lover with truthful reasons tempered with tact if you are to preserve his affection and retain his companionship.

There is little that appeals more forcibly to man than frank reasoning.

I would search out a convenient opportunity to explain to him that I was for a time fascinated by the superficial charms of his rival and would proceed to point out to him the troubling difference between infatuation and love. I would say that by the occasional companionship of others I had learned to value his qualities far in excess of my former fondness for him; but only by comparison can one discern the better.

I would tell him how deeply I am affected by my seeming deceit and that I had hoped he would not learn I had been out with another only that he might be spared the discomfort I thought this knowledge would have caused him.

I would say how truly contrite I was for the pain that my regard for the other had caused him and would let him know that his sympathetic understanding meant my happiness.—G. V. M.

THERE are other contests in this issue. On page twenty-eight you are presented with a problem that will appeal to every man and woman in the United States. "Should the Woman Pay?" That is the question upon which you are asked to write. Are the courts too lenient with women criminals? Is there any reason why a woman should be given a sentence less severe than a male criminal would receive? Read Judge Freschi's article before you write your contest letter. This is a chance for you to say what you think on this important subject.

What Would You Say Prize Winners

First Prize, \$10, Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Calif.

Second Prize, \$7, Alice Graham Bishop, Big Springs, Texas

Third Prize, \$5, Paul Fairchild, Rochester, Ind.

Seven \$1 Prize Winners:

Annie Sommerville, Santa Ana, Calif.

Grace Morey, Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Cleve Windsor, Arma, Kan.

Joan Clayborne, Tacoma, Wash.

Mary Hamilton, San Francisco, Calif.

Blanche Woodside, Fresno, Calif.

Mrs. E. L. Hartley, Charleston, W. Va.

that, I would merely say because I wanted to. To all the other whys a woman always has her world old answer "because." Don't tell him more than he asks for, for surely in this case added information would only hinder rather than help. Act just as if you were before the grand jury, Dorothy. Have you ever been before one? Neither have I, but I have a lawyer daddy.

You may say that if you act this way you will not be able to keep him. Just tell him that you love him, that you are sorry and surely he will forgive you. If he doubts you now then he will always doubt you and is not worth your true respect and love. If he trusts and really loves you he will forgive and forget. If he merely wants you for a pal and you continue to be a good sport and a good fellow, he will come back. His pride was merely hurt, and will soon heal.

Just be sweet and nice to him. Let him say all the sarcastic things there are to be said while you show him that you are willing to do your part to get things straight, your part and no more, leave things up to

Should the Woman Pay?

[Continued from page 28]

That no doubt was what influenced the judge who passed sentence on the girl murderer.

"You are very young," he said, "too young to realize that your real punishment will begin after you leave prison and never end so long as you live."

That is the pitiful fact. No matter how hard that girl may strive for social reinstatement, though she may repent the rest of her days in bitter tears, she can never outlive the brand of "jailbird." Henceforth she will be a social leper, suspected, considered unfit for any trust, and especially unfit ever to be the mother of innocent children.

SOCIETY, ready to condone the infractions of a man, never forgives a woman. The Judge on the bench may pass the Court's sentence on the woman. In his heart he knows that it is the world that will administer her actual punishment.

Not long ago there was remanded for trial in Special Sessions a young woman charged with shoplifting. She steadfastly refused to reveal her identity, but the officers easily discovered it. Then she sent a plea to the Court begging that we keep her name secret, and declaring that she would commit suicide if it were made public.

On the day she was arraigned for sentence there was brought up a young man convicted of a similar offense. Hence, when we respected the girl's plea for anonymity, and also suspended sentence on her, while we sent the male lawbreaker to prison, there was some criticism of our "unfairness."

The man had been punished and the woman had gone scot free!

But as usual there were extenuating facts which the public did not know.

The girl, a student in a New York college, came from a small old-fashioned town upstate. And though the shame of her plight and the horror of her ordeal in prison had her nerves quiver, her sole thought was of the suffering her act would bring on others.

Of course she would be shunned for the rest of her life, become an outcast in her town, all her dreams of a career ended, but that wasn't what concerned her. Far worse was the certainty that her parents and her young sisters would be disgraced, and that the man who loved her and trusted her would be heartbroken. That was why she would much prefer to die, or be sent to prison for an extra long period, rather than have her identity made known.

IS IT clear what punishment we would have meted out to that foolish girl who had stolen some petty finery if we had sent her to prison and published her shame to the world? The man, it happened, had offended before, was using an alias, and belonged to the type to which imprisonment is but an annoying incident.

Judges and juries get many intimate sidelights on the character of a defendant as the seemingly unimportant evidence is unreel. And out of it all, subconsciously perhaps, they get a picture of a human being instead of a defendant, a picture of a woman's heart, her mind, her ambitions, her social standing, her romantic dreams of the future. And so they realize what penalty she is paying in the present and what she will pay in the future.

That is why the public is so often bewildered and shocked by what seems undue leniency. Its only knowledge of the case

Astounding!

—the way

NU-ART

Destroys Superfluous Hair

permanently destroys superfluous hair by gently easing out the roots until they cannot return—on any part of the face, arms, underarms, limbs and body.

This new scientific preparation is far in advance of ordinary surface hair removers. Hundreds of hairs



are removed with their roots in less than a minute.

Formulated by a physician, it is absolutely safe, and harmless. Thousands of women are using it and permanently removing the worry of embarrassing hair. It can be used as freely on the face as on the limbs.

Ask Your
Druggist For
NU-ART

Only One Dollar

Good stores carry NU-ART, but in order to avoid any delay if you should not be able to get it, we are making this very special offer. Simply mail coupon.

Very Special Offer!

DELFIN, INC., Dept. 458
South Orange, New Jersey.
Send me **WITHOUT CHARGE**, as a special offer, a tube of **DELFIN Massage Cream** (this sells regularly at 50c); a tube of **DELFIN Deodorant** (this sells regularly at 25c); and a six months supply of **Skin Tonic**, all free. Also, the dollar package of **NU-ART** for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....



New Loveliness

★
for
You



JOAN CRAWFORD—Metro-Goldwyn
Star says: "I believe the STAR-Rite Vim-
Ray is beneficial to health and beauty."

Most complexion troubles are due to clogged pores. If you keep them clear and healthy, so that the natural oils may do their work, it will be fine and velvety in texture. The new, scientific way is Vim-Ray... virtually artificial sunlight. Vim-Ray stimulates the pores to expel all impurities and strengthens the delicate tissues. It leaves a natural, healthy glow on the skin and a feeling of refreshment and rejuvenation. You will find new uses for Vim-Ray every day... with your face creams... with your hair tonic to make your hair thick and glossy... as a hair dryer and waver. Easy to use... and imparts a sense of soothing comfort that is worth a hundred times the price.



ORDER TODAY \$6.50
STAR-Rite

NEW HOME
BEAUTY SERVICE
Vim-ray

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Co., Torrington, Conn.
Please send me one New STAR-Rite Vim-Ray for which I enclose \$6.50. I understand I can use it for ten days free and have my money back if I am not satisfied. 89-1

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Dealer's Name _____

10-DAY FREE TRIAL



Hand Colored Handkerchiefs 20c
Crope de Chine Scarfs \$2.75
Women all over the country earn extra money at home transferring beautiful wallpaper designs to silk handkerchiefs, silk scarfs, etc., with WonderArt Solution. Most of this work is done in spare time and it is both fascinating and profitable.
We are offering you a wonderful opportunity to buy these charming pieces made for us by home workers everywhere, at amazingly low prices. 20c each for silk handkerchiefs (41 a half dozen, \$2 a dozen); \$2.75 for silk scarfs, \$2.50 for heavy fringed French Scarfs.
These pieces with their gorgeous colored designs make ideal Xmas gifts. Order yours today. Money back or none if you are not satisfied.
WonderArt Solution outfit, the simple way to transfer wallpaper designs to fabric of all kinds including leather and wood, mailed for \$1.
Metro Scarf Co., 112 W. 42nd St., New York City

Oh How Lovely

1000 ACTUAL PAPER SAMPLES

AGENTS

Women "go wild" over this smart line of Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics—Handkerchiefs, Fancy Goods. Easy sales, big repeat trade. Liberal commissions and bonuses. Men and women, full or spare time. 1000 samples furnished. Write quickly.

The National Importing Co.
Dept. 4-57, 523 Broadway, N. Y. C.

is had from the newspapers which usually emphasize the nature of the offense and the repellent details, and have no space to waste on the psychology of the prisoner and the human elements of the case.

Woman's social position is much less secure than man's, although it means so much more to her. Always she is balanced on a precarious footing, able to maintain her position only by eternal care. Though a breath of scandal may endanger her good name, it is possible for her to offset its effect by increased circumspection; and though suspicion that she has transgressed certain of the conventions may jeopardize her standing gravely, there is always a chance for her in the absence of definite proof of her guilt, if public scandal is lacking.

But let her fall into the clutches of the law just once! Let prison bars confine her, and immediately she acquires a social taint that nothing she can ever do will remove. Her social obliquity in the public mind is lifted out of the realms of conjecture into the world of certainty. She is a criminal, branded forever as a social outlaw, presumably capable of any sin against morality.

The nature of her offense makes little difference, nor does the fact that she may eventually be proved innocent. Though arrest and imprisonment for a man, except for a heinous offense, is only an adventure, for a woman, a single day in prison is equivalent to a sentence for life.

I have in mind the case of a young man and a young woman, who together, were transgressors and who paid the same penalty of arrest and imprisonment. That was several years ago. Today the man is prosperous, happily married and a leader in the fashionable set in the suburb in which both live. The woman is a social outcast.

They had gone together to a party given by mutual friends in New York. The girl was of the highest moral character, but she was young and thoughtless. She drank the champagne so freely served, though not one quarter as much as her escort, but because she was unaccustomed to liquor she became intoxicated.

She was still in that condition when the young man got into an argument with a policeman for driving by a traffic signal. The youth was offensive and the policeman retaliated with force. Then the girl was silly enough to go to her friend's aid. The consequence was that both soon found themselves in cells charged with being drunk and disorderly.

WHEN morning arrived they were too ashamed to explain to the magistrate and he sentenced them to twenty-four hours' imprisonment.

When the affair leaked out in their set it was regarded as a great joke so far as the man was concerned. It made him a sort of hero, in fact, with his young associates, and even his elders smiled at the escapade, saying he was only sowing wild oats. He was a man, you see.

But what about the girl? Well, the immediate effect was that the young man to whom she was engaged backed off. As he was socially prominent and distinctly eligible, local society, which included a drove of marriageable girls, took its cue. Some of the victim's intimate girl friends tried to be loyal, but one by one they too drifted away to save their own faces. The young men continued to be friendly—in fact increased their attentions—which did not help the girl's case. Today she is an old maid, ignored by every one worth while socially.

All very pretty is the theory of expiation and a clean sentence after the transgressor has done penance. It works out quite often for the man, but not for the woman. The rest of her life she must live under the fear that the ghost of her sin will rise at any moment to confound her.

I recall the case of a young girl arrested some years ago on suspicion of being involved in an attempted felonious assault. She was exonerated eventually, but it was after she had been detained for some time in the Tombs. Meanwhile the sensational press had exploited the case, and to escape the resultant notoriety the parents of the girl moved from their old home to a new neighborhood.

There a busybody recognized the girl. The family was avoided and small boys began to hoot at the girl as she passed. Finally their home was mobbed. The case got to the magistrate's court. The whole scandal was revived.

AGAIN the girl's parents moved, this time to a Western town, although it meant the shattering of the ties of a lifetime. And again, I learned, a chance traveler saw the girl, remembered the case and revived the scandal just in time to ruin a belated romance for her.

Consideration for the woman too often waits until she has been convicted. That is too late. The woman in this case was destroyed not because she was guilty, but because she had been held in prison. That is why a thoughtful magistrate will make it especially easy for the woman prisoner to procure bail, or else parole her, while he holds the man to strict account. I mean of course where the offense is not serious and the woman not a professional criminal.

Eventual vindication for a woman means nothing. In the minds of the public imprisonment is the same as guilt. "Where there's smoke there's fire," is an adage still in full force.

Aside from the social effects of her imprisonment, there must be considered the depths of despair felt by the woman of gentility held in jail, pending a preliminary hearing. The fact that the charge is trivial will not ease her terror. The arrest alone has been enough to drive her frantic with shame. It is in fact vastly more punishment than long imprisonment would be for any man.

That is not the least of the penalties the woman pays.

Let me show how Fate sets the aftermath differently for a man and a woman, in parallel cases.

The woman was a simple minded German, a nurse girl, and practically without any friends in America, except for the young electrician she expected soon to marry. To increase her trousseau she began to steal bits of feminine finery. Suspicion fell on her and search was made in her trunk. The stolen goods were found there, which should have been convincing proof that the girl was a beginner.

The man was a valet. Articles were being missed constantly and he was suspected by his employer. He was trapped through stealing a sum of money planted as bait.

EACH was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. According to the letter of the law this was eminently just. They were equally guilty. It was right they should be equally punished! But let us see if they were.

Through a probation officer I learned subsequently that the valet had been re-engaged by his former employer who believed that the man had been taught a lesson and would reform. He did reform. At last account he was doing well, trusted implicitly, and was getting ready to marry a fine girl who knew of his past and condoned it.

A year or so later there were brought into court several young women who had been arrested for disorderly conduct. One of them looked familiar. It turned out she was the German nurse maid.

The girl had come forth from prison truly penitent, determined to earn an honest liv-

ing for herself, now that "her man" had deserted her. But she could not get employment! Every intelligence agency had her record and, as they told her, they do not recommend "jailbirds" to their patrons. If she had had relatives or friends she might have been able to find a way out. Or, again, she might have secured work with faked references; but she was either too "green" to do this or too timid after her bitter experience. Her savings disappeared. She was in actual need. The usual sympathizing man friend was at hand, and the usual thing happened.

THE man's punishment had been loss of freedom for six months; the woman had paid with slavery for life.

She might easily have sought a new environment, you think, changed her name and started afresh! That sounds reasonable, but does it work out?

Men beyond number have committed all crimes including murder, then in new surroundings have rehabilitated themselves. I recall the case of one convict who in a Western town rose to be chief of police. Of another, more recently, who became mayor of the town he settled in. And eventual disclosure did not harm them in the least. In fact the public enshrines as a sort of hero the man who fights back to social esteem against overwhelming odds.

But who ever heard of a female Jean Valjean?

A woman could not safely go into a strange community, assume a fictitious name, and refuse to talk about her past. Not if she were trying to win public esteem. Reticence, considered an indication of strength in a man, under such circumstances would destroy a woman. The feminine stranger in our midst is expected to tell all about herself, and she must tell the truth. There will be a check up eventually, and she could not sail under false colors long enough to get more than a start on her way to rehabilitation.

The penal code as it functions today is mainly a code arranged by men for men. Woman, seemingly, was not taken into account by it for the simple reason that she broke the laws so seldom.

In a more enlightened day when the world understands more about feminine psychology we will repair this injustice, allotting to women who transgress, penalties less severe than those imposed on men, or at least penalties that are different.

And what if a few undeserving women escape merited punishment! Better that than for one woman who deserves mercy to suffer out of all proportion.

AFTER all, punishment, whether physical or mental, is a matter of personal endurance. Nature, it seems, has given woman a greater endurance of physical suffering than man; but to even the balance apparently, she has been cursed with a capacity for mental torture that no man can conceive.

If the theory of man's law is to correct rather than to destroy, then it fails woefully whenever it destroys a woman transgressor by treating her with the same severity as a man.

DOES the widespread publication of all the ugly details of a scandal serve any good purpose? Or does the intimate knowledge of such affairs inflame the imagination and drive other weak souls to go and do likewise? In February SMART SET, Lord Birkenhead, ex-Lord Chancellor and present Secretary of State for India, discusses English and American customs in this respect. See if you agree with his conclusions!



Before you drive into the cold—take out
"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

A delicious precaution! **5c** Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.



Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is **FREE** All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's **FREE**.



Fireside Industries
 DEPT. 69-A ADRIAN, MICH.



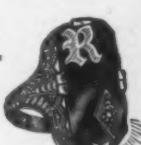
This Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds.

A Ring You Will Be Proud to Wear
 Send No Money
 Genuine Full Cut Diamonds

No. 6132. Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2 Genuine Diamonds 4-100 each. 14-Kt. White Gold Top. Emblem (any lodge) or any Initial (Old English) Yellow or White Gold inlaid in Genuine Hope Ruby or Black Onyx. Mention if desired in solid white gold or green gold, same price.

\$25

No. 6599. Any Initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired, and ring will be sent for inspection.



No. 6598 — Ladies' Ring. Genuine Black Onyx with Genuine Full Cut Diamond. 14-Kt. White Gold. **\$15**

Terms (6 Mos. to Pay) Ask for Free Jewelry Catalog
BUFFALO JEWELRY MFG. CO., "The Mail-Order House"
 Dept. 102 (or at your Jeweler's)
 501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

1000 Hotel Positions Open!



NATION-WIDE demand for trained men and women in hotels, clubs, restaurants, cafeterias. Past experience unnecessary. We train you in your spare time at home and put you in touch with positions. Our students employed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for Free Book.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
 Room AP-2133 Washington, D. C.

30th YEAR ALVINE UNITED SCHOOLS OF THE Theatre

DRAMA—OPERA—PHOTOPLAY STAGE DANCING COLLEGE ART AND SCIENCE OF SINGING. Play production. Students afforded N. Y. experience and exposure with week players at Alvine Art Theatre. For catalogue (state study desired) to Secretary, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y. Extension 28.



Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes

Mim Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

She has used "MAYBELLINE" for ten years, both for street wear and in her screen work, and regards it as indispensable.

Millions of women from charming girl to queenly matron have discovered how "MAYBELLINE" reveals the hidden beauty of their eyes.

"MAYBELLINE" is harmless. The popular Solid Form or waterproof Liquid Form, BLACK or BROWN, are 75c at all toilet goods counters. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

Beautifies Eyelashes and Brows Instantly

Home of the International Correspondence Schools



Go to High School at Home

You can secure a high school education right at home by studying the splendid new courses recently prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.

These courses are equivalent to the courses given in resident high schools. They have been specially arranged for men and women who wish to meet college entrance examinations, to qualify for a business position, or to make up the education they missed when forced to leave school too soon. A diploma is awarded at graduation.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 6259-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course before which I have marked an X:

- ☐ College Preparatory Course
- ☐ High School Commercial Course
- ☐ High School English Course
- ☐ High School Vocational Course

Name

Address

You Men Have Failed as Lovers

[Continued from page 49]

esteem, she has pointed them out to him and let him know that she is very well aware of them. Without any glossing over, without any delicate subtleties, without any attempt at flattery, she tells him just exactly what she thinks of him. He suffers in bewildered silence. Something is wrong. What it is he does not know for he has made no effort to understand the change in women.

He grew up, if he happened to be born into a normal family, seeing his father a god to his mother. His father was flattered and cajoled with all the feminine subtleties of which his mother was capable. When his father spoke, his mother listened and obeyed, outwardly, at least. If his father disapproved of the cut or color of a dress, it was the last time the dress was worn by his mother.

THIS to him seemed quite logical and he took it for granted his own marriage would run along the same channel. But, while he was carefully cherishing the matrimonial halo of his forefathers, the woman whom he was to marry was just as carefully destroying it, until not a vestige remained. Of this performance he remained in ignorance, only to be shocked into a realization that something was radically wrong somewhere, when he found he was not perfect in the eyes of his wife.

The average man today is so bewildered he does not know which way to turn. His home is not the place he had taken for granted it would be. He is criticized for what he wears and what he does. He finds he is expected to be a companion and a lover, as well as a husband. He is being forced to work at holding his wife and, only too often, he is losing. He doesn't quite know what to make of it. He never saw his father exert himself to be an entertaining and intelligent companion, nor had he any intimation that his mother might consider his father an unsatisfactory lover. His father was a husband. For his mother that was sufficient.

But the modern woman of intelligence wants more than a husband. To her mind the conventional husband is just as stupid and stodgy as the conventional marriage. She expects the man she has married to exert himself to be a perpetual emotional and mental stimulus to her. If he fails she gets a divorce. Having no awe for marriage as an institution, the modern wife feels perfectly justified in terminating her partnership with an inadequate husband. She would not tolerate such a partnership in business, she reasons, so why endure it in marriage?

THIS changed attitude of women toward men and toward marriage is largely responsible for the increasing number of divorces. Where a woman once endured, having resigned herself to marriage as the inevitable end, she now clears out. The husbands of today are no worse than they have been in preceding generations; nor have they improved. While women have been changing, taking away the traditional halo from marriage, raising the personal standards of what they demand from men, the men have remained stationary, making no effort either to understand or meet the change. Their attitude toward marriage and toward women is the attitude of their fathers and their grandfathers. Because of this very failure on their part to meet the change in women and because of their inability to meet the physical, mental and emotional demands of women, their wives are restless and unhappy and turn to

divorce, careers or clandestine love for relief.

Men have failed miserably as individuals. They are too weak to attract or to hold the intelligent, analytical woman of today. As a result they are unhappy and the women are unhappy. Men are unhappy because women have slipped away from them. They no longer have the power over them that they were born to believe was their God-given right. Women are unhappy because they can't find men who are able to hold them. All women crave an all-satisfying love, a love that the men of today are unable to give them.

This failure on the part of men to provide the love that women need is responsible for the independent, self-reliant, intelligent group of women turning to careers as a panacea, and for the other group of women, with no particular interest in business or the professions, embarking upon a series of love affairs of brief duration, in the hope of finding eventually a man who will measure up to their requirements.

Only the rare woman actually wants a career. It is only the lack of a satisfactory and absorbing love-life that paves the way to a career for the normal woman. No matter how far the normal woman may go in the profession she has chosen, she is unhappy without the all-satisfying love that is so necessary to woman. For, the tragic thing is, that despite woman's mental development and her changing attitude toward life, her biological make-up remains the same. Her life can only find fulfillment in love.

BUT it is increasingly difficult for women to have such fulfillment. Few men today are capable of giving the love women need. Men are gradually losing both their physical attractiveness and their virility. It is no wonder that women in their unhappiness and their desperation are turning to careers or the shallow gaiety and the froth and foam of night clubs for satisfaction.

But one good thing, at least, has come out of the muddle. The women today are splendid mothers. Equipped by nature to bear twenty children, they lavish their surplus energies and emotions, re-enforced by intelligence, upon their one or two. Children were never in any age given the care and intelligent attention they are receiving today. Yet, even such maternal devotion cannot fill a mother's life or take the place of a man's complete and engrossing love, a love that the weakening men are unable to give them.

The solution? How do I know? I am not a prophet. Men and women will have to work their own way out. But, before they can do that, men must understand the change that has come about in women. They must realize that they can no longer count on the halo of matrimony casting a protective glamour over their many weaknesses and idiosyncracies. They can succeed only on personal merit and by measuring up to the standards the modern woman has set.

I am glad I was married before the last decade. My marriage is much more likely to be permanent than the marriages embarked upon during the last five years or so. I was married when it was still the custom for women to be resigned. My wife is much more likely to put up with me and my idiosyncracies because I married her before women had completely torn off the matrimonial halo.

Life was so much happier for us men before you women removed our halos. Still, when I look around at the "stronger sex," I don't believe I can blame you very much.

The Secret Island

[Continued from page 26]

was a hand there, or a paw, or something. And eyes looking down at me! And now it's gone. Only I wasn't dreaming! I tell you I wasn't dreaming!"

I jumped to my feet and peered around in the dark. But there was nothing to be seen, only the sand and the dense trees and the water beneath the stars.

"I'm going to build a fire," I said. "That will keep off any wild animals. You don't need to be afraid."

But as I started for the beach to pick up some driftwood, she jumped up with a cry. "Don't leave me," she begged. "I never was really frightened before like this. But I keep remembering."

I took her arm, touched her shoulder, and she seemed grateful for the sympathy she must have felt. She did not seek to draw away but only to come closer.

SO IT was that when I stooped to pick up a stick, Joyce Kent was at my side. The imperiousness was gone now. She was helpless and frightened, and she trusted me forlornly.

I had a fire going quickly enough. It sent gloomy shadows leaping up and down the walls of the forest, but the sound was cheering and somehow protective. We sat staring into the heart of the flames as people will, but neither of us was in the mood for sleep.

It occurred to me she might like something to eat, and I reached behind me for the provision sack. My hands fumbled and touched nothing. I got up and looked for it. In spite of myself, I gave an involuntary exclamation. The sack was gone!

"What is it?" Joyce demanded.

There was no sense in concealing the thing from now on. She'd had inkling enough already. I told her what had happened. I told her how I had found the painter of my skiff gnawed in two, of the mocking call I had heard, and the sense of watchful eyes that had spied on me.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," I said. "We'd have been attacked by this time otherwise. I'm going to find out what this thing that lives here really is. It may be some big, curious ape, though I've never known any but the smallest monkeys to live on these sand-pits."

She shivered a little. She moved closer to me. We were both silent, though I think our minds moved in the same channel. Presently her head drooped against my shoulder. I put my arm around her gently to support her. She dozed like a tired child, not knowing where she was.

BUT for me there was to be no more sleep that night. Now and then I kicked a stick into the fire, taking care not to disturb her. I listened with every sense alert. I did not hear the kind of sound I half expected, but in the stillness before dawn, it seemed to me I could make out far away the thin sound of a falling stream of water.

I made my simple plan. When day came, I'd take the girl and together we'd go inland, try to find a place where we could make ourselves secure from the attacks of any wild animals or mysterious beings that lived here. Moreover I must find water, and put up my small fortification near it.

The light came up and touched the sea with grayness. The girl stirred faintly against my shoulder. Then the sun rose, an angry red eye that peered above the horizon and thereafter the sky was streaked with many hues.

Suddenly Joyce's big eyes opened and fell on my face bewilderedly. The next mo-

ment she smiled, and with a little sigh, settled herself in my arms. The terrors of the night had broken down forever her imperiousness towards me.

A deep and happy tenderness welled up in me. I was no longer sorry I had exiled myself from the world. I put Joyce gently on her feet, and we looked into each other's eyes. Then all at once she dropped her gaze and turned away.

That little moment was like a bond between us, though her voice was matter-of-fact enough when I told her of my plans.

We made breakfast of a cocoanut I managed to crack open, and of a yellow-tailed fish which I speared after half an hour's unsuccessful attempts. When I brought it back to broil over the embers of a fire, Joyce had without the aid of a mirror straightened her unruly hair and smoothed down her linen dress.

We ate cheerfully enough, considering our situation and the strange visit which had disturbed our sleep. Then I packed up the canvas covering, which, with a handful of matches, constituted my entire worldly wealth, and together we set out to explore the island.

The vegetation was so dense in places that we could scarcely have gone twenty feet without exhaustion. We skirted the shore of the island. I was heading towards that part where it rose to its greatest heights, ending in rocky crags that were probably of volcanic origin. If I could somehow reach those, I might find a natural stronghold.

For a long time the wall of living green seemed unbroken. Then all at once I heard a welcome sound. Through a fissure in the forest a stream of spring water rippled down to a shallow lagoon.

HELPING Joyce up the ascent, I followed the bed of the stream. We climbed steadily, until we reached a hollow where the water made a pool.

I was making my way as cautiously as possible, stopping every now and then to peer into the packed green growth on either side. The land seemed to steam in the morning heat, but a faint wind that rustled the leaves brought relief.

It was desperate work to stumble along the creek-bed in that stifling, perfumed air. I looked at Joyce to see how she was making out. She had compressed her lips firmly, as if in determination, but she made no complaint against the hardship of the journey.

I think we must have pushed our slow, tortuous way for almost another hour when the stream suddenly widened, and we came to the fringes of a clearing. I parted the vines and as I did so, I gripped Joyce's arm in swift warning.

Before us was a kind of rocky ledge and behind that rose a natural perpendicular rock wall. Crouching against it was the figure of a man—a man beyond doubting, but with something of the ferocity and cunning of a wild creature.

He had no notion that he was being observed. The breeze had carried the sound of our clumsy approach in the opposite direction.

After the first moment of surprise, I saw that he was eating. The body of a small animal lay dismembered before him, and he was devouring a portion of it raw, like a tiger that has made its kill.

Even at that distance I could see the swell of mighty muscles that rippled from his brown neck to his long arms. The squared shoulders were suggestive of unlimited power, and he crouched with the



FREE!
Book,
"How to
Marcel
Wave
Your Own
Hair," to
all who
reply on
coupon.

Sensational New
French Invention gives

A Perfect Marcel Wave

in 15 minutes — cost 2¢

Not a concoction from a bottle—not a sticky, messy lotion—not a "trick" brush—not a "magic" cap—not an antiquated "curling" device—not a "scientific" substitute for the old-fashioned kid curler. This amazing French invention is positively guaranteed actually to marcel wave any head of hair in 15 minutes at a cost of less than 2c.

By Mlle. Renee Duval

FROM Paris I have brought to American women the greatest beauty secret of all time. French hairdressers have guarded it jealously for many years. This secret will enhance the beauty of any woman's hair a hundred fold. And there is but one simple, easy thing to do. Now every American woman and girl can know, for the first time, the real and true secret of the French woman's always perfectly marcelled hair—a thing that has caused American women much amazement.

Simple to
Use—Perfect
in Results

It is so simple—a small, inexpensive, easy-to-use thing—the invention of a famous French hairdresser—it is called the Marcelwaver. I brought it to America—my friends here perfected it—then sent it to 1,000 American women to try for themselves. It gave such perfect results—proved of such great convenience—saved those who tried it so much money—that every one of these 1,000 women asked to keep it—and their friends sent me orders for thousands of Marcelwavers.

This Secret Yours FREE! Do not send me money—just your name and address on the coupon below. I'll at once send you this secret—and a FREE copy of my famous book, "How to Marcel Wave Your Own Hair." Send today.

AGENTS!

Men and Women
Marcelwaver is taking American women by storm. Biggest earnings ever being made by agents everywhere. You must get in on ground floor before all territory is taken. Send—today—for complete information—all FREE!

MARCELWAVER COMPANY

Dept. A-152

Cincinnati, Ohio

Mlle. Renee Duval, Dept. A-152

MARCELWAVER CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me at once your precious secret of a perfectly marcelled head of hair in 15 minutes at a cost of less than 2c. This information must be FREE to me.

() Check here if interested in agent's offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Put Yourself In His Place

He did not know one note from another, yet within three weeks he learned to play the popular airs on his

BUESCHER

True Tone Saxophone

You can do the same. Just a few hours' practice and you'll be playing happy tunes. It's so easy, even for people who think themselves musically dumb.

Only Buescher Assures Success

But only with a Buescher is this rapid progress assured. No expert lipping required. Just press the key and blow. It's almost as easy as a one-finger solo at the piano.

Take One Home on Trial

Three lessons given on request with each new Saxophone. Six days' free trial. Easy terms. Send coupon for beautiful free book. No obligation. Everything explained. Do this today sure.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

2172 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

2172 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Mention instrument interested in.

Age.....Name instrument.....

Name.....

Address.....

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

EARN UP TO \$250 per month SALARY

For nine years, our graduates have been offered positions as Traffic Inspectors at definite salaries, plus expenses, a few days after completing their studies. Traffic Inspectors start at \$120 or more per month and rise rapidly to \$175, \$200 or \$250 per month.

As a Railway Traffic Inspector, you are practically your own boss, use new fares and planes each minute, report only to high officials, are rapidly advanced. It's healthful, outdoor work, with regular hours.

Hundreds of Satisfied Graduates

Write today for booklet (1-6), giving full details and contract agreeing to refund your money if position is not offered after graduation.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INST., Buffalo, N. Y.

Health Safeguard

ATACKS and trouble frequently start in mouth, nose and throat. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. Learn the healthful habit of using MU-COL daily as a mouth wash and throat gargle. This hygienic powder dissolves quickly in warm water. Make solutions any strength desired; use freely. Economical, safe, beneficial. Send for recent letter from a happy user.



MU-COL
Dependable Hygienic Powder
35c, 60c, \$1.20 sizes at Drugists
The MU-COL Company
167 E. Tupper St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send for Free Sample

grace of something that can spring and leap with the vitality which civilization has taken from the children of men.

His hair hung to his shoulders, and he was bearded. Yet in spite of that I knew he was young, possibly only on the threshold of his twenties. He was bare except for the skin of an animal which he had wound around his waist.

But the thing that arrested me with wonder was the fineness and actual beauty of his features. It was the face of a wild thing, certainly, but it was not the face of some mongrel descendant of blended Indian and Negro which fills the islands. This was a face of definite European ancestry. The finely cut nose, the wide brow attested to that. Still marvelling, the one and only explanation dawned upon me.

HE COULD only be the survivor of some shipwreck years before, who had grown up alone in the wilderness, as untutored as an animal. I remembered the peculiar, meaningless sound of his voice as I had heard it from the forest, and I knew, without knowing how I knew, that it was a voice that had no language. He might have been shipwrecked here as a small child, coming to land somehow while all others perished.

Joyce's eyes were as wide as my own. We had stared at this sudden apparition for almost a minute. But I felt a tide of relief that it was a man and not an animal we had to deal with. I cast around in my mind for some way of winning his confidence. It was at that moment that the fitful breeze turned.

I had not reckoned upon this strange being's savagery. He rose suddenly to his feet, and thrusting his handsome head forward on his neck, seemed to sniff. Then all at once a strangled cry broke from his throat. He cast a swift backward glance at the cliff-wall, like a cornered creature. The next moment with head down and arms lunging wildly, he rushed directly towards us.

In that instant I realized he had scented us like a wolf and filled with some obscure hate or fear, was charging directly upon us!

I pushed Joyce behind me, and stepped forward to meet him. What was in my mind in that chaotic moment I don't know, though I must have had some vague idea of pacifying him.

Then all at once his bulk was upon me. He caught my arm and whirled and flung me as I might have flung a chip. Great as I had realized his strength might be, I had not been prepared for anything like this. The gleam of his eyeballs, and his white, snarling teeth, seen through parted lips were the only impressions I had, as I picked myself up from the ledge.

I stumbled back towards the thicket into which he had disappeared. I heard the thrashing sound of his body as he leapt through the intertwining vines and branches of the forest. The next moment I saw his brown body go leaping down the glade, and my heart gave a leap of horror. He had slung Joyce Kent across his shoulder and was carrying her off!

AN EMOTION more mastering than anything I'd ever known gave me the strength to do what I did that day.

Make it important enough, and there's little a man can't do, and by thunder, this was important enough to me!

With a sick, choking feeling in my throat I started in pursuit. Branches whipped across my face, I fell stumbling a dozen times, I was knocked about and my skin was cut like ribbons by the thorns of the creepers.

Now and then I'd get glimpses of the creature who fled before me, crashing his way through the tangles of undergrowth. Now and then I followed him only by the

sound of his headlong rush. Sometimes I'd see him leap high, catching a branch with one arm, still clutching Joyce with the other. He would swing himself far ahead and land lightly without even swaying.

I followed across swamp land where the water sucked at my legs as if to drag me down, and the thick mud coated my canvas trousers like boots. How far we went I've no notion, but there wasn't anything, dead or living, that could stop me. It was as if my body was insensitive to pain and thirst and weariness. My wind had gone, and my muscles were strained to their uttermost, but the will behind them drove them on.

But I could have made no gain on him, if it hadn't been that he was hampered with the girl. What her sensations were I didn't dare think, though now and then I tried to cry her name, to let her know I was still following. But my voice was hoarse, and the croaking sound I managed could scarcely have reached her.

The chase was leading us to high ground, and it was up hill work, over fallen rocks and rotting trees. A new sound struck my ear, the splash and murmur of the small waterfall I had heard in the night.

It grew nearer. I saw the man I was following leap through the trees, and with a bewildering agility, run along the stones that lined its bed. Rocks were strewn before him leading to a sheer precipice. From this a tiny spout of water fell over the face of the cliff, spreading into a fan of spray, some ten feet wide, at the base.

Suddenly the strange creature who raced before me flew with a sudden burst of speed like a runner nearing the end of a race. The vines barred my way, obscured my sight. Fighting desperately I struck through them and came to the cleared space. There was no sign of any living thing in the walled pit before me!

I stood incredulously, listening. Except for the waterfall, a heavy, oppressive silence hung over the forest and the rocks.

THE man had vanished, had disappeared as completely as if by magic. I looked up the cliff. He couldn't have scaled it without my seeing him. Even if it offered a foothold it would have taken him ten minutes to reach the top. But on the other hand nothing moved in the trees. I lifted my voice in a wild shout, but there was no answer. The sound of the flowing water seemed to mock me.

I rubbed my eyes and then hastily explored the rim of the clearing. He must have taken her to some private runway where he sped off without sound! And yet search as I could the forest wall seemed unbroken. Or had he burrowed in the earth, in some animal-like den where he lived. I could see no signs of any such opening.

I don't know how to picture the agony that came over me. It was like madness. I know I plunged at last into the woods, dragging my battered, exhausted body on legs that almost refused to stand. Now and then I would halt to call out Joyce's name, and the sound of my lonely, unanswered voice in the fetid jungle heat was like a death-knell to my hopes.

I had ceased to think consciously, but still I drove myself on. My clothes were torn; welts stood out on my skin. I could feel an ugly bruise on my forehead. My eyes were blinded with sweat. I circled the island, calling desperately. Three times I came back to the glade by the waterfall, to stare around in miserable perplexity.

The thought of Joyce in the power of the beast, for he was nothing less than that, I knew, sent a shudder running up my spine. Had he killed her? Was he torturing her, with the idle curiosity of a powerful animal destroying a weaker? Or had he seized her from the obscure instinct that told him she was kin to him and a possible mate?

The sun was still burning down upon the trees, but I knew it must be growing late. I had returned once more to the little waterfall. My head was throbbing painfully. To clear it and to refresh my exhausted nerves and dulled brain, I stepped forward and bent my neck under the cool spray. My hand groped out to reach the rocky surface beneath the water to steady myself.

But it groped the air! I had thrust it through the fan of spray into nothingness. There was no wall there! Then my heart gave a leap of exultation as the mystery was made plain. The waterfall was like a veil before the mouth of a small cave.

Without thinking thought, I followed up my discovery with prompt action. Bending, I edged my way underneath the curtain of water. The next moment I found myself in the pitch-black cavern. The clammy air was like a fog, and the sound of the waterfall reverberated in the hollow of rock and drowned out all other sound.

I HAD to feel my way along the mossy rock, proceeding cautiously, but my discovery had revived me and made me forget my tiredness.

I had gone no more than thirty steps when a ledge of rock made me alter my course. The next moment I barked my shins against an obstruction. I bent fumblingly. At the same instant every nerve in my body sprang into startled life. My hands had touched human flesh.

In that moment in the inky darkness, I knew somehow that the satin skin I touched could belong only to Joyce Kent. A terrible dread moved in me, as I groped towards her, tried to kneel and see if she lived. Her body was very still, but something like a tension of the muscles told me she was conscious and unhurt. I gave a kind of shout in the joy of that realization and at the same instant she spoke.

Perhaps she screamed the words, but as it was they came to my ears in indescribable fragments above the tumult of the water crashing at the opening of the cave.

"Thank God! I thought—it's you, Neal! Really you? Get me away—mad!"

I tried to lift her to her feet, but she seemed to groan as I did so. My fumbling hands discovered a withe fastened tightly about her wrist and this in turn was tied around a projection of stone.

I couldn't loosen it, and then in the extremity of the moment, I set my teeth on it. It was like tearing leather, but somehow I managed to cut through that rude thong. The next moment I had Joyce on her feet.

I peered anxiously into the darkness, half expecting to hear the bellowing voice, and face the wild rush of the savage of the Secret Island.

But there was no sound, no movement. Guiding Joyce as well as I could, we neared the waterfall, and then burst through into the light.

INTO the half-light rather, for once again the brief twilight was falling on that desolate world. Once again the ranked stars were stepping into the sky.

I looked at Joyce's haggard face, her desperate eyes.

"Are you hurt?" I cried. She shook her head. "No, I'm all right. But we've got to get away quickly. He left about an hour ago, to hunt food perhaps. I thought I was going mad lying there. Oh, if you hadn't come to help me!"

For a moment sudden sobs choked her, and she swayed towards me. I put my arms around her.

"Don't let him come near me again!" she whimpered like a child. "Don't let him! I'm so afraid!"

Well, it wasn't a matter of strength but of resourcefulness. In endurance and power

I was no match for the man of the island. I must act quickly.

I glanced up the face of the cliff. Embroidures worn there by the weather seemed to offer a foothold. For the rest a few stunted trees seemed to promise a hand if I dared to scale that height.

And it seemed to me there was nothing else to be done. When he returned to find Joyce gone, he would seek her everywhere on the island, or I missed my guess. And this time he would not come furtively in the darkness and timidly touch her. He had recognized that his strength was greater than mine, and his first shyness at discovering creatures like himself had doubtless worn off.

But on the heights I would have a chance to defend myself, if only by hurling rocks down on him if he tried to charge us. I told Joyce my plan, and without further words we started up the cliff-side together.

The first quarter of the climb was comparatively easy. It seemed to me that the footholds in the rocky wall were almost spaced. We were making excellent progress, when all at once a warning shout from Joyce made me look down.

I needed no other warning! Below me I saw the savage had pushed his way into the clearing and even in the fading light had caught sight of us on the cliff. A great cry came clamoring up to us, like the sound of some infuriated animal. He dropped something he was carrying and sprang for the side of the precipice. I saw him bound swiftly upwards at double the best speed I was making, and I knew what I must do.

Pushing Joyce before me, I told her to keep climbing and try to gain the summit. I would meet the wild man halfway.

She hesitated, then mutely obeyed me. I put a few more steps between myself and the savage. I clutched a tree, a sapling that bent grotesquely under my weight. But there was no time now to select and seize another. With a bound he was on me.

HE TRIED to tear me loose and fling me down to the rocks, but I held on though it seemed as if my arm were wrenched from its socket. I barred the way to the next foothold, and he could not gain that without first dislodging me.

There in the dark the battle was waged. Hanging on grimly, with my free arm I tried to strike a blow. But my fist landed only once, and then it was like striking solid rock. It did not even halt him in his furious attempts.

Above me Joyce Kent was struggling to reach the summit. Below me was a sheer drop to the rocky ledge. And the savage tore at me with his teeth to loosen my hold on the sapling.

But the will which mastered me could do no more. I felt my tired fingers relaxing, and a great weakness swam over me.

Then my grip was broken, and I fell, clawing at the cliff-side like a wounded animal.

But as I reached out blindly with bruised fingers, trying for some sort of hold while I slid dizzily downwards, a jar and a shock ran through my entire body. I felt as if I had been struck a terrific blow, but in a moment I realized that I was not sliding any further.

Then I saw that I had catapulted into a projecting ridge of rock, which had nearly broken me in two, but which at least had kept me from falling over the precipice.

That was plain enough. But why didn't I see the shadowy form of the savage above me? He couldn't have gained the summit in one bound! How was it he had completely vanished?

The next moment a tiny shower of pebbles, like a miniature avalanche, came rolling down towards me. Leaning on my good arm, I pulled myself painfully upwards un-

Thanks to

ZIP



hair-free limbs

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

VERY UNWANTED hair . . . destroyed . . . with the roots . . . what a solace! . . . No reddened skin . . . No irritation . . . No caustic sulphides . . . No "odious odors" . . . No harsh razor . . . Easy, simple, harmless . . . Says Vogue: "One demonstration is enough to convince even the most skeptical."*

For the face . . . as well as limbs, body, underarms and back of neck . . . Gives adorable skin texture . . . Thousands of women acclaim its superiority over every other method.

IMPORTANT!

Beware of spurious harmful (mere wax) substitutes offered by Beauty Shop operators as ZIP treatments. Authorized representatives giving genuine ZIP treatments display a sign so stating, signed by me. ZIP Epilator gently lifts hair out; ordinary wax tears and is painful.

***USE ZIP ONCE!**

Sold by the package everywhere. Treatment or **FREE DEMONSTRATION** at my Salon.

Madame Berthé, Specialist, Dept. 180
562 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
 If superfluous hair can really be destroyed, please tell me how and explain your guarantee. Also send **FREE** liberal sample of your Massage and Tissue Building Cream.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City & State _____



ENJOY WINTER SPORTS

KOLA ASTIER

Increases Vitality—Keeps You Warm
GRANULAR (Like Sugar)
 Taken in wine, tea, etc., or in its natural state.

NON NARCOTIC—NON HABIT FORMING
FOR ALL SPORTS AND TEST OF ENDURANCE
 Especially useful in upbuilding vitality after:

Grippe	Influenza	Bronchitis	Malaria
Pneumonia	Anaemia	Typhoid	etc., etc.

The dynamic men of the Latin countries known the world over for their remarkable health and beauty have been using KOLA ASTIER for years to keep physically fit.

Also used by athletes to increase strength and build resistance in all tests of speed and endurance in:

Running	Wrestling	Rowing	Swimming
Jumping	Cycling	Boxing	etc.

FREE Interesting booklet "More Precious than Rubies" and Guaranteed trial offer. Write at once.

Gallia Laboratories, Inc.
 Dept. 201, 332 Broadway, New York

XMAS GIFTS

Send Only \$11

10 Days Free Trial

A FULL YEAR TO PAY

Royal's liberal terms make buying easy. Just send \$3 with your order and your selection comes to you on 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Pay postman only \$1 more on delivery. After free trial, pay balance in 12 easy, equal monthly payments. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or your money back. Written guarantee bond with every purchase.

FREE! TO ADULTS

— Royal's latest "BOOK OF GEMS" illustrated catalog. Write now for your copy.

GUARANTEED SAVINGS

NO RED TPE NO DELAY

AM3—Extraordinary value! attractively hand engraved 18k solid white gold lady's ring; set with genuine radiant blue white diamond. Special \$52.50. \$1.71 a month.

AM11—Exquisite new creation! A dazzling cluster of 7 fiery, genuine blue white diamonds set to resemble a \$750.00 solitaire; 18k solid white gold lady's ring. \$49.75. \$3.98 a month.

ORDER EARLY

AM7—Ultra fashionable lady's ring. 18k solid white gold; finest genuine blue white diamond in patented octagon top; looks like 4ct. \$79.50. \$6.66 a month.

AM6—Fashing, genuine blue white diamond set in 18k solid white gold in dy's mounting of newest hand pierced basket design. Feature price \$46.50. \$3.67 a month.

Established 1893

AM4—Royal's Latest style lady's diamond ring; 3 genuine blue white diamonds; richly engraved and pierced 18k solid white gold mounting. Unusual \$39.75. \$2.92 a mo.

AM10—Striking value! 3 fiery genuine blue white diamonds; new style, richly hand pierced 18k solid white gold lady's mounting. Specially priced. \$36.75. \$2.99 a month.

AM12—Latest style, engraved, rectangular shape, lady's wrist watch, 14k solid white gold case, highest grade 15 jewel, ruby and sapphire movement; lifetime guarantee. \$32.00. \$1.67 a month.

AM15—Unbeatable value! 4 genuine blue white diamonds and 4 blue sapphires adorn this richly engraved lady's wrist watch; 14k solid white gold case; finest quality 15 jewel movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$39.75. \$3.15 a month.

GUARANTEED TIME-KEEPERS

AM17—Newest model Westminster or Elgin nationally famous, gentleman's strap watch, 20 year guaranteed green gold filled case; radium dial, dependable time-keeper. Specially priced \$24.50. \$1.67 a month.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 1902-170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

til I got my foot in a cleft of the precipice. Then I saw what had sent those pebbles rolling down. Hurrying towards me on the hacked-out pathway was Joyce, slipping and swaying in her haste!

"Are you hurt?" she asked in a faint, almost desperate voice. "Oh, are you all right?"

"Yes. But where is he? What's happened to him?"

She seemed to shudder. "The tree you hung on to struck him when you let it go. It threw him down over the cliff."

"Then he must be killed."

"I don't know. I think I heard him pick himself up. I think he's still living."

I laughed a little weakly. My exhaustion made my head spin. What I had thought was defeat had proved to be victory for the time at least.

When I had lost my hold on the sapling, it had acted evidently like a battering-ram and thrown the savage to the rocks below. While, I, by some crazy streak of fortune, had merely slid until my progress was brought short with a painful wrench.

But I had no time and not much inclination for thought. I saw Joyce kneeling above me, extending her hand for help. I could see her disheveled hair, her big eyes, her dress torn half to ribbons by the climb.

"Come," she whispered, "try to get up. We may be safe up there and I'm sure he's still alive. Oh, you mustn't take any chances, not now! I can't tell you!" Her voice went off in a tremulous, inarticulate murmur.

She reached out her hand further. Her fingers touched my arm. She had no strength to help me, but her desire gave me the strength to help myself. I stumbled upwards, fought my way slowly back and with her arm in mine, climbed painfully under the stars to the heights.

AT THE top I flung myself down at full length on a kind of moss. Boulders, piled crazily, made a natural fortification.

"This must be where he lived," Joyce said. "There are things here, things he must have used. But it's all dark. I can't see very well back of those rocks."

"Better make a fire," I suggested. "I'll see what wood I can pick up, if you'll pile some twigs together. The matches are in the pocket of my coat."

She hesitated, then came forward to thrust her fingers into my pockets. But before she could do so, her hand touched the blood-soaked sleeve, and she gave a little cry.

"But you said you weren't hurt!"

"I meant I wasn't hurt from the fall. And this thing's nothing. He just managed to get his teeth in me while I hung on to that sapling."

I heard her swift intake of breath. Then suddenly she was kneeling at my side, and with tender, sure fingers was drawing my arm free of the coat. She was murmuring something to herself in a strange little stricken voice.

She tore a strip from her own dress, and very gently pressed it against the wound, making a bandage.

"Don't bother. It's all right," I said. Suddenly she laid her cheek deliberately against mine, and I felt the salt tears on her face.

Then I kissed her. I was as happy as if all my life this was the first time I'd ever known what happiness was. But I was wretched, too, thinking of the harm I'd brought about, and of what lay ahead of me, if she were right and the savage still lived.

"I've brought all this on you," I said, "and I'm not forgiving myself. But I love you."

She was looking away from me again, and her own voice was a whisper.

"I love you, too," she said. "So every-

thing you do is all right. And I'm not afraid of anything if you're with me."

There weren't any words I could say then. There aren't any words I can say now to tell of the queer mixture of misery and joy that was in my heart. We were silent for a long time, though what it was I thought, I don't know.

I was recalled to myself by a sound at the base of the cliff, the sound of something moving. Joyce had been right. The savage still lived, even after that tremendous fall.

I got to my own feet. The little rest had somehow helped me. Or was it this new knowledge that was crowding deliriously in my brain, this knowledge that Joyce Kent loved me? By it I was armed a hundred times over, and I was dangerous to anything that threatened her.

IT HAD been growing steadily darker. That is, black clouds were obscuring the stars, and the wind was rising with a wailing sound. In the blackness, I was handicapped. I picked up three or four dead branches and arranged them behind a rock so that the light of a fire would spread out like a fan for some feet on every side.

With the wind to play bellows, I had a crackling fire leaping up against the sky in a few minutes. Then I gathered more brush wood, and with my good arm dragged over a log that would burn for the rest of the night.

Joyce had stationed herself at the edge of the cliff to warn me of any sudden attack, while I was busy with my fire and my preparations. I found a heavy stick and with this as a lever managed to pry some of the boulders to the very cliff-edge, where a mere push would be sufficient to send them crashing down. But in this task, I found cause for foreboding. There were only three large stones that I could pry loose for this work, instead of the many I had counted on. It was like possessing a revolver with only half the chambers filled with cartridges.

I was so weary that my back ached, and every now and then my eyes closed of themselves though I was still on my feet. The exhaustion of my previous experiences was a thing I had definitely to fight, and telling myself that there could be no sleep for me this night, I gathered together the remnants of my energy.

But when I came to the cliff-side, Joyce, sitting there with her chin on her knees as she stared down into the black abyss, insisted that I throw myself down beside her and snatch some sleep.

"I can keep watch," she said. "You must rest for me, too, you know. Or else, later on, when you need your strength—" she shivered and broke off.

"NO, I'M going to watch," I insisted. But she put her soft fingers against my mouth as if to silence an unruly child, and there was something so wise and calm in her bearing that I gave way.

"You must sleep," she said again. "I haven't heard a sound for a long time, and it's impossible for him to climb up here without my hearing him. I'll wake you the instant I hear a noise."

But when I no longer fought to keep awake, I could not sleep, though my muscles rested. I heard myself asking questions, and heard Joyce's low, gentle answers. Her fingers were twined through mine. It seemed strange to me now that we had not always been together in this deep, profound understanding that was our love.

The vigil had the strangeness of a dream. I heard Joyce's low murmuring tones, I heard my own voice answer and ask. She was telling about things that puzzled me. There was the matter of young Churchill who had come aboard the Cormorant, young Churchill whom she agreed to marry.

"That seems all so long ago," she said.
 "It's like another world really."
 "But you never loved that man. You couldn't have."

"No."
 "Yet you meant to marry him."
 "Perhaps I did," she said. "But it was the kind of thing all the girls I knew wanted most, to marry the richest bachelor possible. And my father has lost a lot of money of late. He wanted me to. I'd been trained to see things in just that light. Perhaps that's why I was afraid of you from the start."

"Afraid of me?"
 "Afraid of you because I loved you. Oh, I was so miserable the day we quarreled and you went away and I thought I'd never see you any more. When you came up on the deck, don't you think I could have struggled and screamed for help if I'd wanted to, my dear? No, I took good care not to call out until my scream couldn't possibly be heard. I was happy because you'd come back."

"It's poor luck I've brought you," I said then. "I never thought to get you in this mess. And if we can pull through, God knows when we can get off this place without a boat."

"What does it matter?" she said at last. "I'd rather be here all alone with you the rest of my life than have the whole world around me and not have you."

Then as if she realized that this was helping me to do anything but sleep, she put her hand on my forehead and scolded me gently. I smiled, and presently I did fall asleep.

I MUST have slept three or four hours when I was aroused by a touch on my arm. I sat up quickly, every nerve in my body suddenly tense. My wound was stiff and sore, and in that first instant of wakefulness I realized that the wind which had come up in the early evening was now blowing a gale.

The sparse trees on the heights were bending and lashing, and the sea to the eastward was roaring along the beach.

Joyce was bending over me. I could scarcely make out her face in the pitch darkness, but as she turned the light of the fire suddenly illumined it. I saw her eyes were wide and startled.

"He's coming up, he's climbing!" she said. I got to my feet, and listened. At first I could make out nothing but the sounds of the storm. Then all at once my ears detected something like a faint scratching accompanied by a rattle of descending pebbles.

I turned to stare at Joyce, but I said nothing, only gently motioning her back. I had fought to save her before, but now she loved me, was all my life to me. I'd never been afraid to match my strength against any man, but as big and powerful as I was, this savage was ten times more powerful than I was. If he once gained the summit, he could throw me over it like a pebble. Well, I was going to do my best to keep him from ever getting there! I peered over the edge. Then I saw the outline of his body as he crouched and crawled upwards. In ten minutes the thing would be decided. In ten minutes my fate, and Joyce's, would be settled!

IS THERE something primitive at the heart of every man that makes him a savage in face of danger? I only know that there was murder in my heart as I thought of what Joyce's fate would be unless I conquered this wild creature of the Secret Island before he put an end to me. I'll tell you in February SMART SET of the struggle that followed in the darkness.

It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play



—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim, I told you I had a surprise for you!"

She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before.

"How did you ever do it?" her husband asked. "When did you find time to practice?"

"And who is your teacher?" I added.

"Wait, wait!" she laughed. "One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes."

"No teacher?"

"No—I learned to play the piano an entirely new way—without a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument. I thought I'd never learn how to play, though—for I haven't much time to spare, and I thought it would take long hours of hard work. And I thought it would be expensive, too."

"Well, it is hard work, and it is expensive," I said. "Why, I have a sister—"

"I know," she laughed, "but I learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite musical instruments this same easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," Jim said.

"Well, you see, that was my big surprise."

"If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded," said Jim.

Learn to Play at Home

This story is typical. Thousands of men and women have learned to play their favorite musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music.

Are you letting priceless moments slip by when you could be learning to play some musical instrument—easily, quickly?

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are told how a thing is done, then by illustration and diagram you are shown how, and when you play—you hear it.

Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. Without long hours of tedious practice. Without dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

The U. S. School of Music will make you a capable and efficient player. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

Demonstration Lesson FREE

Half a million people have already taught themselves to play their favorite instruments right in their own home. To prove that you, too, can learn music this fascinating way, let us send you our free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," which fully explains this remarkable method. We will include also our Free Demonstration Lesson.

Mail Coupon Today

If you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Decide which instrument you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the average cost of only a few pennies a day! Act NOW! Mail coupon today for the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson. U. S. School of Music, 4271 Brunswick Buildings, New York.

U. S. School of Music
 4271 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you
 (initials).....

Name.....
 (Please write plainly),

Address.....

City.....State.....

CHOOSE YOUR COURSE

Piano
 Organ
 Violin
 Piccolo
 Clarinet
 Flute
 Harp
 Cello
 Guitar

Hawaiian Guitar
 Drums and Traps
 Mandolin
 Harmony and Composition
 Sight Singing
 Ukulele
 Trombone
 Cornet
 Saxophone

Voice and Speech Culture

Automatic Finger Control

Piano Accordion

Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Show Card Lettering

Learn at Home

HERE is the very course you need if you want to get a good paying position as a Show Card Letterer or Sign Letterer, or have a business of your own. This course is complete and practical and especially arranged to meet the needs of the student who studies at home. It was written by E. L. Koller, Principal of the International School of Art, member of the American Federation of Arts, and The National Society of Craftsmen.

H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than \$700 "on the side" before he had completed this course. Harry Lord writes that he has more than doubled his salary. William Whitman is earning three times as much as he did before enrolling with the International School of Art.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL
 SCHOOL
 OF ART

Associated with the
 International Correspondence Schools
 Dept. 6258-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in

SHOW CARD LETTERING

Name.....

Address.....

Are You Liberal Minded?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

BEWARE of jealousy. Jealousy kills love. But where love is, there is jealousy likely to be also.

Be liberal—but true. Broad-mindedness can easily become license. Fight shy of that.

These brief statements fairly well sum up the attitude of those who wrote letters in the SMART SET contest "Are You Liberal Minded?"

The old idea of *owning* another person seems almost entirely to have disappeared. Marriage is no longer looked upon as a prison into which a man or woman enters for life with the words, "I will."

Freedom has come. Friendships persist. The air, as a result, is purer around the old home fires. Confidence is crowding out jealousy. Don't think the green-eyed monster has been killed. No, but he's been scotched. Today men and women are ashamed of being jealous. They try to overcome, to hide, to conquer this sinister passion. Time was when they flaunted it and were proud of it. It was acclaimed as a proof of love. Now it has been broken into its parts, and found to be composed of envy, egotism, selfishness and cruelty. You will notice not one admirable quality entered into its composition.

People realize now that jealousy does not even act as a brake on license. Depravity will find expression regardless of threats.

The big words that come out of this discussion are "tolerance" and "confidence." The writers in this test want to be liberal minded. That is, they want to be tolerant and trustful. Environment and experience are heading them that way as their letters prove.

The first prize goes to Jealous Anne of Valdosta, Ga. She had a jealous disposition but she worked to overcome it because she realized that through this insane passion she brought suffering to herself and others. Her letter follows:

WHEN I read this article on "A Liberal Minded Husband" I thought how much needless suffering we all experience through not being more broad-minded. Jealousy is a form of distrust, and how do we expect our loved ones to maintain confidence in themselves if we mistrust them without cause?

I am of an awfully jealous nature, and through this insane passion have brought suffering to myself and others. My first love affair was dissolved because of this weakness, and I came very near driving the man, who means more than all the world to me, away with my constant bickering about small attentions he was bound to show others for courtesy's sake.

HE IS a business man, and if I saw him with another lady I was sure to raise a scene. If he happened to be going the way of a young lady friend and asked her to ride I was sure to insult him the next time he called. He finally told me that he thought it would be wise for us to part, as we could never be happy together at the rate we were going. On the night of his de-

parture he told me he cared for me more than anyone in the world, and that if I ever thought I could learn to control my insane jealousy to write him, and he would return. Notice he did not ask me to uproot jealousy, but to control it. I think some people are inclined to be more severe in their jealousy than others, and with some it is inherited, as with myself. I have a strain of Spanish in my make-up from my mother's family. And as everyone knows Spaniards are extremely jealous.

I had time for thought after my sweetheart left, and I knew all my accusations were false, and that if I did not learn to control my tongue, I would be an old maid. I wrote him to come home and we would try it over. And that if I failed this time we would part forever. He came—that was four months ago, and up to date we have not had one quarrel about other girls. We are planning on an early marriage, which I am sure will be happy as I have had my lesson. So you girls and boys that think you are just born with jealous

husband who was liberal minded couldn't possibly love his wife! If he wasn't jealous of her, then he was cold to her altogether!

I explained that marriage was not ownership; that as long as I could trust her, she might do as she pleased. But my wife, like all women, was primitive, barbaric. Love meant jealousy! When a man loved, he was insanely jealous of his woman. Liberal minded was I? That was just another way of saying that I didn't love her! She was sorry she had married me! She hated me!

Since I didn't love her, she would find someone who did. She found him! Fortunately I was able to frustrate the affair before it had gone too far. Then I came to my senses! Since that time I have been insanely jealous of my wife. I don't allow her to even talk to another man. I watch her every minute of the day and night. I am the most narrow-minded husband in the world. Now my wife is convinced that I love her, and we are serenely happy together.

Smart Set Prize Winners

Are You Liberal Minded?

First Prize, \$10, Jealous Anne, Valdosta, Ga.

Second Prize, \$7, Irving Stone, New York City

Third Prize, \$5, Mrs. Douglas Allen, Lindale, Texas

Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Mrs. M. R., Pomona, Calif.

E. Raymond Kerr, Pasadena, Calif.

Alice Boyd, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Esther L. Schwartz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Norah L. G. Naylor, Toronto, Can.

E. C. Baird, St. Joseph, Mo.

A. M. Reed, Morenci, Ariz.

Nan Keefe, Tampa, Fla.

Mrs. Dan Dyer, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Maud Varela, Washington, D. C.

natures, that you can not overcome, you just read this and say you can. I am still jealous but I have learned to control it.

I trust that other narrow-minded persons will solve their problem as I have mine, before it is too late.

Irving Stone, of New York City, wins the second prize. Once he was a liberal-minded husband but he has changed. Being liberal-minded nearly lost him his wife. He writes:

I AM not a liberal minded husband. I started out being one and it nearly cost me my wife. I wanted her to retain all the freedom she had before marriage; to continue her friendships with men. I loved her too deeply and trustingly to be jealous.

My wife could not understand this. A

A Texas wife, Mrs. Douglas Allen of Lindale, is awarded the third prize. She has learned what jealousy can do. It cost her a "handsome sweetheart," but taught her to put her "heel on the head of the serpent." Now she and her husband are the "two perfect lovers." Her letter follows:

IT IS wrong to be jealous. Jealousy is the green-eyed, venomous reptile that lurks in the heart, and acts as a guide to the pit of unhappiness, sin, vice and crime.

Nine years ago I lost my handsome sweetheart. We loved each other from the first meeting in college, but jealousy spoiled my love for him. When we were graduated, instead of our getting married, he went away. My jealousy drove him away.

Six years later he was back home. He called me and asked to see me. My heart almost melted. One year later we were married. We have spent two of the happiest years of married life on record, even though he is a public official and has a lady stenographer.

To overcome jealousy was a task, but I put my heel on the head of the serpent that was robbing me of my earthly treasure, and ground it under.

Love cannot remain love, however, and spread itself over many affairs. We are not old-fashioned cranks, but do understand human nature. For this reason, at dinner, theatrical and other parties, we are the two perfect lovers, and true sweethearts. I write and study during his working hours. After work hours, we play, dance and sing; entertain and are entertained.

We believe in group amusement, consequently we are liberal minded, but not generous minded to the extent that we have dates with other men and women.

Now turn to page twenty-eight for a new contest on the question "Should the Woman Pay?" Read Judge Freschi's article before you sit down to write your letter. Help solve this problem and maybe win a prize.

When Love Flew Out of My Window

[Continued from page 36]

never a time when I was free from financial worry. I never kept a maid. Often for many months at a time I had no laundress or cleaning person. I never went about with women friends, shopping, to tea, or to a single matinee. I never made any gifts to my friends or relatives. When I simply had to have new clothes, I "borrowed" from my mother. She understood the situation. "But Bill is a dear, and he certainly is dead in love with you," she would say.

WITHOUT hating Bill, I began to realize that I did not love him. I liked him. He is very likable! There was much in his companionship that I found very dear, his eagerness, his feeling about things, his music. But a woman cannot feel that a man is an irresponsible little boy and still keep her first rapturous love for him. At least, I could not. I think this was my misfortune rather than my fault. I wish I could have kept on loving Bill blindly, madly, and let the bills go hang, but I could not.

When the first baby came, two years after our marriage, I had to call on my mother to pay the doctor's bill, the hospital bill, and to get his clothes and nursery furniture. I wonder now that I had the temerity to have a baby, after knowing Bill for a year.

Of course, no young pair, embarking on the adventure of parenthood for the first time, has any idea it's going to cost so much. Still, I'm glad we had not only that one, but presently a second baby.

This was the most ecstatic time of my married life. Without loving Bill in the old way I adored him for giving me those two wonderful babies. I was in raptures over the infants themselves, though I took jolly good care to come back to earth in time to get the housework done, the daily washing flapping on the clothes lines, and to keep up with the babies' schedule.

Bill thought there never were such babies. I agreed with him on that. And we both thought our jerry-built little suburban thirty-five-dollar-a-month house, with a bit of yard front and back, was a small Paradise. We were absurdly happy over everything, from the shallow linen closet to the pansy bed in the yard. The babies slumbered for hours at a time on the sunny porch, leaving me free to fly from one task to another.

Our hospitality did not falter after we moved "to the country," as Bill called our dreary little suburb. Goodness knows how our friends may have loathed being dragged out there, to inspect our new home and our new family. We thought we were giving them a treat, of course. Guests were a real effort now, physically as well as financially, but they were a treat to me, for I was tied at home completely.

IT WAS during this period that Bill began, at first very reluctantly, to go out evenings without me. I simply could not leave the babies, even if I had had respectable clothes. We were all gloriously well, and after the two three-week periods at the hospital we never had to have a doctor, but Bill's forty dollars seemed to melt away, just on our bare living expenses. There was never a cent left over for clothes. Indeed, there was seldom enough to pay all the bills promptly. The week I paid the milkman I had to "stand off" the butcher, and vice versa, so I began to scribble stories and short articles for the women's magazines, to earn a bit to help out.

When we had been married five years, and the babies were about three and one,

my mother, who was distressed by the monotony and shabbiness of my life, broached the subject of our having a home of our own.

"It isn't right to let the children grow up in this depressing little suburb," she said. "And as for this house, it is hopeless. The upper part is like a furnace all summer, and not one room really heats in the winter. I'll give you a few thousand dollars to make your first payment, and you can buy a decently built house in some really attractive suburb. Bill gets away every day, but since you live your life at home, you simply must have a more attractive one, my dear child, or you will become hopelessly discouraged."

So at last we had a really decent little home. It was beautifully built, though modest, and in a charming suburb, where we found neighbors who were worth knowing. Our monthly payments were only thirty-six dollars, just one dollar more than the rent we had been paying for three years.

I hoped Bill would really take an interest in our home, other than asking people out for dinner or for week-ends. Maybe he would mow the lawn and help me create a really lovely garden, since it was our own, the home that we were establishing for our children. And maybe he would write some of the stories and plays he had talked about so long, make the heaps of money he has always been so sure he would make some day, to free us from worry about bills.

I ALWAYS managed, by hook or crook, to get a story done and sold to pay for the interest on our mortgage and the taxes. But oh, the things we needed! Sometimes I wished we were back in the grubby little first suburb, when I was invited to some lovely tea or dinner and had to decline because I had not one respectable thing in the world to wear. I think the idea got about that I was dreadfully highbrow and literary.

Bill never could see why I did not joyfully accept every invitation that came my way. "You are always the prettiest woman in the room, to me," he would say, gallantly. "You always look well."

"But Bill darling," I would explain, "a woman simply cannot go to a dance in a coat suit and a shirt waist. And except for my gingham house dresses and my silk kimono, I have exactly nothing except my suit and two blouses. No dear, you'll have to go without me. Fortunately your old dress suit can still appear in polite society. Go on and have a beautiful time and tell me all about it in the morning."

Bill became very popular in our village. He was bright, eager, and in getting up community pageants and amateur theatricals, decidedly talented and helpful. I know that lots of our friends and neighbors pitied him because his wife was such a frump and stay-at-home. Once he had the leading rôle in an amateur play. I didn't go; I simply couldn't. I had nothing fit to wear to the country club where the play, followed by a dance, was held.

I still "borrowed" from my mother when I absolutely needed clothes for the children and could not immediately sell a story or an article. But pretty afternoon and evening clothes were something definitely not of my life, just as pearls and a yacht were not for me.

Just before the oldest baby was five, Bill got me a job.

I had often said that I thought as soon as they were in school I might earn more

Girls Wanted for Stage

Big Pay

Learn Stage Dancing at Home—I teach you



Betty Holiday one of my successful stars

Let Veronique Vestoff, former solo dancer with Pavlova, train you in your spare time at home for a glorious career in Classic Dancing. Wouldn't YOU like to be a star on the stage—or in the movies—or earn a handsome income as a teacher of Dancing? In just a few short weeks you can learn Ballet, Classical, Eccentric, Greek, Interpretative, Oriental and Toe Dancing. Most delightful way to gain slender, graceful lines, glowing health and vitality.

Learn in Three Weeks With My Famous Picture Method

Many leading stage dancers and successful dancing teachers owe their success to me. You too, can acquire professional technique through my system. You can learn at home in spare time. My famous picture method enables you to do a complete classical dance in a professional way in three short weeks. Nothing complicated. Charts and diagrams, along with printed instructions show you just what to do. Simple as A B C. You just must learn to dance with my method. No previous experience necessary. I work with you by mail just as if you were dancing before me in my studio. I put you through a monthly examination to be sure you are making progress. My system of dancing never fails. My method absolutely eliminates guess work.

Costs Only a Few Cents a Day

Knowing that there are hundreds of girls all over the country who would like to master classical dancing for the stage, movies and to improve their grace and figure, I have arranged the payments so that they amount to only 17c a day. This enables everyone to get the full benefit of my home course in dancing. It enables you to satisfy your ambition to learn how to dance. I give you the same attention by mail that my students receive here in my New York Studio.

Send for Information

Just send coupon or write for details of my home course in dancing. Right now, a wonderful offer is open. Rush name and address.

VERONIQUE VESTOFF, Academie de Danse, Studio 21
100 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

Veronique Vestoff, Academy of Dance, Studio 21
100 W. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dear M. Vestoff: Please send me FREE information on Classic and Stage Dancing with details of special offer to a few new students. Mark X indicating your reason for taking my course.

☐ For stage. ☐ To develop gracefulness. ☐ For Movie Career. ☐ To become a dancing teacher. ☐ Because I love dancing. ☐ To reduce weight.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

Play Piano BY EAR

-IN 90 DAYS!

Play anything—just to classical! Even if you know nothing about piano music—I'll have your fingers dancing over the keyboard with confidence in 90 days. You can hum or whistle a tune you can play! My students are broadcasting their making money. MAKE ME PROOF! Without puzzling notes! Without agonizing tedious scales! I've found the way to bring out your musical instinct. New and original system done away with years of work. YOU WANT THE PROOF? I'll send it. Write me now.

D. M. SUTTLE, Director
ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC
810 Hunter Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Send NOW for PROOF!

YOU ARE WANTED

GIRLS—WOMEN 16 UP

Design and Create your own Frocks and Gowns at Small Cost.

You can easily learn in your own home, using spare moments. Over 26,000 Have Done It. Gown Designers and Creators GET \$35 to \$75 a WEEK.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. S-625
Rochester, N. Y.

Mail Coupon Today Sure! Rush to me free 32 page "Gown Book" with sample training checked.

☐ Gown Designing and Creating ☐ Millinery

Name _____ Address _____

at a regular job than in selling stories just now and then. But when Bill came home one summer evening and joyfully told me that he had heard of a rather good job in a fine publishing firm, that he had gone around to get particulars, and they wanted to see me, my heart failed me for a bit, as I put the children to bed.

After all, they were such babies! Though they would be in kindergarten in the fall for half of each day, it didn't seem as though I could leave them, turn them over to somebody else, even their grandmother, who adored them. I didn't want someone else to train and care for my babies. I couldn't give them up.

I DID, though! My mother agreed to hold the fort and I took the job. It didn't carry an enormous salary, but it was a comfort to have a more regular income than I had been able to make with my occasional stories and articles. The work was pleasant, my associates bright and congenial young people, whom I found delightfully stimulating.

No wonder Bill came home gay every evening. I felt gay, too, being with such alert young creatures, lunching with them, exchanging ideas, laughing over things together. Since the advent of the children I had had absolutely no social life outside my own home, where I appeared as a harassed hostess with maternal duties on the side. Though I was still the mother rampant, so far as my feeling for the children was concerned, it was delightful to get away from them and be with people in this much more carefree way. I had been housekeeper and nurse without vacation for so long that this job seemed like the height of dissipation for me.

I might have had many more good times with my new associates if I had not always felt that I must dash for the five-fifteen train, to get home in time to bathe the youngsters, put them to bed, and help with the housework. Mother pluckily determined to do without a maid, since my salary at first was not large, and my clothes and lunches cost something.

I still loved my little home, and my old tasks. I used to dust and iron, polish silver and mend, long after the children and mother were in bed. But I now had the satisfaction of feeling that we were keeping up with our expenses, getting a little ahead, in fact.

While I had no real love for Bill any more, I still did not dislike him. I was too busy and too tired to be acutely unhappy very often. One has bad times, of course. Bill had proved himself utterly disappointing as a husband, in many ways. He had not advanced in his work much, though his associates and college mates were, almost to a man, going steadily forward in their various professions.

He was selfish and inconsiderate, but only as any irresponsible child is selfish and inconsiderate. I always knew he never meant to be anything but tender and kind. He admitted he was lazy, and always was just on the verge of bracing up and doing something wonderful to make a barrel of money. Bill's promises now neither angered nor saddened me; I knew he meant to do better. I think I began to feel like Bill's mother, rather than his wife.

WE NEVER quarreled. Through ten years we never had a real row. That is something to remember. Bill was almost always gay and talkative, singing, playing the piano for hours at a time, proud as punch of the children, but he simply would not cut the grass, stoke the furnace or shovel the snow. He did love us all, enthusiastically, and he was as happy as a skylark until he made the unhappy discovery that I did not love him any more.

I had been glad that Bill found so much happiness in our home life. I had responded

as heartily as possible to all his enthusiasms, done my honest best to carry on, even though I often could not help comparing Bill with other husbands, grown-up ones, whose wives didn't have things quite so hard as I did. I used to feel that I could love any man who would just take care of me, and furnish enough money to pay the bills without my having to have a job, too.

But I never voiced these thoughts to Bill, because I did not blame him for our sorry situation. Poor Bill! He had lived at home before he married me, and had known as little of the cost of maintaining even a very modest establishment as I had. I knew it had been hard for him to have a wife who was always tired and always shabby and who never could go out with him after her wedding clothes were out. He had looked for something far, far happier in marriage, just as I had. Certainly I never could have told him that I was deathly sick of it all, that I was simply carrying on and pretending to be happy through an inborn sense of duty or conventionality.

It happened this way. We had friends at the house one evening, and the talk ran on the recent suicide of a man we had all known, a very gifted man.

"Well, I suppose everybody contemplates suicide at some time or other, under great unhappiness," said one.

"I never have, and never could," Bill said. "I love life. I could never dream of wishing to end it. Could you, Mary?" and he turned directly to me.

"I have, several times," I confessed.

"Not since you've been married?" Bill said incredulously. He looked horrified, as though he had discovered that I had some terrible disease.

I evaded a reply then, but after our friends had gone Bill pinned me down.

"When did you contemplate suicide, Mary?"

"WELL last winter, if you must know. I suppose I was rather run down and tired at the time, and I was worried about bills, and it just seemed to me that I couldn't go on any longer."

I didn't tell Bill, even then, but it had been at a time when he got me a handsome set of books for my birthday, and the next month the bill had come in.

"You mean to say you could have killed yourself and left your two little boys!"

"No, I meant to take them too. Of course you know I wouldn't leave them."

"Then you don't love me! You couldn't have had such a thought, Mary, if you loved me. I wonder if you ever loved me?"

I began to wonder myself. It was then that I began to realize that even in the beginning when I had thought myself most in love with Bill, I had really been in love with romance, the idea of love and marriage, always so enchanting to the normal girl. But it had not been enchanting. Actually, it had been a dismal grind of work, a ceaseless worry about finances, though heaven knows I had been guilty of no extravagances, and through it all had been an undercurrent of disappointment. I had never wished I could change Bill, but I had often wished I had never met him.

The months that followed Bill's unhappy discovery that I wasn't happy were odd. I was always trying to persuade him that I wasn't nearly as unhappy as he thought, trying to comfort him, praise him, but he fell into the deepest gloom. Evenings and Sundays he would sit for hours silently staring into the fireplace, looking so hurt and miserable that it wrung my heart. Poor dear! He really was suffering, for he had believed himself capable of making me radiantly happy. He loved happiness, had wanted to give it to me. And now he realized for the first time that he had failed.

It was not merely that the knowledge hurt his self-esteem; he really loved me enough to be sorry for what I had missed, to mourn for the happiness I had never had.

But every mood passes. Bill's sad mood passed. Life went on as before, busy from morning till night, with extra jobs on Sundays and holidays. I got a better position, at seventy-five dollars a week, and the relief from financial strain was so great that I felt ten years younger. Even without a satisfactory love life, which I believe people all crave and actually need, it is much easier to be gay and simulate content when one has a few decent clothes and no unpaid bills. It seemed worth while to me to carry on as we were for the sake of our children, our unbroken home life.

And then, Bill told me that there was another woman.

I suppose it would have broken my heart if I had loved him terribly. Yet I believe that many women who think their hearts are broken when they learn that there is another woman, really do not love their husbands any more than I loved Bill. Yet they either have hysterics, or grow bitter and ugly and try to make it as difficult as possible for the husband and the other woman. Why not look the situation squarely in the face and say, "Well, it is true, I have not really loved him for a long time, so of course I have not made him happy. This other woman does make him happy, so I can cheerfully turn him over to her."

IT HURTS, of course, to see an apparently happy home broken, as it must be when one member departs from its circle. It hurts to have strangers talking over one's private affairs. It hurt me very much to have old friends call Bill names. For he isn't a rotter; he isn't a bouncer! Nobody could have lived with him for so long as I did without knowing how dear he is in many ways, how fine and idealistic.

I cannot feel that I was a mean-spirited, grasping creature because I happen to like an orderly, fairly conventional home and good credit in the community; and I do not feel that Bill was a dog because he never cared where or how he lived or when, if ever, the bills were paid. I can see that he would have played his rôle of husband better with some other type of leading woman.

Yes, I was as unsuitable a wife for Bill as he was an unsuitable husband for me. It was just a case of mighty poor marksmanship on the part of the little blind dog. I was willing to admit the fact, and ready to give him my sincere blessing as he went from me to another woman. He has never married her but I wish he had.

There have been several other women. And Bill has told me about every one of them. I think I serve as a sort of sympathetic maiden aunt to Bill. He loves me with a little-boy kind of affection, and comes to confide in me as naturally as to a mother; only one does not, presumably, tell a mother all about one's various lady loves.

I have met one and rather liked her. That was when Bill was injured in an automobile accident, and a man friend told me he had been taken to a certain hospital. I went to the hospital, got Bill out of the ward and into a private room, and wired to the lady he was interested in at the time to come at once. We met at Bill's bedside two days later, and during his convalescence grew to be very good friends.

I LIKED her for being so sweet to Bill, and not caring because he had no money. I was as sorry as he, I think, when she married somebody else. I should be honestly glad if a letter came soon telling me that he is happily married.

I like Bill too well to enjoy thinking of his living out his life in loneliness. I know too much about loneliness, myself.

There
is a poem
about this
DOG

by
**RUDYARD
KIPLING**

in

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan
January On Sale December 9th

... it is one of 23 outstanding features which also include the beginning of a new novel of the most romantic figure in American history by MEREDITH NICHOLSON ...
"A Chevalier of the Cumberland."

NED WAYBURN



Who staged the Best Editions of the Follies and over 600 Successful Revues, Musical Comedies and Headline Vaudeville Productions will

Develop Your DANCING TALENT FOR A HIGHLY PAID CAREER



You can make a glorious career for yourself, free from a humdrum every-day life. The Gateway to Success, thru which Evelyn Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Cilla Gray, Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson have passed, in all types of dancing and stage deportment and because they make good—Start your training now.

MR. WAYBURN'S METHOD of training is modern and produces finished dancers in less than half the time required by the old worn-out methods. His pupils are in demand because managers and producers know they are thoroughly trained in all types of dancing and stage deportment and because they make good—Start your training now.

Call at studios or write for free illustrated booklet WGA.

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway, (Entr. on 60th St.) Studio WGA. At Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year 'round 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sundays. (Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M.) Phone Columbus 3500



JUST LIKE GENUINE DIAMOND

If you or your friends can tell a genuine blue-white DIA-GEM from an absolutely perfect, in open white diamond, send it back and we'll refund your money. Wear one of these DIA-GEM rings beside a diamond. See the same fiery radiance, gleaming brilliance, fascinating sparkle. DIA-GEMS are perfect. SET IN SOLID GOLD RINGS. DIA-GEMS are set in guaranteed Solid Gold rings. Lady's ring A is 14 Kt at \$4.95; Lady's ring C is 18 Kt at \$5.95; Man's ring B is 14 Kt at \$6.95. They are exposed at the bottom like genuine diamonds and set with DIA-GEMS weighing about one carat. Do not confuse them with glass imitation diamonds backed with tin foil and set in gold filled or plated mountings. The price is no higher than these worthless imitations.

Will Stand Any Diamond Test DIA-GEMS are the nearest thing to genuine diamonds ever invented—cut and faceted like a genuine diamond and will stand any test a diamond will stand, such as resisting fire, fire and acid, and will cut glass. Only experts can tell the difference. Your friends will think it is a real, blue-white diamond.

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL Select the DIA-GEM ring above, specify finger size, **WIN** ship the same day order is received. Pay postman on delivery, or if you prefer, remit with order. Wear it 10 days. Flash it on your friends. If you are not satisfied, return and we will gladly refund your money. Your bank is our reference.

DIA-GEM CO. DEPARTMENT 2396 1540 Broadway, New York

FEELING "BLUE"?

MELANCHOLY? DESPONDENT? WORRIED? WHY? Analyze yourself. Stop worrying about the Future—Money Matters Love Affairs—Health—Family Troubles. Write for me.

FREE BOOK. Explains all. Send 10c to cover cost of mailing.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, Inc. Dept. 351 Flatiron Bldg. New York City

YOU CAN OIL PAINT

Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos at home—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$18 to \$500 and more a week. **FREE OIL PAINT OUTPUT.** Graduates furnished employment. Send now for free illustrated book.

PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC. Dept. C-5. 2926 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

Can a Fat Girl Hold a Man's Love?

[Continued from page 55]

lonesome I was! All because I was so fat. Nobody loved a fat lady!

How hard I tried to reduce! There is nothing that was ever invented, or advertised that I haven't tried! I've tried them all, both separately and all together.

I've fasted until the delicious aroma of a roasting chicken would almost make me faint, until dark rings would come under my eyes, until I was so irritable that even poor little Junior would have to run away and cry. But I could never stand it long enough to cause any noticeable difference.

I've used all the drugs and devices on the market. Some of them helped, but only a very little. Such things are slow and I was in a hurry. While I was waiting for results, somebody might be making off with my husband, with whom I could not live.

I've tried hypodermic shots of thyroid. How they hurt me and what good did they ever do?

I've tried what is no doubt the only reliable way—dieting. I've lived on spinach, spinach, spinach, until Charles's disgusted remarks about "sitting across the table from a cow eating hay" put a stop to that. That's the main trouble with dieting I think. The rest of the family doesn't like it. Half the pleasure in eating good things is in having some one to share them with you. And oh, you other fat women, isn't it hard to diet when you have a family to cook for? Maybe it's different if you have servants, who will bring you only what you should have. But, try as I would, I'd find myself popping little morsels into my mouth, and a series of little morsels soon turns into a surplus, when you are trying to diet.

I tried exercise and found that I was remarkably active in spite of my bulk. I'm not so old, you know, only twenty-six, and have always been able to get about my work as fast as anybody. But exercise made me hungry. I'd walk a mile, and then come home and eat away the benefit. So I gave that up, too, after a time.

I can never forget that dreary gray day, last November, when my husband first hinted for a divorce. I was at my usual place in the breakfast nook, and I know I was a sight, for my eyes were red with weeping, and tears were furrowing ridiculously down my cheeks. Did you ever see a fat woman cry tears of self-pity? I knew what I looked like, for I could see my face reflected in the window-pane. Charles had been later than ever the night before and my nerves were in such a state from all the anxiety, plus the torture that I'd been putting my body through, that self-control was impossible. Charles looked at me half-pityingly, half-disgustedly, while Junior, beside him, expressed himself with nine-year-old candor.

"Poor Mother! She cries all the time. Doesn't she look funny when she's crying, Dad?" he said.

Charles did not answer the boy's question outright.

INSTEAD he said to me: "Flo, did it ever occur to you that we might be happier if we lived apart?"

That was the blackest day of my life. I might have killed myself if it hadn't been for Junior. I had to live to take care of him. And after all it was Junior who showed me the way out of my trouble.

Junior came home from school one day and found me in the usual tears, for Charles had hurt my feelings again that morning.

I took the child in my arms and hugged him, to comfort myself. He cuddled up to me affectionately, and swiped at my eyes with his grubby handkerchief.

"Mother," he said suddenly, staring up into my face, "do you know you have the longest eyelashes in the world, I think. And you don't have to blacken them, either, do you?"

I looked into a mirror. Yes, I did have beautiful eyelashes—Charles had told me that long ago. I had always had bright eyes, too, and they are an odd color, neither blue nor green. They had used to sparkle so, for I had been full of fun, before all this reducing agony came up. But what did long eyelashes and sea-green eyes matter to a fat woman? She might as well be cross-eyed, mightn't she?

However, it set me to thinking, and that night I received some more enlightenment.

I had a friend in the neighborhood who was a sort of special police-woman for the city. She went about to certain rather ordinary dance-halls in the city, to make sure there was no drinking and that everything was orderly. I think she more than suspected that I was unhappy, and wished to do something to cheer me up. However, she came and coaxed me to go with her on her round of dance-halls one night.

"It'll do you good. You'll really see some very amusing things, and you stay at home so much, Flo."

JUST as she had promised, I saw many interesting incidents. But the most interesting of all to me came about midnight, in a dance-hall down close to the waterfront.

What I saw was a fat girl. A fat girl, having a good time!

I watched her breathlessly. How in the world did she do it? And then I began to discover.

The girl could flirt. A little crudely, perhaps, but that was all right in the class of society to which she belonged. She could make her eyes say things that brought partner after partner to her side. Then she talked. I couldn't hear her, but I could see her partners laughing uproariously. She could laugh herself, so infectiously that people turned to look. She could dance too. There wasn't a skinny girl on that floor who could do any better.

I was astonished, but I wasn't long in finding out her secret. She was that rarest of women, a good sport. She might be fat, but she was game for anything. She kept them amused.

Then and there I formed a great resolve, one that has saved my life and happiness.

Had I no feminine charm just because I was so superlatively fat? What about that white, smooth skin, those little, soft, doll-baby hands and feet? How about the dimples in the elbows to say nothing of dimpled cheeks? You notice I am handing myself quite a few bouquets? Well, isn't too much conceit better than not enough?

With a little care, and maybe a slight touching up my hair would look like curls of spun gold. I practised with rouge and lip-stick, not so much as the girl in the dance-hall had used, but enough to make an awfully big improvement.

I got new clothes and my, what a time I had, to talk that stubborn dressmaker out of making me look like a tent with a head on it. The idea that a fat lady must always cover herself all up is really just an-

other of those notions! When you're as fat as I am, why try to camouflage it? One of the dresses I'll tell you about. It is of pale blue, and it flutters and floats everywhere. It has rhinestones around the neck and it is sleeveless. Around my wrists I wear ruchings of blue, with a row of the sparklers. Do I look like a mountain in it? Certainly, but I also look like a big, blonde, rosy-checked baby-doll.

I GOT so interested in my schemes that I forgot to cry any more. Crying wasn't part of my plans for the future anyhow. Now I thought all day of the funny things I was going to say when I got the chance. Sometimes, even in the middle of the night, I'd wake up and think of something, and I'd laugh and laugh to myself.

Maybe Charles didn't notice the change, but I think he did. He said no more about a separation. And once, when he came home and found me puffing daintily at a cigarette, he batted his eyes in surprise.

"I didn't know you smoked," he said.

"All women do, now, don't they?" I asked. But I didn't tell him that was only the third cigarette I had ever smoked.

He always lit one for me, after dinner, from then on. He was pretty skilful too. He didn't burn my eyelashes, although I've told you how long they are. Some men don't like their wives to smoke, but I've noticed they are always the sort who enjoy seeing some other man's wife with a cigarette between her lips. Charles thinks it is terribly devilish and cute to see a woman smoke. If he likes it, I can stand it.

When I sprang it on Charles that I wanted to go to the next dance of the Associated Salesmen, he was very dubious, at first. But when I convinced him that I was determined to go, he reluctantly gave in.

It was to be a costume dance, and I almost wracked my brains to think of something to wear.

There was no use in going as a little fairy, a willowy queen, a Spanish señorita. I wasn't built for those! But I could give 'em a good laugh, couldn't I?

So, first I took red hair from a kewpie doll, and sewed it so it stuck out all around

a little red tam o'shanter, but I took care that my own blond locks were perfectly dressed, underneath. I'd have to unmask, some time. Then, I painted a black eye and a red nose over my other make-up. A tight sweater and tight, short skirt, and socks with the stripes running around. I'll wager I am the biggest Bowery queen that ever sang, "Down by the Winegar Works," which I practised singing before the mirror. You're right, I was a scream, and what I didn't look, I acted. I was the naughtiest person at the dance, and I had the most fun and attention.

But my biggest triumph was that my husband refused to allow me out of his sight. Yes, he was proud of me. All the way home, he kept complimenting me on the way I had gotten away with it.

"Flo, I didn't think you had it in you. I didn't know you could be such a good mixer. Why, with a wife like you, a fellow need never be bored. He can get clear to the top, in the business world.

"I was disappointed in you. I thought there was no life left in you because you always wanted to stay home and were constantly worrying about your fat. I didn't dream you could be like this but I think I'd better keep my eye on you, my dear. Judging from the way the men hung around you tonight, I'll be losing you if I don't watch my step."

When he took me into his arms and planted a kiss on my made-up black eye, I knew that I had won the battle. I need never worry again about keeping my husband, even if I should get to weigh five hundred, which I hope I never will.

AND that's the moral of this speech. You fat women, did you ever stop to think that it might not be your fat, but your lack of pep, that is driving your husbands away from you? Your tears, your infernal reducing, your inability to be a good mixer, maybe just your dull stupidity? Reduce if you can. I think everybody should try, but if you can't, then try my way. You won't lose anything by it, in any event. And you might win as I have done.

Loyalty

[Continued from page 41]

No first night had been complete without him gracing seat A1. And head waiters had piloted him naturally to a ringside supper club table, as they bestowed their jack-knife bows. He had skimmed the cream of life before he reached the backwaters.

IT WAS difficult to be cheerful but I made the feeble attempt. "Soon you will be back in the midst of things," I ventured. "I hope so," he replied with a wan smile. But don't pity me too much, old friend," he finally said. "In this life we get a few bad cards along with the good. Just now I happen to be holding a bad hand."

The door to the sleeping porch opened just then and a middle-aged man whom I instantly recognized as a waiter at the club where my friend had lived approached with a light blanket. An evening chill was springing up. He placed the blanket over the emaciated figure and quietly departed. "That's Timkins!" said my friend. "You remember him at the club?"

I nodded, and remarked: "You were fortunate to be able to bring him out here."

Then came the story. Timkins had served my friend for nine years in his prosperity. Three weeks after his master had reached Arizona, Timkins arrived. He had not been sent for. He merely came. He refused to be com-

pensated. He knew his master was broke and perhaps dying, alone and friendless.

"You hear from Broadway often?" I asked of the sick man.

"Not a line since I have been here," he replied. "Broadway soon forgets."

"But Timkins did not forget!"

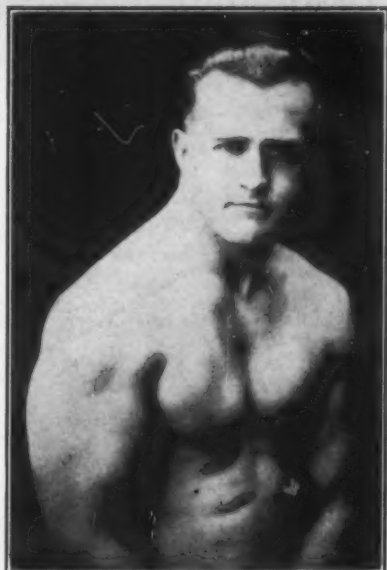
"No, old Timkins never forgot," he said and tears brimmed his eyes. "I had to come out here in the wilderness to learn there was such a thing as loyalty. The worst of it is I used to abuse Timkins when I had my bad mornings."

AS I neared my automobile, Timkins stood to one side to bow me away.

"I want to shake hands with a real man," I said.

"Thank you, sir," was the reply. "I am glad you came. He has been mighty lonely, sir. It will not be long now. He grows weaker each day. I shall be with him until the last. If you should think, sir, would you mind mailing a few New York newspapers out here? I have so little to read to him, and he misses those he thought were his friends so."

Turning a bend in the road, I glanced back. Timkins stood framed in the doorway of the lonely shack, a living monument to me of the sort of loyalty the world knows very little about.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Weightlifting,"
"Secrets of Strength," "Men's Health," "Endurance," etc.

Does She Love You Enough?

Give a Thought to Your Physical Self

If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her; provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor.

When you hear a woman exclaim "Oh, what a handsome man!" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong, muscular arms and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wide and every sweetheart wants her man to be like that. Are you?

Well, you can be!

I Build Strong, Handsome, Healthy Bodies People call me the Muscle-BUILDER. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100,000 wonderful successes includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method of scientific body-building I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting he-man any woman will be proud of.

In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible, steely muscle to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a hit you are going to make with that girl of yours. How proud and happy she will be!

90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 90 days more and they look yours! Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and adoration in her eyes that is itself more than money you.

I Do More Than Promise; I Guarantee It

With a body like that the thrill of living is as great as the thrill you get when you fall in love. It's wonderful! Just check off on your fingers what each a body gives you—po, vitality, health, strength, love, affection—everything a man desires.

What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nut-shell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just fill out and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-BUILDER!

Send for my New Book, 64 pages and—IT IS FREE

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

What do you think of that? I don't ask one cent. And it's the prepositional phrase of reading you ever laid your eyes on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelash till you've turned the last page. And there's 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the finest art gallery of strong men ever assembled. And every last one of them is showing my results. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you'll better roll over—you're dead. Come on, then. Take out the old pen or pencil and sign your name and address to the coupon. If you haven't a stamp a postal will do. But snap into it. Do it now. Tomorrow you may forget! Remember, it's something for nothing and no strings attached, no obligation. GRAB IT!

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 5001 305 Broadway, New York City

It Is FREE	EARLE E. LIEDERMAN	
	Dept. 5001, 305 Broadway, New York City	
	Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."	
	Name	State
	Street	City

(Please write or print plainly.)



Now the Party Can Start

The crowd's all here. Everybody's ready, and now that Charlie has come, the fun will soon be fast and furious. One of the girls can play accompaniment, but for real "hot" foot-tlingling music they need Charlie. Yet just a few months ago Charlie knew nothing about music—not one note from another. He had been just "one of the crowd." Now he is invited everywhere—welcomed everywhere—the center of popularity. The amazingly easy music lessons of the National Academy of Music have meant all this to him.

You, Too, Can Quickly Learn to Play

If you wish to be popular—to possess one of life's finest accomplishments—to be welcomed everywhere—a few short months of fascinating study right in your own home, in your spare time, with the wonderful National Academy Courses will insure all this.

Big Money in Music, Too

Thousands of highly-paid and interesting positions in Concert, Movie, Theatre, and "Jazz" Orchestras, Bands, etc., all over the country are ready and waiting for you just as soon as you are ready for them. You need know nothing about music to begin. We train you right from the beginning and give you personal, individual instruction. Very low cost. Easy terms.

Thousands of Happy, Successful Students

This is our 25th Big, Successful Year. Over 200,000 happy, enthusiastic students testify to the wonderful simplicity and ease of our courses. Great musicians and teachers endorse and recommend our methods. Courses in Piano, Violin, Trumpet, Voice, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, Spanish Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Organ, Mandolin.

MUSIC
FOR PLEASURE
AND PROFIT

Send for This Beautiful New Book—FREE

It will tell you how you can quickly and easily become an accomplished musician and enjoy real popularity and profit. Mail the coupon NOW.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
America's Greatest Home-Study School of Music
Dept. 29 702 East 41st Street, Chicago

National Academy of Music, Dept. 29
702 East 41st Street, Chicago

Please send me free and without obligation your new book, "Music for Pleasure and Profit."

Name

Street

City and State

I am interested in the course

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group pictures. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-size enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed perfection. Pay coupon size plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer

With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo apt.

Take advantage now of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 141 Chicago, Ill.

Beautiful Eyebrows



Enhance the natural beauty of your eyes with **MASCARILLO**

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, eyelids and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Mascarillo has been standard for over 50 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or send on receipt of \$1.00. Six generous samples sent on receipt of **10c**

CHARLES MEYER, 9 EAST 12TH ST., N.Y.C.

One Fleeting Moment of Glory

(Continued from page 18)

and drink like hogs. If it weren't that I need the money I declare I'd chuck the whole business."

"Chuck it?" Violet sneered. "Like fun you would! Only the other day you were thanking your stars you had it."

"I know it," I agreed. "But I loathe it just the same, so let's talk about something else!"

I do not know why I went on in this strain. Perhaps the man I had just met had made me hate my mode of life, for all at once I did hate it. Yet I was chained to it.

"Perhaps something new's coming your way, kid. Maybe it's Angel Face. Keep your eyes wide open at his joint tonight and tell me what happens."

"NOTHING'S going to happen!" I said. "I am just going for the fun of a new experience."

I knew I was lying, but I did not care. "Watch out that you don't get religion!" Violet giggled. "Angel Face may try to save your soul, you know."

"Don't be such a fool!" I exclaimed. "You make me sick, Vi!"

"Thanks!" she retorted. "I guess I don't make you a bit sicker than you make me."

Then we stopped talking for a while. And in the silence I remembered the curious course of events that had brought me to the city and led to my meeting with Angel Face.

I had been in New York for a year before I met him. I had come to make money, also to get away from Hillville where I was born and reared.

Hillville is away up in the mountains and it is the dullest, deadiest place in the world. Twenty miles from it is Patenburgh, where I went to High School. Later I used to go there sometimes with the boys to a movie. It was at the only cabaret show in the place that I first met Violet Henderson.

It was her last night in Patenburgh, as she was leaving for New York the next day. One of the boys scraped an acquaintance with her and asked her to come over to our table. She and I got to talking and when she heard that I could sing—I had sung in our village choir for a couple of years—she said I was a fool to stay out in the country when I could go to a big city.

Violet Henderson is the kind of girl one gets acquainted with easily and before we parted that night she had promised to look for something in New York for me.

She kept her word. Three months later she wrote me that there was a place for me in the cabaret where she sang. My mother cried when I told her I was going away, but I promised to send her and my invalid sister much more money than I had ever brought home to her, but it seemed that I could never send as much as I wanted to. I had to dress well to keep the kind of a job I had at the cabaret.

WHEN I promised Mr. Boynton to sing at his mission, it never occurred to me that the kind of clothes I wore at my regular job would look queer down there.

Mr. Boynton and his sister had their mission in what must once have been a comfortable private house, but the neighborhood was terrible. I climbed the high front steps and rang the bell and the minister himself opened the door.

"Oh, Miss Everett!" he said in that kind voice of his. "It is very good of you to come so promptly." Then, still holding my hand, he turned to a woman who stood right behind him. "Sarah, this is Miss Everett, of whom I told you. Miss Everett, this is my sister."

Miss Boynton was as cordial as her brother. "Won't you come up to my room and take off your coat?" she asked.

I followed her up the stairs, feeling like a cat in a strange garret. As I passed the big parlor and looked in I saw a lot of shabby people already sitting there. I thought they must be glad to come into this warm house from the bitter cold outside. I was sorry I had come, until I remembered the greeting Mr. Boynton had given me. When I thought of that I was willing to do anything for him.

When I took off my coat in Miss Boynton's room I realized that my dress was all wrong here in this place. It was short, of course,—pale blue with lots of ruffles on it to make it look fluffy when I sang or danced, and the neck was cut rather low. My hat was a small white turban which I had thought very becoming, but it was not the thing to wear in front of that crowd of poor people from the lower East Side.

"I am afraid," I said, "that perhaps I'd best not stay and sing. You see, I have to wear these clothes for my uptown show, but they look queer here, don't they?"

Miss Boynton spoke very gently. "They are very becoming, but if you would feel more comfortable I can lend you a little dark blue cape I have."

She went to a closet and returned with a soft, dark silk wrap which she threw around me, patting my shoulder affectionately as she did so.

"You are so pretty that you look lovely even in that old cape of mine," she said.

I surveyed myself in her mirror. "But this hat!"—I began, then to spare her the bother of saying anything about it I pulled it off. My hair was bobbed and waved.

"WHAT pretty hair you have!" she exclaimed. "My dear, you look like a sweet little girl. In fact, I think that is just what you are."

A sweet little girl! Somehow I wanted to cry. I, a singer in a cheap cabaret! I who had been talking only a few hours ago of there being nothing in this "keeping-straight" game! But I did not cry. I laughed.

"I am no youngster!" I said. "I was twenty-three my last birthday."

"Twenty-three! That is very young. I am forty-three."

She looked it. Her hair was gray and brushed back smoothly from her face and her eyes were tired. "I am seven years older than my brother," she added.

I noticed that her brother had the same tired look that she had when we met him in the lower hall a few minutes later, but when he smiled a light came to his eyes and his whole face changed.

I sat down at one side while he read something from the Bible. I did not pay much attention to what it was. I was too busy looking at him and thinking of him to hear what he was reading. I had heard of people being hypnotized. I wondered if I was hypnotized. Then I told myself that I was a fool.

I suppose I was, but if so I was never that kind of a fool before and I never will be again.

When Paul Boynton asked me to sing the two hymns he had selected for me, I sang them only for him. I didn't see those gaping, staring men and women, dirty and shabby, some of the women with babies in their arms. I saw only the man who sat at one side of the room, in the shadow of a screen that hid him from the people. I guess he thought it hid him from me, too,

but it didn't. I saw him lean forward with his elbows on his knees and bury his face in his hands.

And all at once I knew that he was praying. Perhaps he was praying for me. I felt dizzy at the thought. He cared enough for me to pray for me! As I sang the last verse of the second hymn I forgot everything except that I, too, seemed to be praying for him.

I came to myself with a start. Miss Boynton had been playing my accompaniment. As she struck the last chords I started and looked about me. Some of the poor women were crying softly. Two or three of the men who looked like tramps were blowing their noses. A moment later the minister's sister was leading me from the room. She had asked if I cared to stay during the rest of the service, but I shook my head. I wanted to get away by myself and think.

She went as far as the foot of the stairs with me, then returned to the meeting. I went on up to her room alone. When I looked in the mirror I noticed that under the rouge my face was white. I must put on more color before I did my turn uptown.

Suddenly I had a shuddering sense of revulsion against the cabaret, the man who ran it, the people who would be sitting there at the tables, drinking, laughing and applauding me. They would be drinking liquor poured from coffee pots into thick coffee cups. I hated them all and the things they did. How could I go back there now?

But I must! I was engaged thy the week and my work would not be up until the day after tomorrow.

WHEN I came out of Miss Boynton's bedroom, the services downstairs were over and the people were leaving. I sat down at the head of the stairs to wait until they should all be gone. And, as I waited there, Mr. Boynton passing through the lower hall glanced up and saw me. Without an instant's hesitation he ran up and stood at my side.

"Miss Everett," he said, "you have done us a great favor tonight."

"I was glad to," I said.

Again I had that absurd inclination to cry. I felt the tears sting my eyelids. The man saw them and came close to me.

"Child," he said, "you are unhappy! I know you are. I knew it as soon as I saw you this afternoon. I knew it even better when I heard you sing. You do not belong in the life you are living. Go away from it before it is too late. You should not be here in New York, making your living as you are doing. Forgive me for saying it, dear child, but you are too pretty, too pure and good."

"Oh, no!" I tried to interrupt him, but he seemed not to hear me.

"You do not belong here. You have a home elsewhere, haven't you?"

I could only nod. If I had spoken then I would have sobbed. I wanted to put my head on his shoulder and cry as I had not cried since I was a little girl.

"Go back home, child," he said. "Will you promise to do this for me?"

"For you?" I managed to gasp. "Do you mean that?"

"Yes." He was gazing steadily at me.

"Do you mean that?" I said. "Do you mean that if I give up my job uptown it will be for you? Do you mean?"

"Yes, for me, as God's servant," he said. "In other words, for God and yourself, child—now while there is yet time. You will go? You will promise me to go back home?"

I nodded. The queer strained look went out of his face and he smiled.

"Soon?" he said.

Again I nodded. "If I can."

"You can!" he insisted. "Is there any way

in which I can help you? If so, please tell me."

"I will have to think about it," I said. "I ought not to promise to go away at once. It would not be honest. I have to stay until the end of the week. You see I am bound to do that or break my word to the boss."

"NO," HE said gently, "you cannot break your word or your contract. But will you come to see me or let me have a talk with you at the end of your time at the cabaret? When will that be?"

"The day after tomorrow."

"Very well. Telephone down here then, and let us arrange about your getting home. Will you?"

Again his eyes were looking through me. "If I leave my job," I said, "it will be because you asked me."

I hurried past him, down stairs to the door.

I do not know just how I got through that evening at the cabaret. I do not remember much about it except that everywhere I looked I saw Paul Boynton's eyes and heard his voice. I was glad I did. I wanted to see and hear them until I could meet him again. He would probably insist that I stop the kind of life I was now leading. I did not care. I would do whatever he told me to do.

"What ails you?" Violet asked the following day. "Did you get religion down there that you're so mum about what happened at Angel Face's Mission? Something certainly has made a change in you. And you ran off home last night without waiting to say good night to anybody. The boss was looking everywhere for you."

"What did he want?" I asked. I was thankful not to have to reply to her question.

"Search me!" she said. "Whatever it was, he'll tell you tonight. By the way, he did say that your singing last evening made a hit. He didn't throw any compliments like that in my direction."

What difference did his compliments make to me now? I knew he admired me. I had even wondered if I could ever bring myself to accept the favors he tried occasionally to thrust upon me. Now I shuddered at the thought.

I was going to leave all this kind of thing. I would do something decent with my life, something to show the man who filled my thoughts that I was willing to sacrifice everything for him.

I fancy I was insane that day, in fact now I know I was. I even forgot the need of money, forgot everything but Paul Boynton's face and voice.

I shrank from returning to the cabaret that night. When the time came for me to start out for my job, I closed the door of the lodging-house behind me with a sinking heart. The weather was deadly cold and snow was beginning to fall.

A SHIVER ran through me as I turned towards the subway. In twenty minutes I would be in the cabaret. If I could only stay away!

But I had promised the boss.

Promised! Someone was always making me promise something! Only last night I had promised that I would go home or do whatever Paul Boynton wanted me to do.

I had reached the subway steps. A boy with an extra almost ran into me. I bought a paper from him to get my mind off of the subject on which it was going wild.

Some headlines from the front page stared up at me.

"MISSIONARY KILLED ON EAST SIDE."

I clutched the paper tightly so that it would not tremble so. I must read it. I must!

There was not much to read. Only a few

Two Kinds of Face Powder



One of these two powders will cling perfectly to your type of skin

Sample

20 Day Supply

No one face powder clings to all types of skins. So Stillman has made two kinds of powder. One is preferred by those whose faces have a tendency towards oiliness. The other is required by those whose skin is dry. Both powders are equally fine, but are different to meet the two requirements.

One of these two powders will cling perfectly to your type of skin. That you may have a simple way of knowing which powder adheres best, Stillman has put a 10-day sample of each into a TWIN-PACKET as illustrated above.

We will be glad to send these two powders so that you may know now just what kind of powder you should use. Simply mail the coupon below, enclosing three two-cent stamps to cover mailing costs. Be sure to check the shade of powder you prefer.

Stillman FACE POWDER

MAKERS OF STILLMAN FRECKLE CREAM

The Stillman Co., 145 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send me the STILLMAN TWIN-PACKET containing 20-day supply of your two powders so that I can find the powder that clings best to my type of skin. Enclosed find 6 cents in stamps to cover package and postage costs.

☐ White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

I Pay Men \$40 A DAY!

S.W. Allen of California made \$40.80 in one day's "joyful work"! Hundreds of other men are reporting amazing incomes—many of them doubling and tripling their former salaries.

Just Wear This FREE Cap

Just wear this beautiful hand tailored FREE RAIN-PROOF Cap. When your friends see it, nine out of ten will want one like it. They can't resist the *Rain Proof* idea—it's so new and unique. You can make a splendid income in full or spare time. No experience is needed. "I haven't found a man who doesn't fall for the made-to-measure idea," writes Chas. Horstman. Send one for FREE Selling Outfit, Taylor Cap Mfg. Co., Dept. D-5, Cincinnati, O.

\$1.98



Chinese Lucky Peacock Ring

Fascinating—Different—Avenue Admiration

Just what you want to draw attention to a pretty hand. Fashion calls for Oriental rings, particularly Peacock Designs. The loveliest creation of the silversmith's art. An IDEAL GIFT. Genuine sterling silver (guaranteed) overloads and marbles, reduced to only \$1.98, a tremendous bargain at this sale price. Could please on Silver \$2.98. C.O.D. orders, 25c extra. Send ring size (to string around finger). Money back if not delighted. Not sold in stores, but direct from

SINCERE COMPANY

24 E. 24th St., N. Y. Dept. R-21

The Old Reliables
CREDIT
LOWERS

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. 1235
Dept. N-896
108 N. State St.
Chicago, Ill.

DIAMONDS AS LOW AS \$100 A WEEK
Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed
CASH OR CREDIT

Beautiful Diamonds for Christmas!
Diamonds for Christmas at a great saving! Dazzling gems of fine blue white color—all special importations—exquisitely set in mountings of solid 18-k white gold. Buy direct from Loftis, the importer, and save what others pay to middlemen. Order now—direct from this ad!

Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back. Goods sent for your free examination on request. Credit terms: Pay one-fourth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. All goods delivered on first payment.

Christmas Catalog Free!
Big 132-page book, illustrating our Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, and gift articles for all occasions, sent absolutely free. Write today.

Rectangular Wrist Watch No. 858
Solid 14-k white gold, 12 jewels, Gold filled bracelet to match. \$80. \$2.50 down, \$2.50 a month.

Cushion Strap Watch Michel, 6 Jewels—High grade leather strap, Special \$8.50

Railroad Watches—
Guaranteed to Pass Inspection

Wedding Rings
No. 824—14 "Elder" white gold \$7.50
Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50
\$22.50 7 Diamonds, \$32.50
\$32.50 9 Diamonds, \$42.50
\$42.50 12 Diamonds, \$52.50
\$52.50 All platinum, \$67.50
Etc. With 3 Diamonds, \$25.00
\$50.00 5 Diamonds, \$70.00
\$70.00 7 Diamonds, \$90.00
\$90.00 9 Diamonds, \$110.00
\$110.00 12 Diamonds, \$130.00

HAMILTON NO. 992, 21 Jewels
Adjusted to 6 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case \$55

ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND.
21 Jewels, 3 Adjustments. Runs 40 hours on winding. Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case \$55

ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL"
21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case. 60 hours, 1 \$50

Credit at Cash Prices
Send for Free Catalog!

CORRECT your NOSE
Beautify Your Face

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER will shape your nose to perfect proportions while you sleep or work. Safe, painless, comfortable. Rapid, permanent results guaranteed.

50,000 doctors and users praise it as a marvelous invention. No metal or screws.

30-Day FREE TRIAL
Send for FREE BOOKLET

ANITA CO., 195 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Gold Medal
Won 1923

FREE
Fine Tone
\$20 Musical Instruments

Your choice of a Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. We will be glad to send you one of these instruments and we will give you one without cost. A few cents a day for lessons is your only expense. Our system of teaching is so easy that you can play several pieces by notes with the first four lessons. We guarantee success or no charge. Instrument and lessons sent on one week's free trial. Write for booklet today, on obligation. Over 200,000 satisfied pupils.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, INC.
1632 North Halsted Street, Dept. 418, Chicago, Illinois

lines telling that the Reverend Paul Boynton who conducted a downtown mission had been struck by a motor-van at noon. A child had run out into the middle of the street. The man saw the van coming, and sprang forward. He had slipped on the snow and fallen right in front of the huge truck. He was dead when picked up. The child was not injured.

IT IS strange how little I recall of that evening. The part that stands out most clearly in my mind is that after my last song the manager followed me into the hall back of the restaurant. He had never before been as polite to me as he was now. "My dear," he said, "you've been wonderful tonight! You're always charming, of course, but you've never had as much dash and pep as you have this evening. You look different somehow—even prettier than usual. You're making good all right, girl! You've gone way ahead of your pal, Violet. She's stale stuff compared to you."

I heard myself say, "Thank you." "I say," he went on, evidently determined to make me show some feeling, "make your plans to go to supper with me tomorrow night after the performance and we'll talk about a musical comedy I'm interested in. A good singer and dancer is needed for it. You and I might be better friends than we are, you know." "I know we might," I said, turning from him. "What's your hurry?" he asked.

"I have a date with Vi and a couple of her friends," I explained. "They'll be waiting for me."

"Well, see you don't make a date for tomorrow night with anybody but me," he insisted. "You stick by me, and it'll be money in your pocket, a bigger salary and lots on the side. See? Don't that sound good?"

"Money always sounds good!" I exclaimed. "It's what I'm after, and it's what I've got to have!"

"Good for you!" he chuckled. "Then it's a bargain?"

"Yes," I said, "it's a bargain."

The boss has been as good as his word. I have a generous salary now, and my own flat.

I do not see Violet Henderson often but when I do meet her, she likes to talk over what she calls "old times." She says it "brings those days back" to her. I do not want them brought back to me.

So, when she said tonight, "By the way, Madge, I wonder what ever became of your friend Angel Face?" I looked at her steadily and said:

"I have not the least idea what you're talking about, Violet."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Gee! since you've risen in the world you've forgotten a lot of things, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I have forgotten a lot of things."

But there are some I can never forget, although I wish I could!

ARE you one of the girls who boast that you can do anything any other girl can do because you know how to take care of yourself. I was! I had no notion of letting any man boss me—even the man I was engaged to! But I'll tell you in February SMART SET how and why I decided it might be well to love, honor, and obey, or at least to listen to advice, as a safeguard against further "misconduct."

The Wrong Santa Claus

[Continued from page 64]

party's over.' That's just what he said to me, and then he went down the line takin' his dollar apiece from the rest o' the crowd.

"I been sittin' around here all morning thinkin' about that lucky break, and wonderin' what I'd do to square myself with the luck that saved me from losin' all that money. I just had a hunch. How much would you 'a got fer playin' here if the theater hadn't burned down?"

"We were guaranteed nine hundred," Shorty said.

"Will you go through your show tonight if I give you that much?" Otis asked.

"Will we go through it?" Shorty gasped.

"Say, mister, if you're on the level about this we'll go through it twice if you say so. Once right side up and the second time walking on our hands."

"ONCE right side up will be enough," Otis said. "This is my idea. The state orphan asylum is located out in the hills four miles west o' here. They got a big hall there with a kind of a stage. It won't have everything you need, prob'ly, but I reckon you can make out somehow. I know the superintendent and I'll make the arrangements. You come out tonight and give your show to them kids. I'll rustle around and get a tree fixed up that can be shoved out on to the stage. I'll get it all prettied up with lights and dingle-bats and things, and buy up a lot o' presents and candy and one thing or another that kids like. We'll get it out on to the stage when the show's over, and that tenor singin' feller you got with

you that always plays Santa Claus anyhow can come out dressed just as he is in the play and give away the stuff. You know, call up the kids and hand them the things himself. Say a little something special to each kid and all that kind o' thing. You know what I mean! Give 'em a real bang-up Christmas shindig that'll make their little eyes pop out. What d'ya say?"

"MR. OTIS," Shorty said, "I know a lot of words, but the only two I can say that would mean anything right now are 'Yes' and 'Thanks.' Consider them said!"

This fellow Otis was a grand old sport. When he started anything he went through with it and did it right. He turned that little town upside down buying stuff for the party at the orphan asylum. What with opening up the stores to sell him things, gabbing about the fire, watching the show folks in town, and swapping rumors about the posess out hunting the dollar bandit, the natives had a Christmas Day that ought to stay clear in their memories for the rest of their lives.

As I look back at it I realize that the show we were giving was a pretty terrible thing, but it sure went over with a bang out at that orphan asylum. My, how those kids did eat it up! Bad as it was, it was at least pat for the occasion. The lead in the piece, the part George Hovey played, was Santa Claus. I was the fairy princess. The time was Christmas night, and the scenes were laid in Santa Claus land and the palace of the princess. We couldn't get

all our scenery up on the little stage in the orphan asylum auditorium, but we combined what we could hang there with the little they had, and managed.

After the show was over they rang down the curtain and started fixing up the stage with the Christmas tree and presents. When the tree was ready George Hovey, who was playing Santa Claus, was missing. I went to his dressing-room, which was just off-stage on the ground floor, and knocked. Santa Claus himself opened the door.

"They're waiting for you," I told him. "Oh, George, isn't it a perfectly marvelous Christmas? You can't tell me there isn't any Santa Claus. He may not have long white whiskers like yours, but he does exist. Personally, I think he's in the cattle business and masquerades under the name of Otis. Come on!"

I took his hand to lead him out on to the stage, but he held back. I looked at him surprised, and a cold little ripple of fear ran up my back. Santa Claus put his arm around me suddenly, slipped me into the dressing room with one movement and shut the door. A strange voice came from among those voluminous white whiskers.

"Steady, sister," the strange voice said. "Don't yell. I'm not going to hurt you if you behave."

Then I saw a short, blue-barreled gun in the hand of this Santa Claus who should have been George Hovey and wasn't. Then, in the corner of the dressing-room, I saw George in his underwear bound and gagged. The man in the Santa Claus get-up was talking.

"Easy now, sister," he was saying. "I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to hurt anybody. That guy in the corner there ain't hurt. He's just helpless. I don't want to do any damage to anybody, but I'm in a tight spot and I'll play rough if I have to. You going to behave?"

I nodded. I couldn't speak.

"I'M THE Jasper that stuck up that train the other night," he went on. "You heard about it?"

I nodded again.

"They're right on top of me," he said. "They're somewhere outside there looking for me now. I got in here and hid in this room. This fellow came in and I just took what luck sent me and slid into his stuff. Now, then, tell me something! And talk to me in a whisper! What's going on here? What is all this shindig?"

I told him. He chuckled.

"What d'ya know?" he said softly. "Say, that's a nice idea. Real party for the kids, eh? Well, now, we don't want to have a bold, bad train robber and a lot of blood-thirsty man-hunters bust that up, do we?"

"What are you going to do?" I whispered. I wasn't a bit afraid of him. That struck me funny later on, but at the time I didn't think of it. I was all tingly with the sense of adventure, and not one bit scared.

"I ain't right sure, sister," he said. "My main idea is to get away. I'd like to do that without hurting anybody or messing up this nice party that you're giving to the kids, but—" He shook his head and looked regretfully at the gun he held in his hand. "I don't aim to be took. I ain't going to be took alive. If I have to fight there's going to be a lot of damage done before I'm killed off. Do you get me?"

I nodded. Outside there was a sudden babble of excited voices. The bandit took me by the shoulders and looked into my eyes.

"That'll be some of the posse spreading the news," he said. "What about this, sister? Do I have to pump lead into a lot of decent men who are only trying to do their duty, and take the long chance of fighting my way clear? Or will you steer me along

and give me a chance without making trouble?"

"What shall I do?" I whispered.

"I don't know, sister," he said. "You know this layout better than I do. You look bright and you don't act panicky. Give me your word that you'll do your best to give me a running chance, and I'll give you my word that I'll keep this gun of mine quiet just as long as I can. Is that a bet?"

"It's a bet," I agreed.

There was a knock on the door. I opened it a little way. Shorty Ebbett was standing there. Behind him was a strange man with a rifle in his hand. They could see me, and behind me the bandit in George's Santa Claus get-up.

"Don't get scared," Shorty said. "This gentleman's one of the posse hunting that dollar bandit. They think they chased him into the grounds here, and this fellow's just taking a look around to be sure he isn't hiding inside any place."

"I haven't got him in my pocketbook," I said. The man with the rifle grinned.

"SORRY to bother you, miss," he apologized. "Reckon he wouldn't take a chance on gettin' this near a light. Just have to make sure, though."

He nodded to me and walked away.

"The tree's fixed, George," Shorty said. "You ready?"

The bandit didn't answer. I stood there thinking faster than I ever thought before in all my life. I remembered that George Hovey had been having a lot of trouble with his voice. It would crack suddenly at times, and for a little while he wouldn't be able to speak above a whisper.

"George's pipes have gone bad on him again, Shorty," I said. "He's been spraying his throat, but it's no use. He can hardly whisper."

"A fine time to lose it," Shorty said. "Never mind, I'll get McCracken to put on his make-up and play Santy."

"Wait a minute, Shorty," I said. "I've got a better hunch. Let George here just give out the presents and I'll go out with him and do the talking. McCracken can't do any worth a darn. I'll kid the youngsters along and give them a good time."

"All right," Shorty said, "come along then! Hurry up and get going!"

"Go ahead," I said. "We'll be right with you!"

I shut the dressing-room door and faced the bandit.

"Follow me," I said. "Do what I tell you. You'll have to go out there and take the presents off the tree and hand them out. I'll do all the talking. When it's all over, you may be able to get away. It's the only chance."

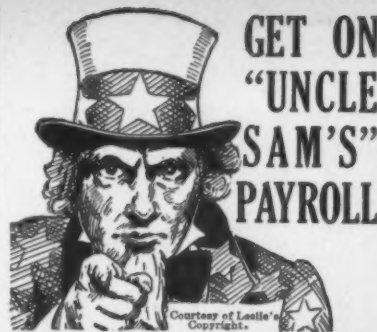
The bandit nodded. "There ought to be a laugh in it," he said.

I went over to George and whispered in his ear. "I'm doing this because I don't want to see anybody shot," I said. "If I'm caught, the story is that this fellow forced me to do these things, threatening to shoot me if I didn't obey. Lie quiet and I'll untie you as soon as I can."

I went back to the bandit. "Come on," I said. "Here's where you act if you never did before."

"I'm with you, sister," he said. "Steer me. This ought to be fun."

I don't suppose we were out on that stage more than twenty minutes, but it seemed like ten years to me. The bandit stood by the tree in George's make-up, took off the presents and handed them to me, and I called the kids up one by one, and gave each youngster a separate spiel when he got his stuff. Act? I acted that night. I was a hit for once. Maybe I never was before, and there are plenty that'll swear I never have been since, but I



\$1140 to \$3300

A YEAR

PICK YOUR JOB

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1960 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$78.00 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.

TRAVEL—SEE YOUR COUNTRY



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When away from home they get extra allowance for hotel. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POSTOFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$198 a year to \$2,160 and \$2,580. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. Examinations are frequently held in the larger cities. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK

(Open to men and women 18 or over)

Salary \$1,140 to \$1,800 a year. Pleasant clerical work in various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

DO IT NOW!—This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. 8308, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(Not connected with U. S. Government)

Rush to me, free of charge (1) a full description of the positions checked below; (2) Sample coupon; (3) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job"; (4) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable.

☐ Railway Postal Clerk..... (\$1960-\$2700)
☐ Postoffice Clerk..... (\$1700-\$2300)
☐ City Mail Carrier..... (\$1700-\$2100)
☐ Rural Mail Carrier..... (\$2100-\$3300)
☐ General Clerk..... (\$1140-\$1800)

Name.....

Address.....
 Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It.



FREE SAMPLE

This regular 50 cents purse bottle of captivating SWEET MARCIA perfume sent free on receipt of name and address, enclosing TEN CENTS for packing and postage. (Outside U. S. A. 5 cents extra)

LAWRENCE, INC.
 Dept. 3-S
 State St. and Powelton Ave.
 Philadelphia, Pa.

MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 3/4x3-4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted.



MIDGET CARD SHOP
 6 S. Market Square. Harrisburg, Pa.

Loosen Up Chest Colds

Just Rub Away Danger

When your lungs are congested and you have a hacking cough watch out! Rub Musterole on the sore spot. There's nothing better for quick, safe relief. Musterole penetrates the skin bringing a soothing, cooling sensation and welcome relief.

Recommended by doctors and nurses, Musterole relieves cold in chest, sore throat, bronchitis, aches and pains in the back and joints. Keep Musterole handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



This beautiful fiery gem, the sensation of the age is astounding experts everywhere. Its the ONLY gem POSITIVELY MATCHES the finest genuine Diamond side-by-side. Same perfect cut and dazzling play of rainbow fire, guaranteed for life. Delighted customers write: "Can't be told from finest Diamond"; "Most beautiful gem I've ever seen"; "One expert offered me \$65; another \$110 for my Blu-Flash Gem". Best people wear them.

AMAZING OFFER TO INTRODUCE

Rings shown above latest 1928 chased and filigree styles in finest platinum (No. 11 in gold if preferred). Set with perfect selected first-water Gems. Match \$500 Diamond-platinum rings. Catalogue price \$7.50 each. **SEND NO MONEY** just your name, address, number of ring desired, and paper strip that meets around ring finger. On receipt deposit with postman only \$2.98, or \$4.98 for both rings. Wear 5 days; if not delighted return for prompt, cheerful refund. **NO RISK; no more to pay.** Only one of each ring under this offer.

FREE with rings a \$1.00 1 1/2 inch silver bar or scarf pin set with flaming Sea Opal from depths of Monterey Bay. **WRITE TODAY.** Agents Wanted. Mexican Gem Importing Co., Dept. T-8 MONTEREY, CALIF. Dealers in Fine Gems for over 21 years.

How Did You Get So Thin?



Women who reduce with O. B. C. T. astonish their fat friends! Get rid of fat! Be young and gay and active. O. B. C. T. is positively guaranteed to reduce you quickly and safely. Made under supervision of licensed practicing physician. No exercise—no dieting.

Write for Two Weeks' Treatment

Send no money. Just write for trial treatment. Pay postman \$1.50 when package arrives. We guarantee that you will positively lose weight on first box or we will refund your money. Two weeks' treatment will convince you that O. B. C. T. is the most successful fat reducer in the world. Results guaranteed. Write today. Start reducing right away. O. B. C. T. Laboratory, 4016 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 142, Chicago

I know I was a wow on that one occasion.

At last it was over and I walked with the bandit to George's dressing-room. We went in together, and he shut the door and locked it. I felt wobbly.

"I think I'm going to faint," I told him. "Listen," he said. "You've got all the rest of your life to faint if you want to. Hold on to yourself." He threw up the window then and looked out. The sill was only three or four feet from the ground. A driveway ran around the back of the building and there were a number of cars parked out there.

"Can you drive a car?" he asked me. I told him I could.

"Come on," he said. He stepped out the window and lifted me after him. We crossed the lawn to a sedan standing in the driveway and got in.

"Thank the Lord for careless people," said the bandit as he settled in the driver's seat and felt about the instrument board. "They've left the key in the switch."

HE STARTED the engine and we rolled away out of the grounds and along a country road.

"This wasn't in the bargain," I said.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Scared?" the bandit asked.

"No," I admitted, "I'm not." I was telling the truth, too. "I know I ought to be, but I'm not. Not one bit."

"Good kid," he said. "You've got no cause to be scared of me. I'm taking you to a crossing on the Murdoch grade about twelve miles west of here. There's a west-bound passenger due there in about twenty minutes, and she'll be grinding up that grade slow enough for me to make the blind baggage. All you've got to do is drive this car back and lie to them about where I got out. Tell them there was a car waiting for me at the Bailey cross-road and that I got into that and we headed south toward Millersville. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes," I said. "I will. I suppose I shouldn't, and I expect I could be locked up for life for helping you out, but I made you a promise and I'll keep it."

"Good kid," the bandit said. "Not your fault, you know. You're doing this under compulsion. I've threatened to kill you if you don't obey."

"You wouldn't," I said, "if I didn't obey. Would you?"

The bandit laughed. "I expect not," he admitted. "Now that we're telling the truth, I'll own up to some more, too. This gun of mine ain't loaded."

"Not loaded?" I said.

"Not a shell in it," he said. "I emptied the thing before I held up that train. Wanted to make sure I didn't hurt anybody by accident, and then I got a bigger laugh out of doing the job with an empty gat."

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"Just for a laugh," he said. "I got a kick out of it. It was a fool thing, wasn't it?"

"The silliest thing I ever heard of," I said.

He didn't answer me for a minute; then he asked me a question.

"Did you meet Ruf Jelder, the superintendent of that orphan asylum we just left?"

I told him I had not.

"Some people have all the luck," he said. "I met him for the first time when I was four years old. He was my father and mother from then on until I was fourteen. You see, I was an inmate of that asylum up there for ten years. Jelder had a pet hate on me for some reason or other. He sure made those ten years interesting. I suppose he's told me a thousand times that I'd wind up in the penitentiary. I ran away when I was fourteen, and I've made up since for the monotony I underwent up there. Yes, indeed! When I got loose I determined to get a kick out of life, and I've had it."

"I've been in half a dozen revolutions in Mexico and Central America. Stood up against a wall to be shot three different times. And three times last-minute luck broke for me. I've been in Mexico for the last year running a machine gun for Zapata. I came across the line into El Paso about three weeks ago with several thousand dollars in cash and started a party at the Del Norte. After the party had been running for a few days I got the idea that I'd come back here before Christmas and sort of make over Mr. Jelder's face as my compliment to him for the season."

"In the Pullman smoker on the way up I met Tex O'Hara, a crazy kid who was with me when both of us were fighting in Mexico. We had a few drinks and got to talking about train holdups. We discussed the proposition and agreed that one man with plenty of nerve and a little luck could do a job like that and get away with it."

"After he got off the train I kept on thinking about it and wondering if it could be done. That thinking got all mixed up in my mind with the prophecies that Jelder used to make that I'd wind up in the penitentiary. I got to thinking how funny his face would look all screwed up in his bedroom some night if I, a famous hunted bandit with a mask on my face, stuck a gun under his nose and told him all the things I've been wanting to tell him since I was a kid four years old and first started to hate him."

"Then, too, I was interested in finding out if a man could do a job like that all alone. I was at the tag end of a long party, a little bit liquored, and very much bored, and—well, that's it! I dropped off the train up the line here at Hoskins and did the job."

"You fool!" I said.

"We got a lot in common," he said. "That same idea about myself was just running through my mind. I'll tell you what let's do now. It's only a few minutes until I'll have to be on my way. Let's you and I just pretend that I'm not a fool after all, and that we've known each other for a couple of years, and just talk like folks. What d'ya say?"

"You're on," I agreed. "This will be a Christmas to remember anyway, won't it?"

"I'll have trouble forgetting it," he said.

"By the way, as long as we've known each other for a couple of years, don't you think you'd better tell me your name?"

I told him.

We got to the railroad crossing, and he stopped the car and put out the lights. Then he got out in the road and chucked off the Santa Claus costume. The train whistled and we could hear it chug, chug, chugging slowly up the grade. The headlight showed around the bend. The bandit reached inside the car and took my hand.

"There's my traveling order, Mary," he said. "I'm on my way. Listen close, now. Don't do what I ask unless you want to. Will you kiss me?"

I put my arms around his neck and kissed him hard, and then sat there alone in the car and cried while he ran up the road, sprinted alongside the track for a few yards and swung up on the train just behind the engine.

Half way back to the orphan asylum a car coming toward me slued across the road and stopped. There were some of the posse in it. They had found George Hovey tied up in the dressing-room. The old darling had lied according to instructions. I did the same, told my tale of coercion at the point of a gun and said that the bandit had met a car at the cross-roads and gone south. That was that!

We all got back to Chicago and I joined up with another company. The next year I went to New York and wound up in the

chorus of a Broadway show. A year after that I had a small bit on the road. The going wasn't so easy, and I began to suspect that neither Elsie Janis nor Tetrassini had much to fear from me.

In the late fall of 1923 I was in New York looking for a job. I had pretty well given up the idea of a career by then. I was simply looking for a job to make enough money to buy clothes and food and pay room rent. One morning a theatrical agent called me, and I went to the office hoping that the thing they had might be a small bit in town at seventy-five or a hundred a week. I found a well-known musical comedy manager waiting for me.

"I saw you last year in 'Curlylocks,'" he told me. "I want you to sing the lead in this new show of mine. I can pay five hundred."

I WENT home wobbling. My chance, at last. A shot at Broadway with a real part. We came into town late in October after four weeks on the road. The first act wasn't twenty minutes old when I knew what I knew. I was not going over. You can feel those things up there back of the footlights. A whole house-full of wildly-applauding friends of the manager can't fool a trouper who has learned her stuff. It wasn't the show that was flopping; it was me! I simply wasn't getting across. It was my big shot, and I was missing with it!

The morning papers confirmed my judgment. Everyone carried the announcement of my professional demise. A little before noon the manager called me and asked me to come to his office. I knew what that meant. A little palaver and a two weeks' notice.

I walked into that manager's office feeling like a condemned criminal on his way to the chair. He was smiling.

"Well, Mary," he said genially, "the critics built quite a fire under us this morning,

didn't they? How do you feel about it?"

"I missed," I admitted. "I know it. It wasn't the show. It was me. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet," the manager said. "I want you to have a little talk with the fellow who backed the piece. Just a minute."

He got up and went out. After a little while another man opened the door and stepped in.

He was my bandit!

"Well, Mary," he said. "What about it?" I just sat there and stared.

"I'm in the clear, Mary," he said. "Nothing hanging over me. I had some luck in France during the war and came back with a fairly conspicuous record. After I was discharged I went to the governor and told him my yarn. I gave myself up after that and pled guilty to that fool job I did out there, and the day after I was sentenced the governor pardoned me. I went down into Texas then and started work as a driller in the oil fields. Luck broke for me and I cleaned up on some leases. Then I came back here and started looking for you."

"You backed this show?" I asked.

He grinned. "I knew you wanted a chance to see what you could do on Broadway," he said. "Do you still want to act, or did you really mean it when you kissed me there in the car that night before I grabbed the rattler?"

Oh, well, I wasn't cut out for a trouper anyhow. I've got two children now and I wouldn't waste time dancing or singing, even if I was Elsie Janis and Tetrassini rolled into one. I'm all wiped up with the stage, except for one performance a year. Every Christmas hubby and I go back to that orphan asylum with a troupe of professionals hired just for the occasion and put on a show for the kids out there. It's a sort of an annual votive offering we pay to the luck that brought us through.

HAVE you ever realized that a widowed mother, who is extremely attractive and youthful looking might be quite a problem to a daughter who has beaux and aspirations? Even if you haven't you will understand, when you've read my story in February SMART SET, why some of the things that my mother did left me gasping "Mama, How Could You?"

Can Happiness Be Bought?

[Continued from page 67]

but he doesn't ask to see me and he doesn't seem to be pining for me. Last week, though, he told my cousin he still cares for me. But I'm afraid.

"Little Betty."

Don't you know, little girl, that it's usually the things we worry most about that never happen? And so far as I can see there isn't one single reason why you should think your Bill has changed. You say that because Bill is honorable and good, he obeyed your mother. Then you wonder why it is he has never tried to see you. Doesn't the fact that only a few days ago he spoke of his love for you mean anything?

YOU'RE right, little Betty. You've lost your nerve, and along with it has gone your good sense and reasoning power. You've given so much of yourself to this love; we even ready to give your life for it. Can't you, then, take one more chance and know the truth? And if the truth is going to hurt, it's much the better way to get it over and done with.

But I have a strong hunch that it won't hurt. If years had separated you instead

of months, I wouldn't be so sure. But what are a few barren months in a lifetime? And what chance do they stand against those other richer, fuller months when you belonged to each other and were so happy? You compared your love to that of Romeo and Juliet. Do you really think, little Betty, that Romeo's love would have died?

MY HONEST opinion is that you are wasting precious golden minutes and selfishly keeping Bill from happiness.

It would take a deeper student of psychology than I to tell why some girls have contempt for a fellow the minute he humbles himself and becomes an adoring slave. It almost makes one think that perhaps there's something to that "treat 'em rough" theory after all. "Ruth" is one of those girls. Wants a fellow just so long as she can't have him—but the Lord help him if he weakens!

"I have been going with Bob for some time," she says, "and when I consented to go with him I really thought I loved him. He used to be pretty wild, but he gave all that up for me and now he never goes out

YOU'RE NEXT

Now Watch Your Muscles GROW!



BEFORE:

This boy looks pretty hopeless, doesn't he? I'll bet he hated to step out on the beach in a bathing suit, and he had to stand a lot of bullying from the other boys in the gang.



30 DAYS LATER

Here's a real man! Just look at the way those muscles have developed in 30 days of Titus Training. That's going some, isn't it?



60 DAYS LATER

Every muscle in his body developed to giant size. You'd never recognize him as the same lad. Need I urge YOU to mail the coupon?

ONE—two—three! Just like that, the boy you see above changed from a puny weakling into a physical GIANT! Looks like magic, doesn't it? But that's just an example of what Titus Training has done for thousands upon thousands of men. I've taken fellows of every size and condition and I've transformed them almost overnight into perfect specimens of manhood! I've been doing it for years. I've earned my reputation as the father of Physical Culture by mail on just such results as you see in the illustrations. "Miracles worked in Muscle"—that's what people call them.

In 30 Days I'll Increase Your Muscles By INCHES

Yes sir, that's all I want—30 days—and just 20 or 30 minutes a day. In that short time I'll make you over from head to foot. I'll put layer after layer of muscle all over your body till they stand out like iron bands. And they'll be panther muscles, friend—muscles as live as spring steel—with the speed of lightning and the power of a battering ram. Those are the kind of muscles that make champions, the kind of muscles that will make you laugh at men twice your size. Boy, you'll get the thrill of a lifetime!

FREE! Amazing Book of Muscle Building Facts

Tear off that coupon! Mail it today! It will bring you FREE the greatest book you've ever seen—a book filled with astounding photographs of men rebuilt—a book packed full of Titus's own secrets of making muscles GROW. No cost or obligation—just rush the coupon to Dept. S-121.

The One **TITUS** 105 E. 13th St. and Only New York City

TITUS, Dept. S-121, 105 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Professor Titus: Sure I'd like to have your book. Send it free.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____



LEARN TO DRAW AT HOME

Students say: "IT'S EASY"

Trained artists earn from \$50 to over \$250 a week. W. B. Kent, one of our graduates in New Jersey writes, 'I have sold a drawing, which took less than a day to do, for \$100.' Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through wonderful, simple method right at home in spare time as Kent and many others have done. Learn Illustrating, Designing and Sketching. Actual fun learning this way. Learn to Draw and Earn Big Money. Many of our students earn big money while learning.

Send for FREE BOOK

Just printed—a new book which describes the latest developments and wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art, and gives full details of this remarkable method of learning to draw. Tells all about students—their success—what they say—actual reproduction of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Write for this FREE BOOK and details of ARTISTS' OUTFIT GIVEN WITH COURSE. Write name plainly. State age and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Mail postcard or letter NOW. (No salesman will call.)

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.

Room 961 F, 1115 15th St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK

Instead of unsightly hollows

RESULTS GUARANTEED

SCIENCE now offers you a sure delightful way to get on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tire some exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, skinny necks, under developed busts round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as tho by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will they grow hair.

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price \$1.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but deposit \$1.00 plus five cents postage under our money back plan when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES Inc.
1131F Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.



50c
WEEKLY

14kt. rolled white gold case, platinum style. Beautifully engraved. 52k. grooved ribbon band and 14kt. rolled white gold engraved clasp. Ruby and sapphire jeweled movement, perfect time-keeper. Will give 25 years' satisfactory service.

BLUE white, fiery sparkling "Harbin Diamond," set in platinum style, richly engraved, latest design military ring. Harbin Diamonds are full 12 facet cut of dazzling radiance and rainbow brilliancy. Their similarity to perfect cut flawless gemstone diamonds is amazing even to experts.

To advertise Harbin Diamonds, we will give the above described Harbin White Watch absolutely free, with each ring purchased under our most liberal payment plan.

SEND NO MONEY

Special advertising offer: Send name and address. No money to sign, no red tape, immediate shipment. Just state size and send strip of paper for measure. On arrival pay your Postman only \$1.45 plus few pennies postage down. Send balance \$2 monthly for 4 months; full price only \$10.45. The watch will come you anything on this offer on the price you pay us for the ring only and you get the watch absolutely free. Don't delay! Rush order at once.

GUARANTYWATCH CO. 154 Nassau Street
Dept. 18, New York

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$20 to \$50 a week retouching photos—men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today.

ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 35,
3500 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

with anyone else. He's a good dancer and good-looking, but I almost hate him sometimes. I guess it was just 'puppy love.'

"Bob would see me every night if I'd let him, but I only go out with him twice a week. The other nights I hang around an ice cream parlor where Jack goes, and sometimes I walk down-town just in the hope of seeing him. I've been out with Jack only twice and I'm simply crazy about him, although he can't 'see me' at all. He has another girl, they tell me, one who doesn't dance or stay out late. She's a home girl, but I call her a 'wet blanket.'

"Now, Mrs. Madison, I love Jack, but do you think he is worth worrying about? Or should I stick to Bob? Ruth."

FIRST of all, I'd watch my step, if I were you, Ruth, or you'll get left altogether.

There isn't a single one of us, Ruth, who can ride roughshod over the hearts and feelings of others and get away with it indefinitely. You may be ever so attractive and popular and peppy and the best dancer in your town, but you can't live forever on that. There's a serious side to life, too, and that's building and making a home and finding peace and contentment with a man you love and respect. And there's thinking of others, and trying to be worthy of a good man's love. Have you ever thought of that, I wonder? Have you ever asked yourself if you had anything worthwhile to give to Bob or Jack or any other man? Kindness? Unselfishness? Encouragement? Consideration? Honesty? Friendliness? How much of these have you given to your friends, Ruth?

Better think it over and stick to Bob.

What's in a name, anyway? Here's a letter from another Ruth out in California and between the two Ruths there is as much difference as night and day. This little girl is also looking for happiness, but she has different ideas as to how it is to be found. California Ruth says:

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"I have been going with a very wonderful young man for about a year, but not steadily. He is the only boy I have ever cared for and I know he thinks a lot of me, but he has been engaged to another girl for several years and she does not know he sees me. It doesn't seem right to deceive her like that, although everybody who knows them says they will never be married and that he hasn't the heart to tell her he doesn't love her any more.

"In the year that I have known this boy I haven't found anyone else who could interest me and I'd hate to lose him. His fiancée is moving to another town and he wants to know if he can come to see me oftener then. But as I said before, it doesn't seem right. I doubt that I could ever be happy with him if I knew I was making her unhappy. So what shall I do, dear Mrs. Madison? Ruth."

FOR one thing, little Ruth, I wouldn't worry quite so much. You have lots of patience and you will need it before you're through, because unless I'm very much mistaken you are going to have this boy all to yourself before long and it won't be by deliberately stealing him from the other girl. Why do I think so? Because I believe, as people say, that they will never be married. Marriage is usually the result of blind, frenzied love, not an act of duty or chivalry. Men may give up their lives for duty or their subway seats for chivalry, but their names they reserve for the girls they love.

The best thing that could happen is happening. The girl is moving away and the separation will probably mean the beginning of the end. It will give him courage to tell her that he cannot marry her and it will also give her an opportunity of finding some-

one else. I'm sure it will work out.

For your part, Ruth, sit tight. Avoid mention of the other girl. Take what time the boy can give you and make the most of it. Simply because he is so honorable or soft-hearted, or whatever his friends think, is all the more reason for you to refrain from pushing things. When the break comes, let it come unassisted by you.

When a girl can analyze her love affair as shrewdly and as accurately as Madeline has there is little left for me to do. Her very first sentence steals my thunder:

"I'm a little fool to be in love with a married man." Then she goes on to say: "But it's really, truly love, Mrs. Madison, and the worst part of it is—he's an actor! But oh, so fascinating! He doesn't live with his wife and still they are not divorced. He's here in the stock company in our town and I know perfectly well that when the season ends he'll go back to New York and I'll be left with a broken heart.

"He tells me he loves me but I know he is only fond of me. I know, also, that even if he were divorced he wouldn't marry again. He says it's no life for an actor. I can't help thinking that when he says 'I love you' he simply means 'I like you.' It's so easy for actors to dramatize themselves and their affairs and so easy for them not to be really serious. A new town every season, new girls to meet, all sorts of adulation and applause, so what chance have I got?

"At the same time I know I've never been really in love before and I just can't help showing it. Oh, I'll never love another man again. Sometimes I wish he'd do something to make me hate him but he insists on being perfectly adorable and attractive and everything that's nice. So there, that's my fix. "Madeline."

YOU'VE got this thing so absolutely straight and right in that little head of yours, Madeline, that I believe when the time comes that you must kiss farewell to this man of your dreams you will turn philosopher and profit by the experience. But just a minute, —by "profiting by your experience" I mean more than avoiding entanglements with married men in the future. You say this is the first time you have ever been really in love. Aside from the heart ache, hasn't it been a very delightful and wonderful experience? Hasn't it taught you something, in the way of gentleness and unselfishness and real companionship? And when the real man comes along, that man who will make a home with you and go hand in hand with you down the long years, won't you bring to him something more real simply because you once knew a real and absorbing love like this one? Oh, don't say you'll never love again, Madeline. It's so untrue! So utterly contrary to human nature and fact. Do you suppose all the girls in the world marry the one and only man? Don't you know that love comes not once but again and again—in proportion to our need?

Certainly when it comes to loyalty in friendship the men have it all over the girls. Now don't jump on me, girls. It's not a pleasant thought, I'll admit. But it's true. I have letters and letters to prove it, letters from both sides. And this one from Annette is only one of many.

"Dear Martha Madison:

"On a 'blind' date one night, I met two boys—Dick and Jim. Jim was with my cousin who is an old friend of his, and Dick was with me. Dick made an awful fuss about me, and ever since then he has been hanging around, but I have never cared for him particularly. Perhaps it was because I fell in love that night with Jim. He was darling to me.

"But here is the trouble—Dick and Jim belong to the same frat and the very first night we met Dick raved about me to Jim. A little later I had two dates with Jim, and

that convinced me that he was the one and only for me. Then Jim went to New York for three weeks and before I left he told me that Dick had made him promise not to write. That made me furious and I've hated Dick ever since. Jim didn't keep his promise. He wrote, but the letter wasn't what I longed for. It was simply friendly and nice—and how it hurt!

"I am sure it is his loyalty to Dick that keeps him from revealing his true feelings, but it seems to me if he really loved me nothing would matter but me. I have decided to chase after Jim until I get him, but I'm so afraid that Dick will always stand between us. In a case like this, Mrs. Madison, is there anything a girl can do?"

"Annette."

THERE are one or two things you can do, Annette, which may straighten things out. It seems to me that if you explained to Dick how much Jim means to you he might take an entirely different attitude. Certainly he would admire your honesty. But if you do this, you should make it plain that Jim has not indicated a desire for anything more than a pleasant friendship, so that he will know nothing has been "put over" on him. This isn't the first time a girl has found herself in such a fix, Annette, and more than once the trio have remained good friends.

Or you can assume that it is your right to love where you please, and go after Jim until you get him. Your greatest danger there is going about it in a surreptitious manner, as if you felt you were behaving shabbily. If you act guiltily, Dick is liable to get an exaggerated feeling of abuse and make things unpleasant. What I am trying to emphasize is that whatever you do must be done openly and aboveboard so there will be no recrimination later.

There is still another alternative: When the time comes that Jim has indicated clearly that he returns your love tell him how distressed you are over the whole thing and perhaps he could straighten it out for himself with Dick. I believe that when Dick learns how you feel, his pride, if nothing else, will make him gracefully withdraw.

There are those who say that a man or woman should not be condemned to a lifetime of unhappiness simply because of a mis-marriage. They point out that there are divorce courts who will free them and give them another chance. So why worry, says the optimist? On the face of things, it does sound simple, but when you read a letter like this one from Helen, it's all a muddle.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes, "I was married when I was sixteen to a man I have never loved. You may ask why I did it. My only answer is that I thought it was smart and that I was terribly young. I had no mother or father to keep me from such a silly mistake. My husband and I have never got on. We quarrel and although I am usually wrong, I keep thinking less and less of him. I never thought I would ever know real love, until about three years ago when I met and fell in love with a man who lives right near us. He, too is married, and has a sweet wife, but he does not love her and of course she does not know about me. If she would only let him go everything would be all right, because my husband says he will give me a divorce. He knows of my love for this man."

"I want to do the right thing, and God knows the man I love does. He is with me as often as he can be, but he only kisses

me when he is leaving, so you see it isn't a physical love we have for each other. He has a boy seventeen and girl fourteen and I have a girl six and a boy two, so you see what a mix-up it is. Please tell us what to do.

Helen."

YOU are entitled to happiness, and love, Helen. We all are. But some of us must take a very roundabout way to get these things and some are doomed never to know them except in fleeting moments. But simply because you are entitled to these things, I cannot advise you to go ahead ruthlessly and take them. As I see it, this is not alone your problem, nor that of the man you love. It is the problem of six other people besides yourselves, your husband, his wife, and the four children who are so dependent on you both.

There isn't the ghost of a chance that this thing can be straightened out satisfactorily. Someone is bound to get hurt. And it is in your power to say who. The only suggestion I can make, and I'm afraid you won't like it, is to wait until his children at least have passed the age when they need him. If your love is the tremendous thing you believe, it isn't going to die, and perhaps in the meantime he may find the courage and the heart to tell his wife what has happened. When I say "wait," I know it seems an impossible thing to do, but there is too much at stake, dear girl, for you to act impulsively now. Remember, having one's own way doesn't always make for happiness.

Into the next few lines I must squeeze my brief answers to those whose addresses did not appear on their letters.

JEANNE—If love does not compensate you for his unreasonable disposition, what chance is there for future happiness?

VIRGINIA—I'd stay away from married men, if I were you. What have they brought you but trouble and unhappiness?

LILLIAN—No, he isn't fair. He's just plain "ornery"; likes to torment. But with it all, I believe he loves you.

TOOTIES—Get someone to introduce you; it's really the only way.

FELICIA—You, too, are stubborn. Why not give in first? What does it matter when you really love?

DOROTHY—The surest way to keep him is to cut out the quarrelling. Why don't you try to be the kind of a girl you think he likes?

GIRLIE—He may be shy, but if he really loves you the time will come when he will have to tell you.

PUZZLED—I'd ask him, if I were you.

MARY—I don't believe the young man is quite certain in his own mind just who he loves.

AND now I must get at the stack of letters on my desk waiting for answers through the mail. But before I say goodbye, I want to say again, that I am here for no other purpose than to help you girls straighten out your affairs of the heart, the home and the office. No matter what is troubling you, write me, and let's see if between us we can't set things running smoothly again. Remember, I'm fair, broad-minded, unprejudiced and understanding. What I've learned about human nature, I've learned from girls like you—not from books. And the biggest thing of all that I have learned is that the more human we are, the more we are apt to make mistakes. Starting with that as a basis, don't you know I'm for you? Right or wrong?

"**Y**OUR Martha Madison is the only person writing on problems of human relationship, who seems to be old enough to have good sense, yet young enough to have understanding," writes one SMART SET reader. Perhaps that's why thousands of letters come to Mrs. Madison each month. If you have a problem, whether you are young or old, write Martha Madison. It will help just to write; she will help you more by sympathetic commonsense advice



Take Off Some Fat

Reduce your overweight.

Don't do it by abnormal exercise or diet. Such results are hard, dangerous and transient. Do it in the easy, pleasant way.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research, and they act to correct the cause.

Marmola is the modern, scientific help. It has been used for 20 years. Countless users have told others about its results and its benefits. Now people are using, as a result, a very large amount.

In every circle you can see what Marmola is now doing. Slender figures are now common, obesity is rare.

If exercise and diet seem oppressive, try the Marmola way which millions now employ. Watch the results. Watch the weight come down, the vitality increase. You will be amazed and delighted at the results Marmola brings. Then tell others—that is all we ask. Ask now for a box of Marmola.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Accounting

—THE CONTROL OF BUSINESS

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U.S. Many earn \$5,000 to \$20,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is supervised by Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., assisted by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64 page book free. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 158-H Chicago



This Book FREE!

How to Have Kissable Lips



Lips that tantalize can be yours in two months. Perfectly shaped and without cost or discomfort, M. Trilety's new lipshaper has been used with miraculous results, by thousands of men, women and girls. Reduces thick, protruding, prominent lips to normal size. Wear it at night for two months and you will have lips that rival those of the most famous beauties of screen and stage.

Write for full information and copies of letters from many who have used the Trilety Lipshaper. No obligation on your part.

M. TRILETY
205 S. P. W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



Let's Pretend

[Continued from page 59]

be only fair after all she's done for me, but even then there's enough, and it's home!"

The young man looked carefully down at his feet, and spoke slowly.

"I have been in Hawaii as lately as two months ago—and it doesn't strike me that a pineapple plantation there would be exactly a liability! Don't think me presuming, but if I were you, I'd not give Aunt Etta half unless the court ordered it!"

"You think—"

"NO, I don't think, I know! At least I know the pineapple business well enough to feel pretty sure that you can get that 'poor relation' stuff out of your head!"

"But she says—"

"Of course she does! She'd say a lot for half of a Hawaiian pineapple plantation! But she'd never consent to take care of a girl who could easily outshine Mary Lou if that girl was a liability!"

"But I heard her say—"

I stopped. What I'd overheard Aunt Etta and Mary Lou saying that afternoon was hardly the thing to confide to a stranger. Still, Gren Howard would understand if anyone would, being poor himself. And I could tell he wasn't a talebearer. I shut my ears to conscience and plunged into the luxury of talking to some one besides myself.

"I heard Aunt Etta tell Mary Lou that they'd have to find me a husband before long, because they couldn't go on being burdened with me forever! But not, Aunt Etta said, until they had settled that plantation business as she'd been advising them to do."

"And how did you react to that? The husband proposition, I mean?" he said.

"Well," I said "in the first place, I'm sure I wouldn't like a husband Aunt Etta would pick for me, just on general principles. And anyhow I don't want a rich one. The one she mentioned to Mary Lou was a rich nephew of hers that she doesn't like, and I've observed that rich people are usually snobbish and not very happy."

"So she's already picked out the lucky man?"

"Lucky? She hates him because he's socialistic or something like that and never pays any attention to her invitations to come and spend his money with her. Otherwise she'd never have planned to wish me on to him! But it doesn't matter, for I don't intend to marry him."

"What's his name?"

"Lee Olmstead, related on her side of the family. Oh, my stars! We're untied! Didn't you know we were drifting out here? You're facing the pier!"

"Why, so we are! No, I hadn't noticed we were moving. I was too interested in what you were telling me. But I can row you back in a jiffy whenever you decide."

"But you can't! This is Number Four and the oars are gone! I knew it when we got into it, but it didn't matter when we were only going to sit a while. Oh, what shall we do, Mr. Howard?"

"WHAT? Oh—er—why, let's just enjoy it!"

"Enjoy it! With Aunt Etta raving back there?"

"But she can't be raving when she doesn't know what's happening."

"She'll know I'm gone! And I'm supposed to make sandwiches."

"I'll tell you!" my companion said. "Let's start right now for the pineapple plantation!"

"Don't be silly!"

"We're headed in the right general direction! Let's pretend it's the twenty-fifth of next month."

I squirmed with delight, although I knew he was just talking nonsense.

"But, we'll bump into Brenner's Island the way we're drifting," I said.

"You mean the Hawaiian Islands, Little Lady!"

"Oh!" I cried excitedly. "That's what Pop Caswell and the natives always called me, 'Little Lady'!"

"Honest? Well, we'll be among 'em in no time, now!"

I considered a moment.

"Brother Brenner," I said, "has been gone all week, so the island is empty."

"Fine!" And the young man gave the boat a lurch that set it bobbing cheerfully.

I gave up then, and settled back in my seat contentedly. After all, it isn't often you find anyone ready to play "let's pretend!"

"Are the natives hereabout friendly?" the young man asked after we had floated awhile in silence.

"They are if you're armed sufficiently!"

"I have my gold penknife along!"

The spot where the boat finally struck Brenner's Island was on the steep, wooded side farthest from Brother Brenner's cabin, and we had to shin up the knotty roots of an old willow to land.

The boat bounced away merrily as my foot pushed against it to spring up the bank, and the young man caught my hand dramatically to help me up.

"Our last hope gone!" He gestured toward the receding boat and gave an apprehensive glance at the dark woods behind us that made my flesh creep deliciously, even though I knew there hadn't been anything there for years more formidable than Brother Brenner's pullets.

"Shall we reconnoiter" he whispered, "or lie low till daylight?"

I WAS terribly divided between my desire to continue pretending with the first playmate I'd had in six years and my intense longing to sit romantically and look out over the moonlit beauty of the lake with a young man, as I'd watched other girls do.

The young man decided for me.

"We'll sit here and lie low" till daylight, then we'll reconnoiter and see if it's possible to establish a habitation that will serve until a ship passes!"

I giggled delightedly to myself, but I was careful to make no noise as we crept to the grassy spot on the edge of the lake and sat down close together.

The lake was a mirror of ghostly beauty, with the moon sailing eerily among the clouds. Far across it, barely visibly, were the lights of Aunt Etta's cottage.

"Much too far away," my companion said, as if he had read my thoughts, "for them to hear us, even if we wanted to call to them!"

He lay back, his hands clasped behind his head, and gazed up at the scudding clouds, and I noticed again how extremely nice his mouth was. I wondered, but even in my new state of emancipation I didn't dare formulate such a thought as that even if Mary Lou and her friends did say that kissing a man meant nothing at all! The bare thought that I could even speculate on such an experience made me duck my head.

"S matter?" the young man asked.

"I was just thinking!"

"A penny for 'em!"

I cast about frantically.

"Why, I—I was thinking how much nicer poor young men are than rich young men!"

"H'm! Yes! Know many poor young men?"

"None except you."

I realized what I was saying then and stopped, but the way he turned toward me made me hurry on to explain.

"I heard Mary Lou telling about your going to work to make your own way, and I think it's splendid! If I were a young man I'd do just exactly what you are doing! I can't imagine a young man sitting around enjoying things some one else had worked for! Can you?"

"NO! NO, indeed! No, indeed! What do you think of my choice of work?"

"Splendid! Let's see, it's the insurance game, or something like that, isn't it?"

"Yes, something like that. And so you're definitely decided on an unwealthy husband, in spite of Aunt Etta?"

"Yes! And he needn't be handsome, either. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"I was thinking," he said, "how nicely I fit that specification."

I was a little alarmed at my forwardness, for I had had no experience by which to judge what a young man might do when a girl was so terribly frank. But suddenly a terrific noise in the woods behind us brought us both scrambling to our feet.

I found myself unconsciously hanging on to the hand my companion had extended to help me to my feet, and as we shrank back into the shadow of a clump of pawpaw bushes I found his other arm around my shoulders very firm and reassuring.

I was thrilled at his voice whispering close to my ear.

"Natives! We're cornered!"

"No!" I whispered back.

"Is there a way of escape?" he breathed into my ear.

"Around the edge of the lake to Brother Bren—I mean to the whites' settlement!"

He guided me through the pawpaw bushes in the direction I had indicated, one arm still around me, the other hand still holding mine. It was heavenly!

I did hope that he didn't realize that I knew perfectly well that it was only Brother Brenner's old blind mare we'd heard crashing through the underbrush back there. I did so want to go on seeming frightened and in need of his support!

It sounds shameless, but it was actually the first chance that I'd ever had at a young man, thanks to Aunt Etta, and he was exactly the kind I'd always dreamed about. I just couldn't bear to think of anything happening to spoil this perfect evening!

And then, just as he was helping me over some of those immense willow roots, my ankle turned horribly and in spite of his support I fell. He had me up in a second, though, both arms around me, fairly lifting me from the ground.

"You poor little thing!" he whispered against my cheek. "Did it hurt much?"

IT DID, and hard as I tried I couldn't help the little whimper of pain that escaped from my lips and made me twist about. Somehow my lips touched his and he was kissing me again and again, and the pain had at last merged into the delirious rapture of being held tight against his heart.

"You little, precious thing! You sweet—"

But suddenly, now that my dream had come true, now that he was doing just what I had been wanting him to do, I was all at once overcome with embarrassment and shame. I had tricked him into it! I had allowed him to believe that we were marooned there, that I was afraid, that I couldn't walk without his arm around me!

"Oh, let me go! You mustn't! You mustn't!" I cried. I pulled myself from

his arms, but down I went again to the ground, and my protest ended in a moan of pain as I realized that I couldn't possibly stand up.

He had me up again almost instantly, but this time his arm only supported me and no longer held me close.

"Forgive me! Please forgive me!" he said. "I was so alarmed. Oh, you won't think too badly of me, please!"

"It's all right!" I said. I wanted dreadfully to tell him how I'd loved it, but all I dared to say was, "I must get around to Brother Brenner's cabin and fix up my ankle!"

He was all concern.

"You poor child! Here I stand stupidly making you talk when I should be helping you."

AND I was in his arms again, held tightly, like a baby, and was being carried swiftly through the trees by the light of a small flashlight he had produced from his pocket. I wanted awfully to slip my arm around his neck, to show him that I hadn't been angry at his kisses, but I didn't dare. We were coming nearer and nearer to Brother Brenner's, and now with my ankle sprained I'd simply have to tell him where the boats were and we'd have to go home and it would all be ended!

But when we came out of the woods to the clearing where the cabin was, we discovered what we hadn't realized under the thick trees, that the moon was completely obscured under black, piling clouds, and that a gusty, choppy wind was roughing the water of the lake.

The young man hurried as fast as my weight would permit him to, and we reached the door just as the downpour began.

"Thank our lucky stars Brother Brenner left his door unlocked!" he said, and he eased me down on my one good foot.

"He never locks it." I told him as matter-of-factly as possible, but my heart was beating swiftly, and a glad little song kept time to its beat. "We can't go home in this storm. We can't go home in this storm!"

"Let's see if we can find a lamp. Can you stand against the wall?"

"Yes. His lamp will be on the table at the other side of the room."

He was matter-of-fact enough himself when he carried me to a chair and began searching for bandages to do up my ankle.

I couldn't help crying out sharply as he drew off my slipper, but his face was so terribly sympathetic and his hands tried so hard to be gentle that I shut my teeth resolutely and did my best to bear the pain without flinching.

And when it was done at last I lay back in my chair, weak and a little bit sick, but happier than I could ever remember being!

"There!" he said, sitting back on the floor and viewing his bandages. "It's a neat job if I do say it."

"It's lovely!" I said. I wanted awfully to brush his hair back caressingly. "Where did you learn it so well?"

"Bandaging? Oh, I was plantation doctor for Caswell all last winter."

"Caswell? Last winter?" I said.

HE BEGAN picking up the scraps of bandages swiftly and set the pan of water up on the table before he said any more. Then his eyes looked up into mine very straight, but sort of pleadingly as if he were not at all sure how I might take what he was going to say. I couldn't help noticing how terribly nice his mouth looked with that kind of an expression on it.

"You see I was out there, and honestly, Little Lady, I didn't mean to deceive you! Only we didn't meet regularly as I'd expected we would, and then you got to telling me about yourself, just the things I'd

come here to find out, and I'm afraid I let you go on thinking—"

"But what do you mean?" I couldn't help breaking in. "You don't mean my old Pop Caswell, surely."

"Yes! I worked out there for him all last winter, and he was worried about you and afraid they wouldn't ever let you come back. He hadn't heard from you for so long."

"But I write him a letter every month!"

"But he doesn't get it, and I thought I knew why, being pretty well acquainted with Aunt Etta. So he asked me to come and investigate."

"But Hawaii! I thought you were in the insurance business in New York!"

"Well, I wasn't!"

Something in his tone and in his fleeting smile as he mentioned Aunt Etta suddenly told me what my mistake had been, but before I could more than begin to realize it and to feel chagrined at the way I had jumped at conclusions, he was on his knees beside me, his hands holding mine fearfully tight.

"You've got to forgive me, Little Lady! I hadn't a notion of passing myself off as good old Gren Howard. And by the way, he was the beastly handsome lad that everyone was welcoming when we slipped out of the cottage. But before I had a good chance to introduce myself you'd pronounced sentence on my poor, maligned reputation, so what could I do? All's fair, you know, in love!"

I broke in hastily before he could finish, although I wanted dreadfully to hear him say it!

"You aren't, you're not Aunt Etta's nephew?"

"I am! But, honest, she never gave me half the credit I deserved! And, really, I'm not nearly as rich as she thinks I am, and anyway I've always worked, even if I've never been in the insurance game! And if you'd only—"

I DIDN'T stop him this time, but somehow he didn't seem able to go on, and when I looked up at him it didn't really matter, anyhow, for it wasn't necessary to say anything else at all. I just slipped my arm up his neck where I'd been wanting to put it for so long, and his nice mouth, well—

"Won't this just finish Aunt Etta!" I said. "But I thought she had me listed as a prospective husband for you anyhow," Lee said as he drew back to look at me adoringly for the hundredth time.

"Oh, but not until after my birthday! You see Uncle Joe is my guardian until I'm eighteen or until I marry. So you see if I marry first, the plantation is no longer in Aunt Etta's hands."

"I know. Caswell told me that. He thought my marrying you was about the only way to get you out of Aunt Etta's clutches."

"Your marrying me! You don't mean you and Pop Caswell planned it!"

"Uh—huh!" He smiled whimsically and kissed me a few more times. "Caswell strongly recommended it."

"But you didn't even know me!"

"Oh, yes, I did! I have all the photographs you'd sent Caswell, and I learned an awful lot about you from Peter Pan and Wendy and the natives, to say nothing of Pop Caswell's eternal eulogizing. And anyway, I didn't really commit myself to marry you, you know, until I'd questioned you thoroughly and had learned all your secrets and ambitions!"

I drew away from him severely.

"Huh! If I hadn't kidnapped you and held you here by strategy you'd never have found out all the things you wanted to know, just the same!"

"Strategy?" Lee said, calmly drawing me back into his arms. "As how, sweetest?"

Never Before

SUCH A QUICK EASY, SURE WAY TO LEARN ELECTRICITY

in 90 Days No Books No Lessons

New \$2,000,000 school, new equipment, more instructors—you learn faster and more thoroughly. Prepare for the big pay jobs. Become master of practical electricity in 90 days. Learn on actual equipment. Wind real armatures; build real batteries; wire real houses. Everything real. Instructors constantly with you. Sure method of training. Send NOW for my big 56-page book telling you how to prepare for jobs paying \$20 a week and up. Real lifetime employment service. Act NOW!

COYNE Electrical SCHOOL

Not a Correspondence School—H. C. Lewis, Pres.—Est. 1899
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 18-84 Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. C. Lewis, Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 18-84
500 S. Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Illustrated FREE Book on Electricity and Coyne, No obligation. Also details on free employment service, and radio, aeroplane and automotive courses that are included.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

BEAUTY — LOVELINESS OVERNIGHT

NEW LIQUID MASK
brings the joy of a clear skin and lovely complexion. You've tried the UTH-A-GAIN LIQUID MASK and you'll prize its remarkable beautifying power. IN ONE TREATMENT sent direct to you. Just send name and address—full instructions sent promptly. Give a new loveliness of color and life—take your skin quickly of wrinkles, lines, pimples, blotches, enlarged pores, freckles, itching, dry, shiny and yellow skin. Experience the joy and happiness of lovely skin with the UTH-A-GAIN LIQUID MASK. Write today.
Virginia May 335 Masonic Bldg., Newtonville Station - Boston, Mass.

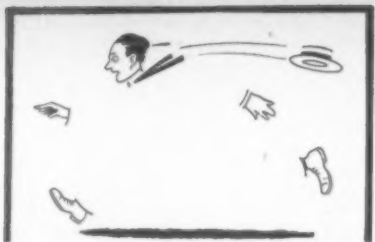
BIG SPECIAL Beautiful! Accurate!

ONLY 50c WEEKLY
Latest model ladies' rectangular wrist watch, 14 kt. white, rolled-steel, beautifully engraved case. High-grade sapphire protected movement. Written guarantee. Read 50c with order. Full price only \$1.50. Immediate delivery. No returns required. The special offer is limited. Rush 50c at once.
Regent Watch Co., 95 Nassau St., N. Y. C., Dept. 9-7

Make \$12 a Day from Start
Part time men \$5 an hour selling famous Pioneer tailored-to-measure all-wool suits at \$28.50. Commissions paid in advance. Striking leather brief case containing 100 large swatch samples furnished—each capable of remarkable values at \$25 and \$34.50. We train the inexperienced. Men with determination and willingness to work for success write for this big money making opportunity today.
Pioneer Tailoring Co., 155 W. Harrison St., Dept. N1196 Chicago

Yours for 10 DAYS FREE

Say the word and we'll send you a genuine L. C. Smith (world's only ball bearing typewriter) to test 10 days. All the latest operating attachments; beautifully rebuilt; GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Sensationally priced; 60% saving; easy terms. FREE Typewriting Course, Tests, Waterproofing if you act now. Write for Special Offer and free typewriter manual.
SEND NO MONEY SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP. Chicago 491-340 E. Grand Ave.



Complete this Drawing Test your Ability

If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Opportunities in this field have never been better. Drawing is easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way." Learn from over fifty famous artists. The course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Complete the drawing above in pen or pencil. Write your name and address on the margin of the page. Tear it out and mail to us TO-DAY.

Federal School of Illustrating

1288 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Make \$40.00 a Day Giving away Marvelous Patented Pencil

For a limited time only we are giving away our marvelous newly patented pencil. Show anyone how it works—how different it is and they will want one. It holds eight long leads and automatically feeds new leads one after the other. Just press the top and a new lead immediately appears. Write one full year without refilling. It is beautifully made and handsomely finished. Read every word of this offer. Learn how you can make an easy \$10 a day giving them away.

Write a full year without refilling

MORTON SALES CO.
Dept. 911
16-12 4th St.
St. L. I.
City, N. Y.

Double Your Pay Easy Way

Learn at Home
to Make Clever
SHOW CARDS

Prepare now. No special ability needed if you learn at home by this amazing, complete and practical method. Student R. A. Hart wrote, while learning, "I make \$2.00 an hour in spare time. My Underwood writes, 'I clear \$25 to \$35 a day.' Other students make \$25 or more a week in spare time while learning—more when they graduate. Good Show Card Writers earn \$50, \$75 and \$100 a week."

Get Free Book.

No obligation. No salesman will call. State name and Mr. Miss or Mrs. WASHINGTON SHOW CARD SCHOOL
1117-15th St., N. W., Dept. 9617 Washington, D. C.



CIGARETTE MAKER

Roll your own and save money. Better and quicker; contains less than half. Use your favorite brand of tobacco. Neat, useful and handy. Made entirely of metal, nickel plated, 25c. 3 for 65c. postpaid. 50 page catalog of Novelties, Tricls, Puzzles. Free with order. JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 108



LOADED CIGARETTES

Just like ordinary cigarettes but with real starters. Box contains 10 real cigarettes. When absorbed third smoked, each cigarette goes off with a loud bang. Great fun. Absolutely harmless. See box for details. RACINE, WISCONSIN

"Well, for one thing, I knew perfectly well that it was only Brother Brenner's old blind mare back there in the woods—"

"Oh, I did, too! I saw her! But it was nice snuggling up together pretending to be scared, wasn't it now?"

"Oh, you saw her, did you? Well, at least I made you believe we were alone on the Island, when all the time I knew Brother Brenner would be back after the preaching on Point East!"

"Yes? Brother Brenner rowed me over to Aunt Etta's this evening. He told me to have you bring me over here in the morning to explore, but perhaps he won't mind our premature arrival, and he says he's fixed to marry folks at all times, day or night."

"My, you do work fast, don't you? But here's one thing you couldn't possibly have known! I knew that boat was loose from the pier almost as soon as we got into it,

but I didn't mention it until we were too far out to get back!"

I was immediately kissed a number of times.

"Clever Little Lady! But tell me, did you know this one? I cut the rope that held it as I was getting in!"

I GAVE up then, thankfully, and snuggled down in his arms to wait for the rain to stop and for Brother Brenner to come back.

"Aunt Etta knows her matchmaking pretty well after all, doesn't she, sweetheart?" Lee said.

I sighed deliciously. I wanted awfully to agree with everything he said, but I was obliged to set him right this one last time. "Aunt Etta," I told him, "had nothing to do with it. You're exactly the kind of a husband I'd always planned to have, anyhow!"

IS SILENCE always golden? When a man's career and a woman's reputation are both being ruined because the truth about a famous band of Mexican diamond smugglers has never been told, wouldn't the man who broke such a damning silence be justified? Because I believe he would I am going to tell you in February SMART SET the truth about that band and its Vanished Leader.

A Woman With Two Souls

[Continued from page 52]

among the motor cars. Oh, how delicious! The lamps, the headlights, the red and green signals, and a moon! I love that Fifth Avenue. We went into Central Park where the trees kept shading us. Neither had spoken. Then he said.

"I can't believe you are Graelen R—"

"Why?"

"You have the face of a lovely child tonight, and in the pictures—"

Ah, I knew. "It is you who bring that side up, Mr. . . ."

"GIBSON," he said. "Roy Gibson. In the piano business. But what in the world has the piano business to do with us? Have you forgotten?"

My heart jumped through me. I trembled and got faintish. The truth was beating at me, but I couldn't see it. Just then the carriage rolled into moonlight, and we turned toward each other. A moment more, we both cried out, we were in each other's arms.

"This is madness," he breathed, "like that other. But I've never forgotten you. And I knew you must be Graelen, and knew it not. Graelen is so siren-like, a Circe with men. But once in a while she lifts up that face, with round eyes, and soft smile, and I have her in my arms on the Mauretania, that first night of the war. Are you going to disappear again?"

"No," I gave a soft laughter. "But ah, where were you? Graelen hunted you, even in the engine room."

"You did? I was sick, Graelen. I stayed out all the night, walking the ship, and in the morning, I took sick suddenly, high fever, delirium; and so till I got ashore. My sickness, I don't know what it was. But I was in love."

"Sick?" I said. "And possibly I walk by your stateroom many a time, and you inside, sick and delirious, and I hunting you. But oh, you didn't die, did you? You are here now? Is it strange I came to think I must have dreamed you?"

He was a bachelor, thank the good God, and I unwedded. He felt that I conferred the highest honors upon him in loving him. He felt, he said, twice the man he was. He lived, he told me, in an apartment alone. Would I ever come to see him? Could I trust him?"

"With you," I laughed, "I will go anywhere. Show me tonight. I am safe with you as with a father or mother."

It was so. He was a knight like Galahad or King Arthur. He was what you Americans call clean. My whole soul came to peace, I was blessed with him; he was so different from the men I knew. Ah, my girlhood dream: love in a garden, beside the waters, the world shut out.

So it began. The rest of my New York stay was all his. Ah, a time of miracles. His voice on the telephone waking me in the morning. Our breakfast together. Yes, we had strawberries and cream! Our sauntering, not in the garden, but in the crowded streets, which turned into gardens, because we were hidden from everyone. That evening in Gramercy Park, the high iron fence closing us in, the great tree overhead, a fountain playing!

That night! We sat on a bench, this hand that writes in his. We kiss; he whispers me:

"Graelen, we must marry."

Revolt! Suddenly the actress screams in me, "No, no, I can't marry. I cannot be the domestic wife. I must have the world at my feet. Men, men, men, and wine and song. Intoxication, fame, wealth, glory." Ah, with Roy I was only the convent-girl; the actress slept. But now she awoke, weaponed.

I TRY to explain it to Roy. "Not yet, not yet. It would spoil all. I would be different; you too. Now you are my garden, my Gramercy Park, my dream-world. You fold me in, when I am weary and worn, the gates are locked, the world is lost, fame is forgotten. Be just that to me, Roy, and I shall love you ever and ever."

He pleads. He will let me free. I can come and go. He is not jealous. I can kiss in the movies. Anything. But the hardness in me comes, gulping my throat, when I think of marriage. I cannot swallow it. I am firm.

"Not yet," I say, to make an end, "later. Wait till I am a little sick of glory."

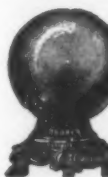
He fights to win. And I might have been his wife the next day, where here I am hurrying to his death-call. Oh Roy, what



There's a thrill
of satisfaction
when you buy
Christmas Seals



The National, State, and
Local Tuberculosis Associations
of the United States



Be Popular!

Tell your friends about the old art of Crystal Gazing. You will amaze them and they will want to know all you "see" in the crystal in this interesting game. Our splendid, flawless glasses lend distinction to your room, reflecting all the objects in the most beautiful manner. Artistic metal stand included. Book of Instructions free. Pay \$2.85 and postage when delivered, or send Money Order and save postage.

MAGNUS WORKS Box 12
Vazick Sta. New York. Dept. 5M81



WISH-RING

"A wish expressed is nigh fulfilled." The ancient Oriental symbols mean: Good Luck, Health and Happiness. "Ask and it shall be given you" is the Master's Command. Your WISH engraved FREE inside of ring if remittance comes with order. Sterling Silver, \$2.00. Same Gold Filled \$3.00. Solid Gold, \$8.00. (C. O. D. orders Postage 20c extra.)

ORIENT EXCHANGE, Dept. 28, 100 Park Place, New York.

MAGIC JUMPING BEAN WONDER NOVELTY Baseball Game and Racing Course. Four Magic Jumping Beans to do all the work. Lots of Fun and Excitement. Fascinating Wagering. Order \$1.00.

ORIENT EXCHANGE, Dept. 35, 100 Park Place, New York.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete
this simplified High
School Course at home in
the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical
courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

side of two years. Mortal men prepare for entrance to college
and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical
courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-1251 Broad Ave. & 5th St. @AS1923 CHICAGO

LEARN TO Mount Birds

We teach you At Home by Mail to mount Birds, Animals, Birds, Fish and Marine Fossils. Be a taxidermy artist. Easily, quickly learned by men, women and boys. Tremendously interesting and fascinating. Decorate home and den with beautiful art. Make Big Profits from Spare Time Selling Specimens and Mounting for Others. Free Book—Yes absolutely Free—beautiful book telling all about how to learn taxidermy. Send Today. You will be delighted. Don't Delay!

Northwestern School of Taxidermy
3861 Elmwood Blvd.
OMAHA, NEB.

have I done? It rushes over me. I go blind.

We get into Chicago tonight. Then out by the Twentieth Century to New York. Tomorrow! How can I live through till then? I cannot rest. The song of the wheels keeps over and over the same, "He is dying: he is dead." It drives me beside myself. How I hate the endless prairie outside, dead with winter, mournful cows standing still, bitter winds, skies all heavy cloud . . . Roses in Hollywood, snow in New York! And Roy in his bed, perhaps dead now.

I MUST write again. I must curb my fever with the hard work of telling my story.

I left Roy in New York and came to Hollywood. I buried myself in my work so far as I could. It was three months before the picture was finished and I could go to New York again. But all that time I was never so good an actress before. The picture had much love-longing in it. A woman waits many years for her lover. All my longing for Roy, my desperate sorry longing, my homesickness, came into my face, as I sat beside the sea and stared over the waters, waiting, waiting. That picture was my first American triumph. I was in love, and the people could see and feel I was in love.

Daily we wrote to each other. Often came flowers. He did not complain by letter, for he knew I was too burdened with work. But when he met me in the station in New York, I trembled for fear of his health; he looked lean and pale, his eyes were burning. But we were too happy.

Next day, Sunday we walked through empty streets in the sun, holding hands, and laughed and were children. Gramercy Park that night! My burden dropped away. I was at peace again. When the bells of the Metropolitan Tower tolled, I almost imagined the garden in the convent and my dream-lover stealing me away. Oh, how restful, how delicious! My head went down on his shoulder.

"Ah, my Graelen," he said, "we must marry. There's no other way."

"Would you cease," I asked, "giving me what you do?"

"I give nothing," he said, "that's just it. You don't accept my love and my home, and you have everything else in the world."

"You give me, my darling, this," I said, and laid his hand on my brow, making it caress me. "That is what you give me. Oh, sweet, sweet human things, so I can forget I am an actress, a star. Little things. Strawberries and cream, careless things and peace."

HE SAW my wonderful happiness then, and held back his tongue. So it came about. Whenever a picture was finished I rushed to New York and played with Roy. Sometimes we sat in his apartment, with books and silence. Sometimes we went to the seashore, among the dunes where no people came, and we had the wind, the sand, the sky, the ocean. Often as not we walked about the city. We did the nothings that are everything. It was fun to take a bus ride with him, laughing softly together as we watched the sights.

It seemed thus it would go on always; ever returning to my sorrow of absence in Hollywood, the days of longing, and burning it all up in movie parts, acting with fire, and white longing, and tears that seared and scorched; with now and again the old devil, the knowing woman, the strange vampire snaking her way in, laughing, dancing, luring. And after that, my garden, my Gramercy Park.

But then three months ago came that sudden end I can't yet believe. It was a night in the Indian Summer, and in Gramercy Park. Ah, I remember as we sat

How a Famous Lecturer Found a Way to END FAT

by David V. Bush

I USED to be very stout. In fact I was so stout that I often felt ashamed to face my audiences in Carnegie Hall, New York, and other famous auditoriums.

One day I received a letter that made me blush. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat? You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves, mentally and physically. Yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

That I had been able to help others and not myself was a source of great irritation to me. Wherever I went I felt that people were saying: "If his method of right living has proved so beneficial to thousands—why doesn't he follow it himself?"

I Began to Experiment on Myself

But for years I had tried every known kind of reducing method without success. Months of dieting and exercise had failed to produce results. I would have given up in despair, but suddenly the thought came to me: Every reducing method I had tried was the invention of someone else. Why not perfect a safe, sure method of my own?

I resolved to start all over again and make a thorough investigation of all the principles of scientific reducing. For months I worked and studied—and at last I was ready for my great experiment.

Imagine my amazement. In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Within three weeks I had reduced to my normal weight. I found myself more vigorous, more mentally alert than ever before. I lost the sluggish, physical fatigue that fat brings.

I Guarantee to Reduce You, Too

No matter how stout you may be—no matter how many reducing methods you have tried—I guarantee that my new scientific course in natural reducing will end your stoutness—or the treatment won't cost you a penny!

Send no money. Simply send me your name and address and my complete instructions, "How to Reduce" will be sent to you. Pay the postman only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage on arrival. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—just tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. Mail the coupon TODAY. David V. Bush, Dept. H-491, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

David V. Bush, Publisher,
Dept. H-491, 225 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your complete method, "How to Reduce." I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of two weeks, I may return the course and you will refund my money at once.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Sometimes C.O.D. packages are delayed. To get quickest action send cash with order. If cash accompanies order, we will pay the postage.



THE SHEIK

For Luck in Love

GAMES AND BUSINESS
Get this Mystic Arabian Sheik Ring of unique design—unusual beauty—with gorgeous Ahmed ruby and emerald. Send no money. Pay postman only \$1.98 when delivered. Special Free Offer. Order now, send birth date, and horoscope with your Moon signs: 7 lucky days, and 7 lucky numbers will be included FREE. Why not have good luck?

SHEIK AHMED

1260-G-Calif. St., San Francisco, Calif.

there the leaves falling about us, the chimes going silver from the Tower, the soft air full of haziness, the tinkle of the fountain. We sat in silence, for Roy answered me nothing to my questions. Then I tried to take his hand, and he pushed it off. I grew frightened. I seized his arm.

"TELL me what you think?" I cry. Oh the pain that came to me. It was not my Roy talking. It was a dark, terrible stranger I had not met before. He was harsh, fierce, trampling on my heart.

"I'll tell you what I think," he cried. "You are selfish, vain, conceited, cruel. You use men for your own glory. You can't love. What am I to you? A sort of sanatorium; a rest-cure after your pictures. And then what? You say you put our love into your art. Your work is everything! What do I mean to you? My work is going blah! I can't think; I can't fight. I'm down and out with this love of yours. Your pictures show you. I should have known. The vamp, the cold woman who uses men. Innocent child! That's a pose. That's where you act. It's the other one that's the real you!"

He was raining blows on me. I was bruised, beaten, borne down, trampled on. I grew faint; I could not sit there. I groped upward. He leaped up also.

He seized my arm hard, and pushed me along. Oh, the cruelty in Roy at that moment!

Outside the Park he called to a taxi, and put me in.

I was weeping. I could say not a thing. Blackness was everywhere. He slammed the door, spoke to the driver, and I was taken to my hotel.

I waited the next day and the next. No word. Then came a telegram from Hollywood, to rush back, the best part in my life. The actress came to life. I went back. I, too, was through. For, oh, the beautiful image of him before which I knelt in my soul, that was broken. That precious thing, which love in all its purity brings, that was gone. For it was the ardent, innocent child in me that loved him, and he had crushed that child.

For not yet did I awake up to my selfishness, though his words followed me like bees that stung and stung me. But I was hard again. I had lived before Roy came, I could live after he was gone.

It was otherwise. Why was I ever languid? Why did it never seem worth while, the pictures? Why did I go and get the temperament I never had till then? For now I raged in the studio over trifling things.

I walked out. I made scenes. And all the time I cared about nothing. I did not care to live nor even to die. What was it all?

And what did I hear from Roy? Only what this friend and that told me, coming from New York. He was living a wild life. Sir Galahad was on the loose. I shrugged my shoulders. We perhaps had ruined one another. Did it matter? Let him go on the loose. He was so good, so clean; my ideal of a man; oh, what I wanted. And then a brute had spoken to me through his dear lips, a brute had looked at me through his loved eyes. Roy was no more. Let him be wild. Other men have been wild. Perhaps most men.

Three long months. And then the sudden telegram just two and a half hours before I boarded the train, that he was in the hospital, shot. "Condition, serious; asks for you."

I was seated languidly at breakfast when I opened the telegram and read it. And all I could do was to sit there stupidly and say: "I love you. I love you. I love you." I was already in New York at his bedside, taking his head into my arms. I was breathing life into him. Suddenly my dry eyes, three months dry, wept. Oh, the blessing of such tears! And then fear, fear that struck through me lightning, making me unable to move. Three thousand miles away. I called my maid.

"PACK, pack; this morning's train; New York."

I staggered as I tried to get dressed. I shook with wild sobs. And oh, remorse. Now a flood of light came, now that it was too late. A flood of light. I saw myself. I painted over again with terrible details the picture Roy had painted of me. I saw my selfishness, my reckless, cruel ambition. I had killed the wonder of my life for what? A round of applause, a look on my face in a picture. Oh, infamous! Truly I had been selling my soul in selling my love.

And then, as I got on the train, my heavy veil concealing me, I was handed a newspaper. There it was. Roy Gibson, the piano manufacturer, shot in a drunken brawl in a Night Club over a woman. Over a woman! I was racked with the most astounding jealousy.

Who is she? Must I forgive him as he must forgive me? What do I face tomorrow? Will he be silent, still, the last word spoken? Will my feet hold me up if I confront him dead? Oh, now I wish there were more to write, more. Just to busy myself; not to look longer on the wide

winter-sodden prairies, the desolate farm houses, the heavy, heavy skies. A whole night more; and then tomorrow.

The last telegram came as we were reaching New York. It said: "Passing through crisis; a few hours will tell." His life still hung by a thread, and as we went into New York, I seemed to go into a city of death. The snow fell soft, fell and fell, like on a city of the graves of the giants, and the little people passed among the dead. I jumped into a taxi. We were held up at crossways, I swayed to and fro, half dead myself, pierced with jealousies, fears, dreads, remorse, my eyes red, my cheeks pale.

We came to the hospital door. My maid pay the taxi. I stumble in.

The woman at the desk looks at me with marvel, for she knows I am Graelen R—. "He is alive," she says. "You're to go up, Miss R—"

An orderly takes me up. We come to a door. It is opened. I walk in, my heart stops. He is still alive. I come to the bed.

The doctor he is very grave. "He calls for you," he said. "Perhaps when he sees you, he will come back. Or not. Try it."

I go to him. I lean close, getting on my knees.

"Darling," I whisper, "I came. Graelen came. I love you, darling. I came."

He opens his eyes. His eyelids flutter. He turns his head a little, and blinks. Then he smiles softly.

"Graelen," he whispers, "is it you?"

"Yes, darling," I say, "I came to tell you, if you have me, I will be your wife."

"Ah," he sighs, and shut his eyes. I take his head in my arms, and kiss his lips. I kiss and kiss him. I kiss my soul into him, my life. Then I feel him kiss back.

And oh, Roy, how I loved you back to health, with only one terror left in me, the terror of that woman for whose sake you were shot. Needless terror! When they wheeled him out on the roof, a week later, in the winter sunshine, and we were alone, he told me. The woman was myself. Think of it, a man had insulted my name before him. They fought, and he was shot.

SINCE then, I have learned another strange thing. Roy has changed. Those months of wildness changed him. He looked different even, more worldly, more manly perhaps. He was no longer the old dream-lover only. But he was that, too. And I saw then that perhaps I could be more my self with him; not just the innocent child, but the actress too; and that perhaps now we could be happy in the marriage. Ah, of that now we shall see.

IS TOO much freedom in marriage as bad as not enough? Would you let another woman have your husband rather than resort to feminine tricks to hold him? Or would you, believing that men and women are unchanged in spite of their modern poses, rely, as my story in February SMART SET will prove I did, on "The Tyranny of Tears."

Because She Adored Her Husband

[Continued from page 60]

Since he did not budge, I took him firmly by the arm. He responded then like a child and sat down in a daze, absently lighting his pipe.

"Tell me what happened," I urged. "What was the shock that did this?"

"THE shock?" he echoed. "The shock was that she found me out and a tin god went crashing. Doctor, that woman adored me; she worshipped the ground I walked on; her life was in my hands, and now I've crushed it."

"Doctor," he went on and I did not interrupt him, "it was all wrong from the start. The way I met her was wrong. It

began with the hero-stuff. It was down at Palm Beach and she had gone out beyond her depth and was drowning. I was swimming near and I reached her just as she was sinking the third time and carried her in. When they brought her to and she lay there on the sand, she tried to reach up her hand to thank me, but couldn't. I had to lean close to her to hear her. And so we got a square look at each other. Her face frightened me; it was so beautiful, her eyes shining into mine, her lips trembling, her cheeks so pale, her hair all dripping wet and glowing.

"ALL wrong. We shouldn't have met that way. She should have run in on me

gambling with the boys, when I was showing when I was drinking with light women, or the coarse, weak, cowardly rotter that I am. Oh, I'm all right in a way. Don't get me wrong. I'm a good criminal lawyer. I'm bold in a court-room, and I'd risk my neck for a lot of things. But deep in me I'm a four-flusher."

He paused a moment, so I put in: "In what way?"

"With women," he said, "with liquor, with gambling and with life. I've always taken the easiest way; I've always bluffed, evaded or tricked. That's my real character! That's what I am."

He laughed bitterly and sardonically.

"Could I get Emily to see me that way? Never! From that first walk we took that night in the moonlight, far down the sands, she let me know that I stood on a pedestal, with herself way down below saying little prayers to me and adoring me. And the worst of it was that I couldn't deceive her. I didn't even want to. It was uncanny, but when I was with her, she made me feel that I was noble, and good, and true, and faithful, and straight, and strong.

"SHE demanded that I be the pure article, and I acted up to her wish. The way she saw me, I tried to be. I dropped the cursing, the gambling, the whole business. And whenever I was away from her, I felt too sweet to live. I hated myself from the ground up.

"It was a fake heaven we went into when we married, and I trembled in fear from day to day as we went on. There was no stopping it. As the months passed, she'd tell me time and again how she had come to understand me, the real me; she alone saw it; and I was everything she had dreamed a man should be. I was so attentive! I was a real lover! I understood her! I was thoughtful! I was such a comfort! And there I'd be, a bit drunk on it, looking my noblest.

"Then, two months ago, I ran into Tannie G—" He laughed harshly. "Tannie's an actress, and knew me in the old days. Besides, she really knew me. No one can fool Tannie. She had me on the carpet in no time.

"I had run into her at the Ritz at lunch. She was alone, so I sat down with her.

"Gosh, it was good! Down to the Earth, back to me. Tannie certainly opened the windows for me and let in the air. So it struck me all of a heap that I needed Tannie as an antidote to Emily. It's so con-foundedly good to be natural, to be what you are, not to have to play-act. For Tannie didn't care. Actually, she didn't like the 'high-hat' me, but the old tumbledown, in and out, fast and loose gambler and philanderer. She craved the man I was and not something I was supposed to be. So there I was, with Emily pushing me up and Tannie pulling me down. And when I was with Tannie I felt free and wicked, and when I was with Emily I did not dare look into the future.

"Don't get me wrong, Doctor. From the time I met Emily there hasn't been any other woman in the world for me; not one. I loved her so that I hadn't the heart or the courage to show her the real me; to disillusion her, to make her love me less. Or perhaps I was too weak, too vain. I strutted my stuff before her and liked to feel big. And so," his voice dropped to a despairing whisper, "I've crushed her, and broken the only beautiful thing I knew in life. Why are we all such fools?"

SOMETHING like a harsh sob, almost of rage, escaped him; and he sat staring down at the floor.

"My God, I'm a rotter, when I think of it," he went on slowly. "You see, Doctor, I got to feeling blue staying home night after night with Emily; so the other evening I did a fool thing. I pleaded business and took Tannie to a night club. I drank, and Tannie drank, and we danced. And we kissed each other for the first time. When I came home, Emily was waiting for me. When I kissed her, she looked up at me incredulous and shocked.

"You've been drinking," she said.

"Yes," I said, "I met some of the boys. It won't happen again, Em. I'm devilish sorry."

"She forgave me instantly, and blamed the boys; said she knew how it was when a man was in a drinking crowd.

"That was three nights ago. This eve-

Amazing New Glass Cleaner offers \$15 a Day PROFIT!



HERE'S an absolutely new, money-making proposition that will bring you big profits—easy profits—QUICK PROFITS! You can make \$50 a week in spare time—\$100 in full time—taking orders for JIFFY GLASS CLEANER—a new, pure, harmless liquid that easily and instantly cleans glass surfaces without water, soap or ammonia. Think of it! Unequaled for cleaning windows, mirrors, windshields, show cases, eyeglasses, etc.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Earn Big Money

All you do is demonstrate to housewives, automobile owners, stores, garages, etc., and take orders. We do not sell dealers. All business from your locality must come through you, and you alone get the profit on every order. Every demonstration brings you two to four orders. Just moisten a cloth with Jiffy Glass Cleaner, rub over the surface of the glass and then polish with a dry cloth. Instantly removes all dust, dirt, grease and grime without streaking. After one application windows shine, gleam and sparkle like crystal—and stay clean twice as long.

Albers Made \$47 in a Day!

Henry Albers, Ohio, made \$47 in one day and he says that \$100 a week is easy for him. Men and women everywhere are making amazing profits with Jiffy Glass Cleaner and my 350 other fast-selling products. Chris. Vaughn, Ohio, made \$125 in a week; L. C. Van Allen, Ill., averages more than \$100 a week; Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., earned \$50 in her first week's spare time; Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., earns \$18 to \$20 a day; H. O. Hanson, N. D., makes \$75 a week in spare time. You can make this big money, too!

Send No Money

I don't want you to send me a cent. All I want you to do is let me show you how you can make \$50 to \$100 a week, without experience and without taking any course of training. I agree to furnish everything you need, to tell you what to do and say in this easy, fascinating work. You positively take no risk whatever. You can't lose a penny and yet you have a wonderful chance to reap big profits quickly. You can make \$10 to \$20 a day right from the start.

Mail Coupon NOW

Introduce Jiffy Glass Cleaner in your locality while it's new. This is your chance to make more money than you've ever made before. Send coupon for full details—without cost or obligation to you! Act quick for big profits. Send coupon TODAY!

THE JIFFY GLASS CLEANER CO.
32 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

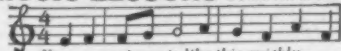
Please send me full details of your money-making proposition without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

(Print or Write Plainly.)

MUSIC LESSONS IN YOUR HOME



You can read music like this quickly

Write today for our FREE BOOKLET. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2c per day for music and postage used.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC 43 Manhattan Building, CHICAGO.

WEDDINGS



Engraved INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS ~ VISITING CARDS ~ Correct in form. Perfect in execution. Direct from the nation's capital. Moderate prices. Ask for the loan of Portfolio of samples. Heuser & Co., 319 Eye St. N.E., Washington, D. C.

SHOP BY MAIL FROM THIS WINDOW OF SPECIALS

WHAT YOU DO—

SEND A DOLLAR with Name and Address, number of article desired and brief note telling us something about yourself.

Simply state: (1) how long at address, (2) age, (3) married or single, (4) name and address of employer, (5) nature of work, (6) how long in employ.

All information held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries to employer.

\$1 Brings Your Choice \$37.50 EACH

WHAT WE DO—

Upon arrival of your order, we will open a 10 month Charge Account and send selection for approval and 15 DAY TRIAL. If satisfied, pay \$3.65 monthly; others use return and dollar will be refunded.

To Any Adult interested in purchasing Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry, we will send without charge these five complete booklets illustrated in colors.

S-23—Two Diamonds, four blue sapphires, 14K white gold rectangular wrist watch; 15 Jewels, Expansion Bracelet.



S-27—Both Watch and Chain are 14K solid green gold. Guaranteed 7 Jewel Elgin movement.



S-24—AA1 blue-white diamonds, 14K white gold Ladies' Solitaire; 15K white gold.



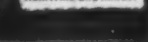
S-25—Three AA1 blue-white diamonds set in this Ladies' King wrought in 14K white gold.



S-26—18K white gold Dinner Ring, carved and engraved; set with three AA1 blue-white diamonds.



S-28—Elgin Strap Watch for Men; hand carved 14K green gold filled case; 7 Jewel Elgin movement. Radom's numerals and hands.



L.W. SWEET, DEPT 1108-F 1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY INC.

START to PLAY Very First Day!

Extra Money, Hosts of Friends,
Loads of Fun Can Be Yours!

FREE easy lessons enable you to play this amazing instrument at once, even if you can't read a note of music right now! Surprise and delight your friends. Make big money at dances, entertainments and socials. Earn \$5 to \$25 extra for work that is play. Wonderful for the home. No teacher necessary, free lessons show you how. **Earns \$60.00 a Week**

Ralph Smith, Chicago, says: "Played 30 minutes at wedding. Received \$20." L. E. Hallman, Reading, Penna., writes: "Made \$300 in 6 weeks—spare time."

Five Days Free Trial—Yest to Pay. Big Free Book tells how you can play the Xylorimba in your own home for five days and evenings at our risk and outlines our special terms that make it easy for you to own a Xylorimba. If you want more fun out of life, more friends and boosters, more money than you've ever earned before, send for Free Book today. **J. C. DEAGAN, Inc., Dept. 1641, 1770 Burton Ave., Chicago** Please send me, without obligation, full details of the Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name _____

Address _____

Clear Your Head



KONDON'S will do it quick—Cold in head, cough, coryza, nasal and dry catarrh, headache, earache, deafness, sore nose, sore lips, bad breath, rose cold, hay fever. Ask your doctor, nurse or dentist. At druggists 30c or 60c in tubes. Thirty-five years doing good.

FREE — 20 treatment tin.
Write for yours now,
KONDON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

\$2.50 FULL SIZE 10Z FREE
LAIR NARCISSE

PERFUME GIVEN AWAY!
—to popularize this exquisite fragrant French Perfume to the American Public. You will love the exotic, rare sweet scent. Only one Free \$2.50 size bottle to a reader. Send only 25c for mailing costs. HURRY!
5000 GIVEN AWAY
PARIS
World Perfume Co.
432 4th Ave., New York City, Dept. 110

FREE WHILE They Last

Learn about a secret method—how you can have "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days." Amazing German Discovery. Men and Women. Old and Young can get rid of disfiguring facial blemishes and have soft NEW youthful skin. Your friends will marvel at the change. Wrinkles, Freckles, Blackheads, Pimples GONE!
HAVE A NEW SKIN
RUSH name and address for Free Beauty Treatise. Write **MARVO**
1700 Broadway, New York City. E26

You can now Own a Typewriter!

\$300 down and it's yours
Guaranteed 5 years
Small Monthly Payments
Free Course in Typing
Send Now for Big free Book

Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., 3821 Shipman Bldg., Chicago **World's Largest Rebuilders**

Name _____

Address _____

ning I came home, and she was sitting in this room, in that chair, pale as death, but her eyes were shining. There she was, with that glowing hair, and those beautiful eyes, saying to me without words that she was proud of me and that she believed in me.

"Em," I said, "something's on your mind."
"Not really," she answered, "but Jane K— called this afternoon. She said that on Tuesday night she was at a night club and saw you and Tannie G—. She said some other things too, terrible, cruel, cowardly things to say."

"Then," Emily said, "I showed her the door and told her never to come here again."

WHEN she said that, my heart almost broke with love of her. I knew I wasn't good enough to be the rug under her feet. Pure faith, pure love! She gave both to me; and no questions.

"And then, Doctor, I struck the blow. I thought, fool that I was, that I never could look her in the eyes again unless I told her the truth. I thought I owed it to her. Somehow it never occurred to me that this might happen. I said to her:

"Em, you'd better kick me out of the door and let me writhe."

"When I said that, her lips went apart and her hands went to her heart. She sat there a long while. I rushed over to her.

"For God's sake, Em, listen," I began.
"But she cut me off. Her voice was quiet and dead.

"Help me to my room."

"I helped her to her room and she sank down on the bed.

"Then, just before I went down for you, the maid came in with a message.

"Mrs. F— says her time has come and to get the doctor."

Roderick swallowed bitterly. "That's about all, I guess," he muttered.

The room was silent. I was just preparing to go, when there rose that strange primitive sound that seems to cut to the quivering center of life and its pain: a woman's scream. Roderick leaped to his feet and would have rushed from the room, but I stopped him.

"You must endure it," I cried, "or you may kill her. Hold yourself down."

Four hours later the little new baby was lying at the foot of the bed. Emily lay against her pillow, her face pale as wax and the veins showed blue on her forehead. The face was deathlike and looked all the stranger because of the glowing hair that framed it and the dark blue eyes that shone in it. She was so spent and weak she could not move. To hear her, I had to lean close to her lips.

"He'll live?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "you'll have to take good care of him, but he'll live."

"Let me see him."

"Wait, just a little," I pleaded. "You're not quite ready. Besides, I want you to live."

"No," she said simply, "I can't."

"Your son needs you, Emily," I said.

"Poor, poor baby. It's too late."

"Not if you do one thing," I went on.

"No," her lips quivered, "there's nothing to do."

"You must forgive Roderick."

"I can't," she murmured. "I gave him a great love. I honored him and adored him. His image was in my heart, perfect and true. He has broken it, and broken me."

"Emily," I said, "you adored him too much; you put him on a pedestal and made

him act false to himself. He couldn't help it. He loved you so much he wanted to be the man you dreamed he was. And it drove him to do foolish things for relief. Not as foolish," I went on, "as you believe. That was the first night they kissed. That was the only time. That was all there was to it. He has told me the whole truth. He is contrite and crushed. Once he saved your life; save his and your own now."

The tears were streaming down her face. Then she glanced at me.

"It was only that once?"

"Yes, Emily."

"But to do it at such a time as this—"

"Share the blame with him," I broke in.
"Don't you see, Emily? You were newly wed, you idolized each other, and you put him too high. He couldn't live at such a level. He only went to another woman because she allowed him to be himself, foolish, weak, silly. It's what you should have done, but didn't do. The blame is with both of you."

She lay very still. I turned to the nurse.

"Show Mrs. F— the baby," I said.

The nurse brought the child.

Emily began to croon softly.

"Oh, the cunning little thing. The cute little thing. The darling little thing. My baby, my own. Put him in my arms, nurse."

The child was laid carefully in her arms.
"Emily," I said, "that child is yours and that child is Roderick's. You are his mother, but Roderick is his father. Forgive him."

Roderick had entered. There was a pause, and I noticed a sudden deeper silence, a silence which seemed to envelop the place, something soft, universal, deep. Without thinking I said:

"It has begun to snow."

We all listened, as it were, while Roderick stood looking down at the mother and her new-born.

He stepped slowly closer and closer. He leaned to Emily, the tears dropping.

"Darling," said Emily, "it's a boy."

He sank to her lips, and a wailing was heard, the child's cry for the mother.

IT MAY interest the reader to know that the child not only lived and grew strong, but actually the real marriage of Emily and Roderick began. There is, often enough, this first crash in marriage, when the illusion and the enchantment of falling in love has begun to wear thin. It is then that the couple may suddenly discover each other, a dangerous moment which sometimes wrecks the marriage. In this case, it was the woman more than the man who could not see truly; and the part she assigned to him was such that he could not live it. It was too noble and too high for him. It was inevitable then that if he went on playing the hypocrite, that nature should assert itself in some other direction. Hence, his overpowering impulse to be disloyal to her.

This is another clear case where my medical knowledge alone could not have met the situation. In fact it shows plainly what a powerful part a mental and emotional shock can play and how necessary it is in such a case to meet the crisis with understanding and with reason and sympathy.

At some other time I will tell the story of the man who didn't believe in marriage, or love, for that matter, and whose refusal of the greatest thing in his life almost wrecked a woman and himself. But now I must draw to an end, so, dear reader, once more "Au Revoir."

PERHAPS the strangest of all the cases in the Family Doctor's notebook is the case of the man who almost destroyed himself and the woman he loved, body and soul, because he refused to believe in marriage as the normal expression of that love. He will tell you the facts in this startling case in an early issue of SMART SET!

Crucible of Youth

(Continued from page 47)

ask you first because I love you lots better than any of the rest, and then you turn me down cold for some yellow-haired little stuck-up. Oh, Paul, sometimes you make me sick! I'm going to call up some real sheik that's got a machine!" Impetuously she started for the telephone.

"Wait a minute!" He sprang in front of her desperately.

"Get out of the way! I'll get a fellow who isn't such a dumb dodo he can't even take a girl over to the lake for a party when she asks him to!"

"What time do you wanta go?"

"Any time, the earlier the better. Give us more time over there."

Paul was gasping. "Listen, Fritzie. Promise me you won't get Art, or anybody else, will you, kid?"

"Why, no, I won't promise. You don't think little Fritzie's going to stay home when there's a nice warm cottage waiting for her, do you?" She attempted to push on past him.

HE FLUNG his arms about her, embracing her tightly, his eyes blazing. "I'll go!" he said. "I'll get the machine! Will you be ready any time I come?"

"You bet I will! I'd wait forever for you, Paul."

Paul walked home, eyes like dead coals sunk in little pits of grey ashes, fixedly staring at the sidewalk; scheming, fearing, desiring, quaking.

At supper he was quiet with the quietness of a midnight watcher beside a corpse. His father had gone on one of his frequent business trips. Paul approached his mother with that uncanny subtlety which sin gives Youth.

"Don't forget about breakfast in the morning, Mom."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You know. Only for you."

"What are you talking about, Paul?"

"Oh, you know. I toldja, didn't I?"

"Told me what?"

"About Art Meredith givin' an all-night stag radio party at his house tonight."

"No, you didn't tell me a thing about that."

"Didn't I? Well! I thought I'd told you all about it a couple of times. Musta been Dad I told. Anyhow, Art and a buncha us fellows are all gonna be there and we'll have breakfast at Art's house. Then tomorrow is Saturday and we'll probably go skatin' over to the lake!" he added.

"Oh dear, I do wish you'd tell me about those things sooner. Well, I suppose it's all right. Do be careful skating, honey."

"I will, Mom. G'bye."

"Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother?"

"Oh, sure." He turned back and kissed her hastily, then immediately raised his hand to his mouth to cover his twitching lips.

He walked blindly out of the house and furtively skirted the block to bring up at the Benton garage door. He stood in the dark beside the garbage can and the trash bin until the light went out in the kitchen. Then he slipped into the garage, opened the car door and touched the ignition switch. It was unlocked!

Stepping back, he closed the house-ward entrance. In thick, velvety blackness he clambered into the front seat. He snapped on the little dash-board light and carefully disconnected the speedometer.

The motor started perfectly. Instantly he throttled it down low, regulating the

mixture so that the engine would not die. The subdued hum of the motor could scarcely have been heard outside the tightly-closed garage.

He left the machine and softly opened the big back doors. For a moment he stood peering up and down the deserted alley. His breath hung like white powder in the frozen air. Then back to the wheel, where he eased the gears into reverse and gently backed the car out of the garage.

The chainless back tires spun helplessly on the thick ice for a few seconds as he started forward. He drove quietly in low speed with the lights out till he came to the side street, then on with the lights, up into second, back into high, and away into the cold night he sped, a nervously triumphant smile on his pale lips.

He tooted the horn wildly as he skidded in next to the curb in front of Fritzie's. She was at the door waiting for him. He saw her blow a kiss to her mother as she skipped down the steps. Her small, painted face was glowing with animation as she jumped into the front seat beside Paul.

He drove swiftly up the quiet street, the car sometimes swerving in the deep ice ruts.

"They'll have a big fire in the fireplace," Fritzie observed dreamily, then added somewhat irrelevantly, "Do you love me, Paul?"

He turned from his driving to give her a long, rapturous stare. "Love you? Why you sweet little devil, I'm just crazy about you!" He reached over and patted her cheek.

"Look out!" she screamed.

Paul wrenched the steering wheel furiously. The big sedan shot over the treacherous ice of a street intersection and bore down the figure of a pedestrian. There was the horrible, soft, crunching thud of an auto striking a human body. A dark form sprawled grotesquely, struck the curb heavily and lay very still. A derby hat rolled crazily in circles for a moment, then it, too, settled quietly in the snow.

Paul was paralyzed with fright. The car had slid to a tardy standstill just beyond a corner street light. Paul leaned half out of the window in the full glare, one hand still on the steering wheel.

The figure of the man stirred, rolled on its side, groaned, and a white face looked at Paul for a long instant.

Fritzie broke the awful spell with her frantic voice. "Beat it! Turn out your lights, Paul! Don't let him get your number! For Pete's sake drive!"

There had settled over Paul the unreal, this-can't-be-true feeling of a nightmare. He cast a wild-eyed look about him and started the car forward with a lurch. Both the intersecting streets and the corner were absolutely deserted.

A CHANGE came over Paul's face as he cut a long, careful circle far down through the south end of the city. His eyes seemed to sink back in his head and open wider at the same time. He turned back north up a street gashed blackly by car-tracks.

"The lake's the other way," exclaimed Fritzie. "Turn around up here at the next corner."

"We're not going to the lake," the boy said.

"We're not? Where are we going then?"

"I'm goin' home! I'll take you home, too, if you wanta go. You can say there was a misunderstanding about that sorority spread. That's what I'm gonna say about the radio party."

ARTISTIC PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENTS
only **98¢ each**
FROM ANY PHOTO
or **SNAP-SHOT**
SIZE 16 x 20 INCH
(or smaller if desired)

The usual price of this work is \$5.00 but by taking advantage of this Special offer you can get a beautiful life-like enlargement of your favorite picture of mother, dad, sweetheart, baby or any friend for only 98 cents.

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail us the photo—any size (Full length, bust or group) and in about a week you will have your enlargement guaranteed never to fade. It comes to you C.O.D. On arrival pay postman 98¢ plus a few cents postage, or send one dollar cash with order and we pay postage. Money back if not delighted. You can send us your most treasured photograph, it will be returned to you unharmed.

FREE In order to advertise this remarkable offer we send free with every enlargement ordered, a **Nightly-Glazed Hand Painted** miniature reproduction of the photo sent. These miniatures alone are worth the whole price charged for the enlargement. Take advantage of this really **Amazing Offer** and send your order today. **DO IT NOW.**

ALFON ART STUDIO, Dept. 35
5854 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Please enlarge artistically the enclosed photo.
Return enlargement and **FREE Hand Painted** miniature, C. O. D. 98¢ plus postage. (If \$1.00 is enclosed you are to send postage paid.)

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Chosen Size:
☐ 16x20 in.
☐ 10x16 in.
☐ 11x14 in.
☐ 8x10 in.

while Sleeping or Resting

Your ill-shaped nose is being reformed to attractive appearance and without any discomfort.

Anyone who is not perfectly satisfied with the shape of his or her nose can now obtain a perfect looking nose within a short time. Ill-shaped noses are so unbecoming, especially to women. **Trados Model No. 25** is the latest in noseshaping devices and corrects all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Model No. 25 is easy to adjust, has no bothersome tapes or screws and no metal to touch your skin. Over 90,000 satisfied users. 17 years of experience in manufacturing nose shapers is at your service. **Model 25 Junior** for children.

Write for testimonials and free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. Tridely, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist

Dept. 2971 Binghamton, N. Y.



LEARN CARTOONING At Home—Simple Method

Just think—\$50 to over \$250 a week paid to good cartoonists for work that's fun! And YOU can learn cartooning at home—no matter if you're never touched a drawing pencil. Send post-card for **FREE Book** describing our simplified method and Offer to **Keep Students**. **WRITE NAME PLAINLY.** State age and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. (No salesman will call.)

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING,

Room 961 F, 1115 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

BANISH YOUR BUNION!

No matter how sore and sensitive your bunion may be—no matter how large the disfiguring bump—Fodydine, the new marvelous ointment, will banish it like magic. Pain stops almost instantly—bump vanishes. Your very next pair of shoes may be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

Trial FREE

Send your name and address today. Just say "I want to try Fodydine" and I'll arrange to send you the full treatment to try. No obligation. Address—

KAY LABORATORIES

160 N. Wacker Drive Dept. H-264 Chicago, Ill.



Win a NASH Sedan
or
\$1400.00 in cash

Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped De Luxe Model Nash Sedan, or full value in cash if preferred (\$1,065.00). In addition to this Nash Sedan we give away, absolutely free, a latest model Chevrolet Coach or its cash value (\$595.00), a Brunswick Panatone Phonograph, a Six Tube, Single Dial Freshman Radio, a Corona Portable Typewriter, many other valuable prizes and hundreds of Dollars in Cash.

Solve This Puzzle
The numbers in the squares to the right spell two words. The alphabet is numbered: A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Can you make out what the two words are? When you do this, send me your answer right away. It may mean winning the Nash Sedan or \$1,400.00 in cash.

\$315.00 Cash For Promptness
In addition to the two automobiles, the many other valuable prizes and hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also offering a Special Prize of \$315.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive \$1,400.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and \$315.00 in cash. In case of time duplicate prizes will be awarded each one trying. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address written plainly. **EVERYBODY REWARDED.** Address **M. L. SOEING, Dept. 350**

321 So. Peoria St. Chicago, Ill.

Play a Banjo Step into the Limelight

Come out of the crowd! Win social success! Popularity! Romance! Be the life of every party.

FREE Booklet "The World of Your Fingertips" tells you how you can do it. Write or send postal TODAY.

H. A. WEYMANN & SON, Inc.
Dept. S-1, 1108 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WEYMANN
Supreme in String Instruments Since 1864

AT ALL GOOD MUSIC STORES

ALL THIS FREE

Five Funtastic Pens, Flat-tissue, Dash, Ring, West Watch, Ribbon, Bracelet, Lavalliers with Neck Chain, Birthstone Ring and Signet Ring all free for sending 12 bottles of Perfume at 15 cts. each.

EAGLE WATCH CO.
Dept. 1288 East Boston, Mass.

STORE FOR ANY MONTH

Have Beautiful Eyes

For over 130 years Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water has relieved inflamed eyes, pink eye, granulated lids and other eye troubles. Soothing and gently stimulating action makes your eyes sparkle with unclouded youthful beauty. Endorsed by druggists, physicians and thousands of users. At all good druggists—or send 35 cents for 50 treatments. John L. Thompson Sons & Co., 165-F River Street, Troy, N. Y.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

GOVT. POSITIONS

535 TO 575 WEEKLY

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Railway Mail Clerk P. O. Clerk Forest Ranger File Clerk Mailman General Clerk Chauffeur-Carrier Skilled Laborer Watchman Postmaster RFD Carrier 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Most Inspector Special Agent (Investigator) Stenographer-Typist Immigrant Inspector City Mail Carrier U. S. Border Patrol Typist Seamstress Steno-Secretary Auditor
---	--

Instruction Bureau, Dept. 409, St. Louis, Mo. Send me particulars about positions marked "X"—Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

"You're scared stiff!" Fritzie said sneeringly.

"Who wouldn't be?" Paul demanded.

"Why, there's nothing to be scared about. Nobody saw you hit him and I'm pretty sure he didn't get your number. What do you care?"

"But think of him layin' there in the snow, maybe—" he spoke the word piteously, tremulously—"dead!"

"Well, what if you did bump him off? Why should you worry? He wasn't one of your friends."

"Shut up!" Paul said.

"And what if I don't? I may not shut up at all, you know. There now Paul, don't look that way! Fritzie loves you! She won't tell!"

THEY rode on in silence, a silence that throbbed with thoughts and terrible possibilities. The lights of a corner drug store were reflected on the snow.

"Let me out here," Fritzie said.

"Why? What are you going to do?"

"Say listen, if you think this kid is going to get her bag all packed for a party and then turn around and go back when she's half-way there, you've got another thing coming! I always finish what I start out to do. There's a telephone in that drug store and I'll begin with the A's in the book and work right down the list. I'm going to go on through with that party if I have to call up the Employment Agency!"

Paul had an ugly remark on the tip of his tongue, but for some reason he withheld it. He stopped and let her out. He did not see her smiling wickedly about something as she crossed the sidewalk and pushed open the heavy glass door.

He drove back to his alley and very quietly put the car away. He was deliberate as he re-connected the speedometer and inspected the seat to see that no tell-tale vanity cases or hair-pins were left to undo him.

But his step was unsteady as he walked around to the front door.

And he reeled blindly, whimpering, on the stairs.

He fell into bed convulsed. All night he lay there thus: face down, wide-eyed, sleepless, rigid, sometimes trembling a little.

For a week Paul lived in hell. He awoke each morning forgetful of the incident, then suddenly the remembrance would crash home and the awful pangs of realization would be suffered all over again.

The black shadow of his fear sat with him at breakfast, stalked beside him to school and mocked him through all his classes till one sprightly teacher suggested, "Somebody stick a pin in Benton; he's asleep."

In the cafeteria Monday noon, haggard-looking Art Meredith remarked, "Golly, Paul, you sure look like a recent electrocution! You musta been on a hotter party than I was!"

A GAIN and again he relived the accident; the scream, the horror, the thud, the sprawling figure in the snow. His cheeks grew wan, his mannerisms nervous, his appetite lagged and soon his dreams were haunted with sprawling things.

At last even his father squinted at his son over the supper table and grumbled, "Look peaked. Better quit smoking so many cigarettes."

The newspaper account had been anything but soothing:

OUT-OF-TOWN PHYSICIAN HIT-SKIP VICTIM

Dr. Harold W. Davidson, of Woodston, was run down and seriously injured early Friday evening at the corner of Summit and Meridian Streets by a driver who failed to stop. Dr. Davidson suffered

severe bruises and rib-fractures of the left side, with serious internal injuries. Attaches at the White Cross Hospital say he has a fair chance for recovery.

After a week had passed and still the blow did not fall, Paul took hope. His victim recovered and went back to his nearby village after failing to identify several suspects.

At the end of a month the incident was a memory fading with that magical rapidity with which all unpleasant things fade from youthful minds.

But the most important result of the accident Paul did not connect with it.

That was the change in Fritzie, a subtle and unnameable change, but decidedly there. In some manner she managed to meet him in the halls after his classes, to walk with him to his next one, to detain him outside the class room door chatting.

She was not loud or embarrassing. She was quieter than her wont, if anything, but there was a possessive air about her as she held Paul's arm, especially if she sighted the golden head of Doris Bolen coming down the hall. The boy resented this, but he could not bring himself to rebel openly against her.

The boy told himself repeatedly that he did not love this little minx. Unattainable Doris was still his star. But he could not deny that there was constantly a powerful, deep-seated feeling growing steadily stronger between himself and Fritzie.

It frightened and sickened him when he thought of it, so he ceased to think about it.

It was Paul's birthday. "Seventeen years old!" he told himself that morning as he crawled protestingly out of bed.

HE WENT straight to his mirror and inspected himself carefully, side and front views, but nothing about him seemed changed in the least.

Next he went to his window and gazed out. The geranium in the window opposite his looked just exactly as it always had. Paul began to half doubt if it was really his birthday, so commonplace was its unfolding.

His mother kissed him seventeen times, much to his annoyance. In answer to a pointed query his father vouchsafed the birthday sentiment, "Still lack a good many years of having horse-sense enough to drive an automobile!"

But Paul, a little wistful and wondering at the thought of actually growing older, at heart was so much of a kid that he did a rather unconventional thing. As they lolly-gagged about in the Collegiate booths in Strader's, he let fall the remark that that day was his birthday.

"How old are you?" Fritzie asked. Paul grinned and looked mysterious. "Eighteen," suggested Mabel. "Nineteen," from a girl named Claire. "Three, and raised on Mellen's Food," chimed in Billy Finch.

Just then Happy Watson joined the crowd. "Big news!" he said. "There's a wop down on Vine Street puttin' out nifty dago red for three dollars a gallon."

Fritzie jumped up in the seat. "Party," she said. "Birthday party for my Snookums!"

"Hot dawg!" agreed Billy. "And dago red," chanted Edna.

"Come on, kids! What's all the delay?" asked Fritzie.

The six of them piled out of the booth and streamed down Strader's steps, all bareheaded, into the moist, deceptive sunshine of a springy late March noon.

"Say, wait a minute," Paul said. He was surprised and secretly delighted. "We're not goin' anywhere now, are we? Not till after school?"

"Let's all cut our afternoon classes," Billy said. "It's too swell a day to hafta

sit in a stuffy old classroom anyhow." They piled into Happy's sedan and were off without thinking of anything but moving speedily away from school. All the windows in the car were wide open and the windshield was tilted out to admit a rush of air.

The back seat was a wriggling heap of noisy gaiety. Fritzie bounced up and down on Paul's lap, clapping her hands like a little girl in gingham saying, "Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker man."

Out along the broad asphalt of Morris Avenue they sped, the motor drumming a throaty tattoo. Almost every person on the sidewalk looked after them, so spirited a picture did they make.

The back tires spit out a high-pitched rubbery protest as Happy swung into the park entrance doing forty miles an hour.

Deep in the raw freshness of bare brown tree limbs and muddy green grass he coasted the car to a halt.

"Well," said Edna, "where's the dago red?"

"Yeah, where is it, Happy?" Paul demanded. "Just lemme at it!"

"We've gotta go buy it. You didn't think I was such a dumb bat as to bring it to school in my hack, didja?"

"It has been done," spoke Edna sagely; then: "Let's start after it."

"Aw, we can wait!" Billy said. "I tellya what le's do. Le's take a ride out through the country, then come back and go some place this evening."

"Sure," agreed Paul. "And say," continued Billy, "go around by my house and I'll pick up my uke. I feel musical."

RIDING wildly, flat fields gliding by on either side of the highway. Compact little white clouds sailing high against the clear sky like puffy pillows strewn across a pretty blue bedspread. Fritzie's fragile weight resting lightly in his arms, Billy's uke strumming by his side, the rush of warm wind hard in his face, Paul was so happy as to bring on a sensation akin to pain, a sweet, cloying pain somewhere down below his throat.

"Gee, isn't this swell?" he breathed in Fritzie's ear.

They trooped into Happy's house for a brief intermission before going to their homes to get ready for the evening. As the front room light flashed on Happy saw a note laying on the center table. He picked it up. The rest gathered around and read over his shoulder.

Charles:

Father and I called up to Garry. Aunt Freda seriously ill. Will be back by tomorrow evening if possible, but not before. Set the alarm clock to get up by in the morning and don't forget to empty the pan under the ice-box. Be a good boy.

Mother.

The little group was silent for a moment. They eyed each other questioningly. The air grew vibrant.

Happy shrugged nervously. "It's up to you girls," he said. "For us fellows it's the easiest thing in the world."

The three school girls exchanged glances. No expressions were on their faces; only the silent communion with their eyes. A decision was reached.

"In that case," said Edna "lets get our little solos over with first."

"Oh, I hate this," Claire said, as they went in the next room to the telephone.

"Forget it, kid, and do some fast thinking," Fritzie said.

"Hello? Is this you, mother? This is Claire. I'm going to stay over at Edna's tonight. Yes, I'm calling from there now. Oh, no, we're just going to study awhile

for tomorrow's exam and go to bed early."

Fritzie broke into a loud titter of laughter at her last remark. White-faced Claire silenced her with a frantic gesture.

"Oh, needn't worry, I'll get to school all right in the morning. Tell Daddy good-night for me, good-by."

The telephone thumped on the stand. "Whew!" gasped Claire, "that's over with! She gets more inquisitive every time. Say, Fritz, the next time you start giggling like that I'll—Why, you nearly sunk my ship. If I'd laughed right then she'd have smelled a rat. All right, Edna, your turn."

"Hello? Oh, it's Mary, is it? No, no, no, no! You needn't call father! Just tell him I'm staying over at Claire's tonight. No, I say you needn't bother him. Don't forget to tell him, though. Good-by!"

"I've got it easy," Fritzie said as she waited for her number. "My folks are gone till two or three o'clock almost every night, so all I do is tell the maid. Oh, hello, Jane? Frederica speaking. Tell Mrs. Wentgill in the morning that I stayed with friends tonight. Yes, just friends. Well, Tau Gamma Delta if you have to. And Jane, you may also tell her that I was home most of the evening studying, understand? Oh sure, I'll remember. I've helped you and your boy friend out more than once, haven't I? Well, get the story straight even if it is crooked. Good-by."

Giggling, prancing, flushed of cheek and luminous of eye, the girls came arm in arm to the door between the two rooms and faced the boys.

"Snookums, honey," said Fritzie sweetly, "Happy's giving that all-night stag radio party that he had to postpone a while ago, and he's giving it tonight. It's time to do a little broadcasting about it."

"Boys sure have got it easy when it comes to telephone work," declared Claire encouragingly. "Their folks will believe anything they tell 'em."

A few nights later as Paul sat down to supper he knew that something was up. His parents had abruptly broken off in the midst of a serious conversation as he came in and hardly a word was spoken all during the meal. An air of impending drama hung palpating over the family.

As soon as supper was over Mrs. Benton hurried out into the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Mr. Benton eyed his son thoughtfully.

Paul began to feel more than a little worried. Maybe they been snooping around in his room, or—Oh gee! Maybe Happy Watson's folks had found—

"Hurrumph!" Mr. Benton cleared his throat. "Let's see now," he began "you're seventeen, aren't you?"

"I've been seventeen for quite a while!" Paul said.

"Hm! Well, you're getting to the age when—er—where it is only right you really ought to know things!" He spoke the word "things" as if it were capitalized. Taking a deep breath, he plowed on. "It won't be long now till you'll be beginning to drift away from the home and get out into the world a little, perhaps, and you'll be liable to meet the wrong sort of young folks. So you ought to know about things."

WITH difficulty Paul smothered a laugh.

"You know," continued his father, "forewarned is forearmed. When I was a boy parents didn't tell their children such things, at least not until it was too late." The business diplomat was now at his best, talking generalities. "But things have changed; children now should be told things earlier. I don't want any boy of mine falling into bad habits because of my neglect to do my parental duty. And so," he produced a book from beneath the table with the air of a magician pulling a white rabbit out of a plug hat, "I want you to read this little

How would you like to go from \$25 a week

to \$90 a week

Be an AUTO PAINTER!

The trade needs men for this big business! Of the 25 million cars 15 million need painting. There are not half enough men for the jobs. And it's easy to learn. I'LL TEACH YOU AT HOME—in your spare time. For 10 years I've shown hundreds of men how to do it.

You don't have to quit your present job

until you are ready to swing off into the BIG MONEY in this unexplored field, where they are looking for fellows like you. Glad to pay from \$50 up to \$90 a week! Why not? Get into the best paying branch of the biggest industry in the world today where there's money—no limit to the amount you can make!

Be your own boss—own your own business

Little or no capital needed. I'll show you how. All the painting you can handle will come to you. As your business grows you can hire others and make a profit on their work—let me prove all this by my NEW SHOP TYPE METHOD. Actual experience as an expert painter working on good and metal panels furnished with the 13 big working outfits without extra charge. No car needed. Greatest advance in home-training ever made. Earns you lots. Send for FREE BOOK "If I Were You," giving all details. No obligation whatever. Now—it is not going to cost you one penny to get this information. Act! Write today.

G. King Franklin, Supt.
AMERICAN AUTO PAINTING
SCHOOL, Dept. 405,
427 South Ashland
Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Name _____
Street No. _____
City _____ State _____



The IDEAL PROFESSION for WOMEN of 18 to 50 \$50 to \$100 a Week

Learn Beauty Culture at Home! Learn Marceling, Permanent Waving, Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial and Skincare treatments—all branches of scientific Beauty Culture. Seven Outfits Given—I train you by my new, exclusive Practice-Method, which gives you actual professional instruction by giving actual Beauty Culture treatments. Open a Beauty Shop—I'll back you! Right Loren and operate a Marry Licensed Beauty Shop is good for \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year profits. Open only to Marry graduates. Beauty Culture Book Free! Here's a quick road to independence and the end of money worries. Take the "Marry Way to Man-Size Pay." Write for free book and amazing offer. Adele Nelson, Educational Director, MARSAY SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE 219 W. Chicago Av., Dept. 2802, Chicago

LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH Direct from Switzerland



FULL JEWELLED MOVEMENT PLATINOID or White Gold Finish. This fully guaranteed dainty Ladies' Watch cannot be manufactured in America for less than \$12.00. Beautifully engraved case and dial. Send No Money. Pay on delivery \$1.50 plus postage. *8 adco. U. S. Swiss Agents, 561 Broadway, New York City, Dept. L 38

Hair Analysis FREE



IF YOU ARE TROUBLED with falling hair, dandruff or itching scalp, send a sample of your hair (ordinary combings will do) to Professor Maurice Scholder for FREE test. You may also add any details which you think will help Professor Scholder with your case. He will then send you a personal report with recommendations for your individual case. There is no charge for this analysis. It places you under no obligation whatever. Thousands of men and women have been saved from scalp ailments and baldness by following the advice of this famous specialist.

FREE ANALYSIS COUPON: Mail today, enclosing samples of your hair to PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, D.G. The Professor Scholder Institute, Inc. 101 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 86-1

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



A Sweet Stomach!

What a pity when youth and vitality are set at naught by a disordered stomach, and bad breath! Don't have them at any age! Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers—find Stuart's a boon and blessing!

Eat what you wish. Drink what you like. Then chew a Stuart tablet. No soda, just a soothing combination of magnesia, calcium carbonate and the like. Result, a sweet stomach, serene digestion, no pains, no discomfort.

Wherever you find a drugstore, you'll find Stuart's. The handy pocket size 25c. Large size is 50c.; or family size, \$1.20. Pocket box (enough for the one-week test) will be mailed complimentary, if you write the Stuart Co., Dept. 181, Marshall, Mich.

STUART'S
DYSPEPSIA
TABLETS

LUCK



All around you there is abundant Success, Wealth and Happiness. Get Your Share. The "LUCKY SEVEN" Secret Talismen are free to all who wear this rare and beautiful Talisman Ring. On each side of this Odd and Charming Ring is moulded the figure of Fortuna—The "Goddess of Luck" symbolic of Success Triumphant. Ancient belief, that her emblem brings success to wearer in Love, Games, Business, Health and everything. Genuine 14-K Antique Gold S. Ring mounted with 32 facet, one carat Radio-Flash Mexican Diamond type gem. Wonderful reproduction of a \$500 Genuine Diamond in brilliancy. Cut and Flashing Rainbow Fire. Guaranteed 20 years. Send strip of paper to show finger size and we will send this wonderful ring. When it arrives pay the postman only \$3.95. Nothing more to pay. Yours to keep, wear and enjoy forever. Wear 7 days and 7 nights—follow the 7 rules that we send you. If not satisfied your money quickly returned. Address The Radio-Flash Gem Importing Co., St. Paul, Minn. Dept. 74 L.X.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every Deaf Person Knows That I can hear myself hear, after being deaf for 56 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfect and comfortable. Do you see them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address: G.P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 175 Hoffman Bldg., 2000 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.



LEARN TO DRAW! Remarkable book, "COMMERCIAL ART AND CARTOONING." Explains how to make illustrations for books, advertisements, etc. Also how to become a Cartoonist. **NO CORRESPONDENCE COURSE**—book tells all—14 chapters—125 illustrations. Includes Elementary Drawing! Still Life! Pen, Ink, Charcoal and Crayon Work! Cartooning, etc. Bound flexible, in leather. Priced for \$2.00 (C.O.D. 17c extra). **OSWALD PUBLISHING CO.** 67 Rose Street, New York. Dept. 49

book thoroughly from cover to cover."

Paul took the book, biting down hard on the insides of his cheeks to keep a sober countenance.

Mr. Benton arose and plunged out into the kitchen, so upset by the ordeal that he began to wipe the dishes for his wife.

Towards the end of that summer Paul drove the family car. It would be useless to relate the discord and wrangling with which the change finally came about.

The first glorious afternoon he took the car out alone, he sought Art Meredith and raced up and down Morris Avenue while Art watched from the back window for speed cops.

And all the while he drove the car, especially when in the vicinity of Summit and Meridian Streets, he carefully forgot a certain long-ago nightmare which had to do with a scream, a thud, and a sprawling figure in the snow.

AMONG the fall's most enthusiastic pledges to the Alpha Nu Pi's was Paul Benton. His father was almost pleased when Paul told him he was "gonna get in a big fraternity—regular men."

At one of their meetings, a week before his initiation, Paul and the other candidates were divested of their clothing. Then long strips of adhesive tape were heated to gumminess and applied from the boys' armpits tightly down their sides to the soles of their feet. This they had to wear until the initiation night, at which time it was slowly and gleefully peeled off by their initiators.

That same week each of the pledges had to "do his stunt." The stunt assigned Paul was to wear a high white preacher's collar through all his classes. He carried it off with an embarrassed face and a joyful heart.

The initiation itself lasted a whole night and was a master-piece of distinctly high school caliber. It was vulgar and rough, with much horse-play. Paul was forced to drink a mixture of catsup, beer, Castor oil, mud and Lavis. The stuff made him frightfully sick and as he reeled, white-faced, two of his fraternity brothers held him by the arms, laughed uproariously, and rubbed axle grease in his hair.

Towards morning they straightened up to some extent. A ceremony was held, as solemn a ceremony as what had gone before would allow. There were oaths to be sworn; a grip and a password to be learned; all the boys were very intense and some of them sincere.

At dawn Paul crept weakly home to bed and spent the entire next day scraping himself clean, recuperating, and meditating upon the doubtful joys of being a frat man.

The very first thing in the academic line Paul did that semester was to sign up for Chemistry which made a far deeper impression on the boy than anything else he had ever studied.

THERE was another thing about the study of Chemistry that delighted Paul. Doris was in his class. Every laboratory period Paul donned a black rubber apron, expertly worked experiments from an open instruction book, and made a miserable love-sick ass of himself before Doris. Through the haze of sulphur fumes and the pungent reek of chlorine he watched her languishingly. Solicitously he hovered about, offering to do this and that for her, gradually winning back a tiny twinkle to her violet-blue eyes and an occasional small golden giggle when he tried especially hard to be amusing.

"Here, Doris, lemme bend that hot old glass tube for you. You'll burn your fingers with the Bunsen burner turned up so high."

"Oh, no thanks, I can manage it all right. I think. Yes, it is pretty warm. Well, if you insist. Now do be careful! When it gets red-hot like that it's liable to bend quick and touch your wrist. Oh, you did burn yourself, didn't you? Go put some

oil on it right away! I'm awfully sorry."

There was an exam in Chemistry.

All gaiety had fled from the chlorine-haunted classroom adjoining the lab; it was a grimly serious group of young men and women who sat down to the mimeographed sheets on the arms of their chairs.

Paul loved Chemistry and was consequently one of the best pupils in the class. But there were certain complicated tables of reactions and elements which would have required a great deal of terrific concentration to memorize. Paul understood these tables perfectly: they were printed in columns in his book and were accessible at all times. To memorize them seemed to him a waste of time and mental energy.

Each pupil carried to class a large loose-leafed note-book. The cover of Paul's note-book was a dark yellow and had a deceptive quality of retaining pencil marks. Glancing at it casually, no one would notice scribbling, but when one looked at it intently the marks were nicely visible.

Up in the study hall the period before the exam, Paul, and perhaps half the rest of the Chemistry class, prepared themselves. Along the upper edge of the cover of his big note-book he inscribed a column of hieroglyphic sentences.

When Paul encountered a request for the table of statistics which he had known was going to be asked for, he gazed in an attitude of intense meditation seemingly at the floor, but in reality at the scribbled back of his note-book. After a period of concentrating he calmly shifted his eyes to his paper and wrote painstakingly for a moment. Then again he pondered thoughtfully, and again he appeared to grasp the idea for which he sought.

HE DID not consider himself to be cheating. He was not copying; hardly could it be called cribbing. He was merely prompting himself and rather sketchily at that.

In the front of the room, behind his long table, stood Billikens, the Chemistry teacher. His hands were clasped behind his back and he teetered rhythmically from heel to toe, his eyes sweeping back and forth over the rows of bowed young heads like a searchlight over a field of boulders. He loved and trusted his pupils too well to suspect them of cheating except when it was too obvious, but he absolutely would not tolerate whispering. His rule was iron-clad: "One word and your paper goes in the waste basket and you receive the grade of zero for this particular exam."

There was never any argument about it, either. "All right, Sargent!" he snapped, his happy face suddenly stern: "Bring your paper up to the waste basket. You're through for the day!"

A boy arose in the back row and came forward, his face growing red. He dropped his examination paper in the basket and shuffled out into the hall. The class gasped. There was a hint of pathos in the air.

One chair to Paul's left, in the row ahead, sat Doris. She was worried. She nibbled at the eraser end of her pencil, she knitted her eyebrows, she sighed and twisted unhappily in her seat. The serene goddess of the violet eyes was suddenly a very perplexed little mortal girl floundering through an extremely hard Chemistry exam.

With a flourishing signature Paul completed his paper. He sat back, relaxed, filled with the pleasant glow of willing mental exertion. Then he sighted the look of distress in Doris's face. He jerked up straight in his chair and his countenance became a study in helpless concern. Each time she nibbled at her eraser and sighed Paul twisted in his chair, much the more distressed of the two.

The girl who sat by Doris's side was not only a dumb-bell, but a pest. When she saw that Doris seemed to be answering the questions she sought information. Billikens

was at the moment working with his grade book, his watchful eye removed. She poked Doris in the ribs and whispered, "Say, is sodium ever made by Electrolysis?"

"Yes," breathed Doris very softly, without looking up.

Billikens whirled. "Who's doing the talking?"

No one answered. He came swiftly around his desk and toward that corner of the room. "Somebody right in here was whispering just then, who was it?"

Doris's lips began to tremble. Paul stifled.

"Was that you doing the talking?" he demanded, pointing a stern finger at the girl who sat next to Doris.

"Gosh, no, Mr. Billikens, I wasn't talking," she said.

"It was one of you two girls," he said.

Paul leaped to his feet dramatically. "I was doin' that talkin'!" he cried, and his voice was husky with something genuine. He flashed a quick, silencing look at wide-eyed Doris, who had started to make a protest. He stalked stiff-legged down the aisle to the waste basket, ripped his examination paper in two, flung it savagely from him, and swept out of the room without a backward glance.

Doris looked after him with misty eyes.

THE biggest definite change that fraternity life worked in Paul was the awakening of the gambling fever.

It came abruptly one night in middle November. Most of the boys had been drinking something, a repulsive unnamed liquid which tasted as canned heat smells. They had joyously purchased it from an unscrupulous taxi-driver.

Paul's head was full of ringing out-of-tune bells; his eyes were painful and uncertain. For the first time he was becoming really interested in the hopping ivory cubes. His allowance for the next week was in his pocket; out on the table he dumped it with a careless flip of his hand. Frantically he threw the dice, reached, rattled, and threw again.

A number of his "brothers" were as poisoned as he. The pots grew to generous proportions. The boys became excited and the betting ran wild.

Before Paul knew it he pushed every cent he had out into the center of the table. Most of the others did the same; the lights blurred and went in circles before his watery young eyes. Horrid exclamations rent the air.

He was conscious as he stood there swaying, the dice in his hand, of an awed silence settling around the flushed-faced ring. He shook the dice furiously and with a fast, underhand twist rolled them the entire length of the table. They galloped, danced, slid, stopped; every eye bored into them. For an instant the silence throbbed, then a shout went up.

SOMEONE was shoving a pile of money at Paul, a heap of bills and silver. He could not believe it. One by one the other boys turned shakily away; grumbling, cursing, and groping for their coats and hats. Still Paul stood staring, amazed that he could have won so much money. Then an awful quail of strange sickness seized him.

When it passed he picked the money up unsteadily, filled his pockets with it and staggered home, half blind.

The next morning he locked the door of his room and counted his winnings, blinking his sore, bloodshot eyes and holding his aching head in one hand. It totalled \$31.25, more money than he had ever had before in his life at one time. He felt as rich as Croesus, a horribly sick Croesus, as he dragged his poison-racked young body wearily to school.

The Alpha Nu Pi table in the cafeteria was depleted and rather white-faced that

noon. The boys confided shakily to each other that "Benny Linck's blinder'n a bat, but the doc said he'd probably get over it at least part way, so what's the diff?"

"Gee, you don't 'spose it could'a been that good lickin' we drank last night, do you?"

"All I know is that I'm goin' home and go back to bed. Gee, but my eyes do hurt!"

"A couple more times like this and I'm liable to swear offa the stuff. I don't want anything to eat."

"How about it, Benton, did you get anything besides all the money last night?"

"Well, yes. I'm kinda gettin' over it now, though."

But he had not entirely gotten over it by late afternoon. When Mrs. Benton came twittering in from a matinee she discovered a pale, weak boy lying on his bed upstairs.

"Why, Paul, are you sick, honey?"

"Oh, just a little, Mom!"

"What's the matter? Have you eaten something that disagreed with you?"

"Yes," he said, "spoiled meat loaf in the cafeteria!"

"Oh dear, I should think the school would be careful what they serve young folks. Shall I call a doctor?"

"No!" he said. "I'll be all right in a little while. Just go 'way and leave me alone, please. And Mom!" She turned and looked back anxiously from the door. "Why, you needn't mention anything to Dad about my not feelin' well. It might worry him, y'know."

AT THE beginning of their acquaintance Paul had regarded Fritzie Wentgill with the same sort of surprised delight that overcomes a man when he first discovers he can play recognizable tunes on a saxophone. Later the novelty of her had worn off and she became merely an accessory. The change had come when that black, closed chapter of Paul's life had been written; the chapter of the scream, the thud, and the sprawling figure in the snow.

He dated with her once or twice a week. They usually went to the movies; occasionally to a dance or party. Sometimes they merely sat on her davenport, saying little, perhaps even studying lessons together.

She was so accessible, so very much there all the time. Paul went the way of the least resistance, blindly. Occasionally he was tortured by doubts and misgivings, but the longer he knew her the more infrequent became these intervals of uncertainty, of regret.

She became "Just Fritzie," an entity, a part of him. He did not respect her; and, knowing nothing of love, he asked himself repeatedly if he loved her. The boy once or twice whispered to his pillow that he hated her.

But it was so natural, so easy, so much of an agreeable habit to say gruffly as he walked through the halls with her of a Friday, books swinging in their hands: "Well, kid, what about tonight? Where'll we go?"

The effervescent crowd would bubble and sparkle past them for a noisy moment before she would answer, softly, "Oh, I had been thinking of the Rivoli, but maybe you'd like to come over to my house and we'll just study. Would you rather do that, Paul?"

"Oh no, the Rivoli'll be O. K. with me. Come for you some time. Wear that dress of yours that's got the soft fur around the neck, and bottom."

Finally, however, as a long Indian summer crisped into a clear, almost snowless winter, Paul began to grow restless. He wanted new worlds to conquer. The insolence and open rebellion he flared at all else in his way now shifted towards Fritzie. He told himself he wanted to be through with her.

As much as was left of his soul was rebelling. He fought off the influence of her as if she had been a miasmal swamp-form

Now You Can Own- Diamonds 60% of Market Prices



A 3/4 CENTURY HOUSE offers this 3 1/4 carat 1 1/2 carat, mappy, solitaire just \$69.50. Try to match at \$115.00. A reason you rarely think of makes possible RAUCALOUS PRICES, even for FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Offer backed by thoroughly responsible guarantee. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

Why Pay Full Prices?

World's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the DIAMONDS on WHICH MONEY was LOANED BUT NOT REPAYED. Discounts, too, from BIG CASH EUROPEAN DEALERS. Send NOW. Lists limited. Free - all details - Exact specifications. - (Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examining Diamonds free, at our risk.)

Unpaid Loans - Low as \$60 a Ct. - Offer Now Ready. Send for Free List. Use Blank Below.

Name _____

Address _____

For Free List clip this ad, fill in above and mail to—
Jen. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O. 4164, DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Your Personal Appearance

is now more than ever the keynote of success, both in social and business life. Improve your personal appearance by using the new patent "Lim-Straitner," Model 18. Corrects now Bow and Knock-kneed legs safely, quickly and permanently, at home. No costly operation or discomfort. Is worn at night. Easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation and will improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. Write today for copyrighted Physiological and Anatomical book and experience of others without obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.
M. TRILEY, SPECIALIST Dept. 15811, Birmingham, N. Y.

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement in 16x20 inch, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postage plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage. **Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave. Dept. 141-A Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHS

In Beautiful Frame With Your NAME ON

Absolutely Never Before on the Market—SOMETHING NEW

Be the first to have one. Send negative for our reproduction and enlargements. Send no money—Pay postman 85c on delivery.


E. J. F. PHOTOGRAPHS
Box 1329, San Diego, California

THE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME DESIR D'AMOUR "LOVE'S DESIRE"

This mysteriously alluring perfume attracts and fascinates. Rich and proud and humble alike fully appreciate its charm and gentle magic. Fragrant, sweet and lingering as one's first kiss. Lends the charm you need to be happy in love and social affairs. In crystal vial \$2.75 and postage. Pay when delivered. Lasts for many months. Instructions included. Plain wrapper.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We Compose Music
Our Composer Wrote Many Song Hits
MONARCH MUSIC COMPANY
236 West 55th St., Dept. 129 New York



REMOVE THESE FAT SPOTS

FASHION DEMANDS that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, under-arm or elsewhere—need no longer worry!

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—nowhere else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$14.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$4.00. Act today! Send \$4.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Frances Jordan
REDUCER
FRANCES JORDAN, INC.
502C FINANCE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

BE A JAZZ MASTER

Play Piano By Ear
Play popular songs hits perfectly. From the tune, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious drill—done daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.

At Home in Your Spare Time
Send for FREE BOOK. Learn many styles of jazz and syncopation—trick endings. If Nic. (for stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Excite in Piano"—and many new tricks, stunts, etc.

Niagara School of Music
Dept. 240, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices slashed to almost half.

\$2 and it's yours

All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full color. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day (free trial) offer. Limited stock, so write today. International Typewriter Co., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 128, Chicago.



Learn To Hypnotize!

Complete course of Hypnotism, Mind Reading and Magnetic Healing. 25 fascinating lessons. How to become an expert, hypnotize at a glance, make others obey your wishes, overcome bad habits in yourself and others; gain in love, wealth and power. Invaluable to every man and woman, executives, salesmen, doctors, mothers, etc. Simple, easy system. Learn at home. Equals \$20 course; only \$1. Send stamps, cash or money order. Guaranteed.

Educator Press, Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J. Dept. H-211

Be a Beauty Specialist

Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week
Earn while you learn in spare time. 8 weeks easy lessons make you expert. Marcell, Bleach, Waves, Dyes, Facials, Diet, Facial, Manicure, Massage, Parfaits, etc. Authorized Diploma—Money Back Guarantee. No experience necessary. GET FREE BROCH. Oriental System of Beauty Culture. Dept. 441, 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago



clinging to his shoulders. Once more he began to avoid her, to dodge her in the halls, to make excuses over the telephone. He showed her in a hundred little ways he cared more for Doris than for her. Sweetly she did not understand, and clung possessively to a shaking arm as a golden head came bobbing along the hall surmounting a pink slicker.

Fritzie worried Paul; was constantly in his thoughts. She was a habit of which he could not be rid, unless—

He came across his father's brutal big revolver. He stared at it wide-eyed, fascinated.

Then he closed the drawer and ran out of the room, his hands trembling, small lines forming around his mouth.

WHAT'S a chap to do when he wants to ditch a girl and the girl won't let him? Paul knew Doris wouldn't look at him as long as he went with Fritzie. Then, when his chance came—his chance to make a real friend of Doris, Fritzie queered it. She threatened to tell about the time Paul almost killed a man in the street. What could he do? See February SMART SET

Why I've Quit Worrying About You Wild Young Folks

[Continued from page 21]

performance. Whenever a new murder pre-empted the first page I go back a few thousand years and find a snappier one.

Among my other worries has been the astounding disposition of the young people of America to be happy. That's what it comes to—the kids want to be happy! This had bothered me for a long time. The carryings on of the young folks have contributed a good deal to the gloom of the generation now battling with rheumatism.

A whole generation of our sons and daughters doomed to the sizzling gridirons to be tossed on the fork of gleeful monsters!

BUT out of the grim, ghostly avenue walled by these dark thoughts I at last emerged into sunlight and clean sky. It struck me all of a heap that these youngsters are not going to the devil at all! Not if they know it! They're merely taking seriously their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as set forth in a document unanimously adopted by certain American gentlemen at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge!"

Wrong Jeremiah! These days the young, because the fathers have eaten the sour grape, poke in the basket for flavorsome fruit. If the fathers pass laws that can't be enforced and sneak out to barter with the bootlegger, if the fathers grumble but do nothing when crooks climb into public jobs, if the same fathers are too greedy for money to give thought to the fine, cheerful, hopeful things of life and moan for the grand old world this used to be, we ought to thank God daily and twice on Sunday that the young people are enjoying themselves.

We'll go right on worrying about you, Jack and Jill, but we'll not be morbid or silly about it. You're really a pretty fine bunch. With your high spirits and intelligence you're going to do a lot more for yourselves than we old folks can do for you. It's in you to do just that. You're smarter; you've got the brains. Don't let us smother your enthusiasm for life!

Every parent ought to worry about the children for whom he assumes responsibility. Worrying is part of the parental job. But the parent should keep the worry to himself, not hang crape on the youngster. Once a boy gets the idea that his old man is human and has skidded himself at times he's going to pay a little more attention to what the old boy says.

But young people don't stay at home any

more the way they used to! Old stuff and sheer bunk. Young people never did stay at home unless they were terrorized into doing it. We may bet that boys and girls sneaked out of the caves and tents of our earliest ancestors every time they got a chance. Caves are damp and gloomy; tents are hot. If they hadn't broken loose the human race would still be eating raw mastodon meat and praying to the moon. It's that spirit that pulls the world along.

Look out of the car window as you roll through the corn country and you will see handsome brick buildings flying Old Glory. Your chest expands at the thought of these splendid edifices that proclaim American education. You have another guess coming. Here's the secret. Inside of every one of those buildings there's a huge gymnasium all set for basket-ball. If you've never seen a red-hot basket-ball game you're a back number. Close-fisted school trustees, who used to swoon every time they had to buy a box of chalk for teacher, soak the taxpayers to build school houses where the whole township can watch the boys and girls put 'er in the basket.

Mourning because so much time goes into school and college athletics is foolish. One of the most heartening signs of the times is the American interest in sports. These young men and women who by hundreds of thousands contest in sports that demand clean, healthy bodies can't be so utterly decadent. There must be something better than stale pudding in their noodles or their hands and heads wouldn't delight in the coordination demanded in all these games. Less time for mischief if they've got to practise temperance in all things to "make" the team.

THERE'S no use expecting a miraculous transformation of the human race. We're ripping along at a rapid rate in a scheme of evolution so vast that the mind whirls to think of it. Even as to morals we haven't got so much to bother about.

I am through with worry about politics, religion, and the general stupid blundering and cowardice of my own generation. I am going to concentrate on the young folks; try to worry up ways of helping along such as come my way, perhaps suggest casually some things I think they may be missing. But I'm not going to tell them what a wicked lot they are, and how poorly qualified they are to meet the responsibilities of life. That's the stuff that kills.

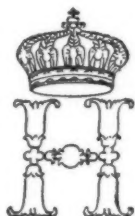
After the last river's been crossed I think there will be a lot of fine boys and girls doing their chores in the Promised Land.

At Christmas —

a good book is the most enduring
monument of friendship

Here are ten headliners in ten different fields:

THE MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE



These astonishing memoirs constitute what may be called a private life of Napoleon. Written by his step-daughter, the "tortured Queen" of Holland, and withheld from publication by the Napoleonic family until now, they show Napoleon Bonaparte both at home and at Court and relive the stirring events, the customs and the intrigue current during his reign.



In two volumes, boxed, profusely illustrated, \$10.00

THEY ALSO SERVE

by Peter B. Kyne

Of Professor, the battlehorse, Ern, the cowboy soldier, a brave nurse and others. Some of the humor, much of the peril and all of the excitement of the Great War.

Illustrated, \$2.00

KING COBRA

by Harry Hervey

Mr. Hervey, long famous for his Oriental tales, now tells his own experiences in the discovery of a lost Indo-Chinese city. A book as vivid as the jungles themselves.

Illustrated, \$4.00

THE BACCHANTE

by Robert Hichens

The author of "The Garden of Allah" tells the career of a woman with a devil in her soul. If you have read it in *Cosmopolitan*, you will want a copy for a friend.

Illustrated, \$2.50

CHIVALRY PEAK

by
Irvin S. Cobb



A tale of a gentleman bandit, a lady in distress and a sheriff. Mr. Cobb's first novel—and he's a promising novelist.

\$2.00

THE BLACK JOURNEY

by
Haardt and Dubreuil

Across Africa in auto-trucks—desert and jungle, pigmies and cannibals, danger and adventure. Altogether unusual is this epic of a twentieth century pilgrimage.

Illustrated, \$4.00

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT

by L. Adams Beck
(E. Barrington)

A lyrical romance of European lovers adventuring among Yogi monks in India and a brilliant revelation of the mind of the Oriental mystic.



\$2.50

TRAVESTY

by
Clare Thornton

Already a success in England, Clare Thornton sends to America this fresh, original novel of a girl who chose the wrong man deliberately.

\$2.00

THE STORY OF GEOLOGY

by Allan L. Benson

The first layman's story of the earth—a romance of a science stranger than fiction.

Illustrated, \$4.00



THE TWO BATTLES OF THE MARNE

Foch, Joffre, Ludendorff and the Crown Prince give their accounts of two decisive battles in this book. It is a new vision of war—war played with chess-like strategy by brilliant men.

Illustrated, \$2.50

Wherever Books Are Sold

Publishers **Cosmopolitan Book Corporation** New York

The Shadow of Her Past

[Continued from page 13]

to Greenwich Village to live. "Now I am free," she had thought.

One among the false, showy life of this over-estimated section of New York was a scene painter and designer. He took her to the studio where huge flats of canvas were moved up and down by machinery, and she saw him in a smock, with palette in hand. He had made an impression on her.

SHE heard him talk about the great people she knew in the theatrical world; the romance and glamour of it appealed to her, and then he told her how much he loved her, but there was his career. He couldn't afford to get married yet. She was then nineteen and with her mind colored with the romance she had expected to find, she had gone to live with him.

At first, she had told herself that it was very beautiful, two people who loved each other, she going to her singing and he to his studio, and then the long talks in the evenings, but soon she knew it wasn't. In fact, it was squalid—the dodging of people, the pretenses, the subtleties.

And then she had begun to suspect that he was not the great scenic artist he had made himself out to be. One night he had taken her to the theater and without saying so directly had let her think that he had designed the sets. Later she had found that he had only assisted.

He liked to bet on horse races. "Just taking a little flyer at the ponies," he would say. He would come home of an evening, excited about some inside tip he had received. This time he would make a killing! But the killings had been few and far between.

On the whole she had liked him; he was genial, good company, although inclined to be a bit loud and his future seemed to be ahead of him. But their brief so-called romance came to an end. Soon she was amazed that she could ever have done such a thing.

No one in Junction City knew anything about it; no one in Junction City had come to Greenwich Village during that brief time. Only one or two of her casual friends even suspected it, and the people of that period of her life had disappeared. Sometimes when she looked at other women, she wondered if they, too, were hiding the same kind of secret; and, if so, how they felt. She had heard such things when she was a girl and that such a deed would haunt one every waking hour; this, she found, wasn't true.

For days at a time, she wouldn't think of it; then some little incident, such as the choir singer standing on the street and looking up at her so admiringly as one of the finest and best women in Junction City, would bring it back to her with a rush. She knew now what a cheap and tawdry thing it was to do; in some way that she could not explain, the finest and noblest in her had slipped away. She had made herself, in spite of the high-sounding words she had used at the time, common.

SOMETIMES memory of those tarnished days came back to her as she sat quietly talking with Walter, and a needle pricked her heart. After Walter had proposed and before they were married, she had wanted to tell him the truth, and several times she had tried but the words had stuck in her throat. Walter, simple, devoted, unsuspecting Walter—no, she could not tell him. With his training, his background, his rugged idealism—no, she could not do it. After the first few months of married life had gone by, she decided not to tell him at all. There was no

danger, no one in the world knew it; she was perfectly safe.

She drew the car between the white slanting parallel lines used to mark off the parking space, and taking Wally's hand started across the street toward the court-house.

She went quickly and lightly up the steps and then along the high, resounding hall to a door marked County Recorder. Here a record of the deeds and real estate transfers of the county were kept. It was one of the important offices of the county, the highest, except that of Judge, that the county could bestow upon a person. Walter was deputy county recorder, and was making a name for himself. Soon he would be proposed for the position of recorder itself.

Connie rejoiced in the success that simple, hard-working Walter had attained at the age of thirty-one. She liked to see the respect which men much older paid him, the obliging yet businesslike air with which he transacted the real estate transfers and other business which came up in his office. A slip on Walter's part might mean that a deed to some hard-working farmer's land would be worthless, or at least throw it into the legal barbed wire of court; but Walter never made such a slip. And tonight at the Country Club Walter would again distinguish himself.

Connie entered the large room with its high ceiling. In the corner was a steel safe for the keeping of important papers, and there were steel filing shelves with steel rollers on which the heavy leather-bound books slid back and forth, as the clerks took them out to make entries.

THE others had gone and Walter alone, of the office force, was there. How like Walter it was to be the last one to leave. He sat at his desk in his black office coat and listening eagerly to every word he said, was a farmer.

Some years before, during the reign of another recorder, there had been a mistake in entering the deed to the man's land, and now it was in a tangle. Walter was straightening it out for him. The man's huge, brown, work-hardened hand lay on the desk, clutched intensely. For years the man had toiled in the boiling, blistering suns of summer and in the bitter, biting blizzards of winter to buy his little farm, and now its title was in jeopardy. If the farm could be saved, Walter would be the one who could do it.

"Will you do that for me, Mr. Webb?" asked the browned, bent farmer eagerly. "Mandy and the kids—well, I left them pretty upset and cryin' some when I left."

Connie sensed the tragedy that was taking place on some bleak, lonesome farm; and Walter would be the man to solve it. Suddenly she felt a new sense of appreciation for the rugged, sincere qualities in Walter.

Walter looked up as she came in. "Hello, family," he called cheerfully. "Here, let me introduce the wife."

"I'm sure glad for the pleasure of meeting you," said the farmer, and Connie felt her hand grasped by a thick brown paw. "We think Mr. Webb's just about the finest man there is anywhere. He really ought to be our congressman, he had."

"Say, Connie, you knock around a few minutes, will you? I want to get this cleaned up so he won't have to make a trip in tomorrow." Walter again took up the conversation with the man.

As Connie sat down, her eyes fell on Walter's Panama hat. Its colored band was soiled. She liked the hat on him. She had

selected it herself. Getting up, she left Wally to play about the office and slipped quietly out. She would go to Nusbau's and get another colored band for it. Walter must look his best tonight.

She started down the street and was almost in front of the hotel when a voice said:

"Say, hello there! I'll give you two guesses."

Connie's heart seemed to stand still, then began to churn. Ed Floto! The man she had known in Greenwich Village!

Yes, Ed Floto. She knew at a glance, knew when she heard his voice that it was Ed Floto, and yet the complete unexpectedness of it sent her senses spinning. It was Ed Floto, and it was not Ed Floto. How much flashier and sporty looking he was now. He was dressed in a checked suit, like a character on the stage, with a diamond stick pin representing a riding crop in his tie. The cheap air of flashiness, of which there had been a hint in the Greenwich Village days, had grown.

WHAT are you doing here, Ed?" she forced herself to say. How could she get rid of him? People would see them on the street. A small town. And now that she was older she could see better his shallowness, his swagger, his constant pretension of something that he was not.

"I can't blame you for asking, me doing a Lindy right out of the blue. I passed up that scene painting stuff long ago. Those dumb-bells don't know what they want. I'm on billboards now."

Connie understood, as he rattled along, that he had become a billboard painter for a company operating a string of billboards across the country. He went from town to town in a decrepit old car with ladders and cradles tied on it, and with his blocks and tackle and with ropes and buckets of paint in the car. The car, splashed and smeared with paint, would draw up in front of the billboard, and getting into smeared overalls he would sit in the swinging cradle with a little dummy board, marked off into squares, in his hand. With this as a key he would paint the same lines and copy the same colors on the squares of the big billboard as were on the little key board. Not very high art, indeed.

I'M IN it just for what I can get out of it," he admitted, and now cared only for the flashy, showy side of life. How he had degenerated since the days she had known him.

"Say, you look good!" he declared, as his eyes slowly traveled over her. "Pretty prosperous, too. I gave you quite a start, I expect. Well, I've been keeping my eye out for you. I knew Junction City was the old home burg. Remember how you used to talk about it. Thought it was quite some place then, didn't you?" His eyes moved with an amused, contemptuous glance up and down the street with its small stores. "Remember the time you showed me a picture post card of the jail! Remember how I kidded you?" Floto's high, hee-haw laugh rose. "Local Beauty Spot, No. 2; it said down in the corner. I dug it out of some of my old things the other day. I got it here now." He showed the crumpled card.

"I never loaded up on a family myself," he continued. "Too much responsibility for yours truly. Me for the free open spaces," he said and smiled knowingly. "I expect you've taken on a little family by this time, ain't you? Well, that's fine. I'd like to visit 'em and meet your hubby."

"I've—I've got to go," put in Connie hastily.

"Don't go, Con! Have a heart! I'm not going to spill anything. The past is done and over with, so far as I am concerned. I get awfully tired sticking around a hotel all on the lonesome. Listen, you know I always was a square shooter. Nothin'd please me more'n to take on a little home cooking, especially the way I've been feeling the last few days. I've been playing the ponies a little and mine came in like a deep sea diver."

Connie's mind churned furiously. It would be better to have him in one evening to dinner and let him go his way again than to put him off with some excuse and then have him calling up.

"Make it Monday night," she said.

Surely he would be leaving soon after that. It didn't take long to paint a billboard.

"My name now is Webb," she forced herself to say. "Walter Webb, in the telephone book."

SHE hurried away, her head swimming in a strange dizziness. Ed Floto, how suddenly and unexpectedly it had happened. Almost as if out of the air. She wanted to run away, to get out of town, to hide; but that would not do. He would only pursue her. She must stay and face it. She knew Ed Floto too well and if she showed any signs of running away—

She bought the colored hat band in a daze. She heard herself talking, felt herself smiling and knew that she was making herself, as she always did, agreeable to the people who worked in stores; and yet this mind was not a part of her. Her real mind was turning over and over what had just happened.

After the first numbing shock, hope began to rise. After all, probably it wasn't as bad as she thought. Floto meant well. Naturally, if he came to the town where she was, he would want to call. He would say nothing. In a few days, at most, he would go away and everything would be over.

When she entered the recorder's office, the farmer had risen to go and was shaking Walter's hand.

"Look, what I've got for you," said Connie after the man had gone, displaying the colored band. "I want you to look nice tonight. The other was beginning to fade."

"You darling, always thinking of me," said Walter and, taking her into his arms, kissed her.

Rescuing Wally from behind the big iron safe, where he had just held up a stage coach, they drove down the street. As they passed the hotel, Floto was leaning back in a chair against the side of the building, his heels hooked in the rungs, smoking and talking, along with half a dozen others who roosted outside the hotel on pleasant evenings. His hand went up, and he waved familiarly.

Walter stared at Connie in astonishment. "Who's that?" he asked.

Connie hesitated. The strangest thing had happened, she explained. As she had gone out for the band for his hat, she had run across this man she had known in New York when she was studying. At first, she couldn't remember his name, she explained carefully, and then it had come to her. Floto. Ed Floto. She had almost forgotten him, but he had seemed so glad to see her and was so lonesome that she had told him to drop in to dinner Monday evening.

"That's all right, give him a good time. I expect hotel life gets pretty monotonous."

"That's what he said," added Connie eagerly. "That's the reason I asked him. He said he was just dying for some home cooking."

"All right, we'll fill him up and give him a good time." They rode on.

Walter's speech at the Country Club went splendidly. The evening was a great success. Monday evening.

Connie anxiously put the finishing touches to the table. It was not set as elaborately as when they gave a dinner party, with streamers of colored ribbon laid along the tablecloth to give it a festive air, but it was arranged neatly. And she had on only her second best frock. Walter must know that the dinner meant little to her. She had engaged Mrs. Meloney, the town handy woman, to cook the dinner while she had looked after Wally and fixed up the house. Connie brought on the salted almonds. That would be enough to show that it wasn't a home dinner and yet not enough to make an event out of it.

CONNIE always managed to have things looking attractive and she did it on little money. Walter's salary was not big, and she must make it go a long ways. This Connie could do. A few years more and Walter would probably be elected to a better position and his salary would go up. But now every penny must count. Indeed, Connie and Walter lived on the budget system. In the drawer of the kitchen table was the budget book, with every penny accounted for.

Now and then Walter examined the book and marveled.

"By gracious! You keep your books better than we do ours," he often said, as he examined the book.

They had never been able to afford a hired girl, and Connie did all the work and looked after Wally. By close figuring, Connie had managed to fix up her house neatly and attractively with a few of the newest books and latest magazines on the center table.

But old Mrs. Pistole wasn't to be taken in. Not her.

"If you turn the books over and look in the back you can see she gets 'em from the library," said the old lady who hadn't been fooled in years as to what it cost anybody in Junction City to live. "And you'll notice her magazines are always rounded up. That's because her mother sends 'em to her."

In a few minutes Floto would arrive. She would be agreeable to him, but she would not overdo it. In a few days, he would be on his way.

The door-bell rang. When Connie answered it she found that Floto was in his checked suit, with the diamond riding crop pin in his tie and his hair glistening from a preparation that held every hair firmly in place, and in his breast pocket a cheap, highly colored handkerchief.

"Hullo, Connie, right on the dot, you see. Say," he said rolling his eyes about, "you're fixed up pretty nifty, ain't you! Well, I'm glad to see you so prosperous. Nice radio set'n everything. Drive a nice car, too. Well that's fine. Glad to see my ol' friends gettin' some of the world's goods even if I ain't doing so well myself. Where's friend hubby?"

WALTER came in, a few moments later, and Connie introduced them as calmly as she could.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Floto," said Walter heartily. "Glad to meet any old friend of Connie's. You're quite a ways from home, aren't you?"

"Yes and no," returned Floto. "Any old place that I hang my hat is home now to me, since I took up the outdoor paint business. You're sittin' pretty here, ain't you, Mr. Webb?"

Walter smiled in appreciation. He was proud of his little home.

"It's not so bad," he said modestly. "We've got it all paid for, too, and not everybody in Junction City can say that. Yes," he added judiciously, "I suppose we ought to consider ourselves lucky."



No More GRAY HAIR

A NEW safe way has been found to bring back original shade to gray hair—to remove faded streaks and restore graying parts—to make the hair live looking and lustrous.

This way is clean and colorless. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Test free if you wish. Or go to nearest drug-gist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly.

Costs nothing if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 121-A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Send Free Outfit. Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn.....light brown.....light red.....blonde.....
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Please print your name and address

ARE you Single? from Choice?

Now, girls, be honest with yourselves! You may have been asked, but have you been asked by the man or the type of man you want? Man isn't a dumb animal, but he is easily led by the girl who understands man's manner of thinking, his peculiarities and what he expects the girl to be whom he would marry. You have seen it happen over and over again. The man seeks and asks but it is the girl who knows the secrets contained in "Fascinating Womanhood" who makes him seek and ask. She knows what and what not to do and she can apply this knowledge to attract the man she wants. And why not? Isn't marriage a 50-50 proposition? Girls do not lose one iota of femininity by knowing how to use their natural charms. They have an inherent right to win the man they love—but they must use subtlety in doing so. Don't wait and wish—act, learn and be happy. Cut out this ad; write name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your time today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 71-A

The Most Wonderful Ring in the World WONDERFUL CRUCIFIX RING

The ring was first made during the 15th century by a Spanish Goldsmith and was immediate favor. It was valued highly, and was handed down from father to son. Its fame has increased during the centuries and it is today the most sought after and treasured of all rings.

Get Yours at Once—Order Now
This beautiful ring is a masterpiece of the jeweler's art. Genuine 14 K. gold filled. Guaranteed for 20 years.
Send No Money!
Just send your name and address and a strip of paper to show finger size. Pay postman only \$2.85. Nothing more to pay. Yours to keep, wear and enjoy forever. If not satisfied your money quickly returned. Orders outside of the U. S. must be accompanied by Postal Money Order.

Terminal Jewelry Co., 500 Fifth Ave., Dept. 52, New York

SHORT STORY WRITING

One pupil won a \$2000 prize. Another pupil earned over \$5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today. The Home Correspondence School Dept. 47 Springfield, Mass.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT Free Trial Treatment

sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense. DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of N. Y., 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk M

SKIN TROUBLES CLEARED QUICKLY



Often Ends Eruptions in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and other blemishes cleared up quickly and safely by Poslam.

Used successfully for all skin troubles for twenty years. It must be good. Thousands of unsolicited letters from delighted users tell of amazing success. Buy Poslam at your druggist, only 50c., or let us prove to you free that Poslam will clear your skin.

FREE Proof Sample!
See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address to:

Sample Desk, Poslam Co., 254 W. 54th Street, New York, N. Y.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores nor by agents. Every appliance made to special order and sent direct from Marshall. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 1818 State St., Marshall, Mich.



MR. C. E. BROOKS



Lure of Love

Continental Oriental Perfumes

New imported perfume sensation. Solid—in lovely compact. Convenient—Economic—yet better and more lasting than the most expensive liquid perfume. Just a touch on the skin, and the haunting, romantic fragrance thrills and lingers many days. This mysterious perfume attracts, entices and fascinates. Regular \$2.00 size with Lure instructions, for only \$1.00, or \$1.17 C. O. D. Order Today!

PEACOCK PERFUMES
1260-G-Calif. St., San Francisco, Calif.

FORM DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR

14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonderful Cream Included.) Plain wrapper. 15 IS IT WORTH 15c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address now, with ten cents only.

Madame C. C. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At drug and shoe stores, everywhere

Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago



Put one on—the pain is gone

"I should say so," said Floto enthusiastically. If Connie expected Floto to be a bit forward she was wrong. He sat at the table during dinner, talking politely enough, but all the time his eye roamed the house.

After dinner Connie went up to go through the final ceremony of putting Wally to sleep, while Mrs. Meloney carried the dishes out to the kitchen sink, leaving the two men alone. As Connie came into the room again she listened anxiously, but not by the slightest word did Floto give any hint of what he knew. In fact, Floto was making himself very agreeable.

There was a ring of the bell, later that evening, and when Connie opened the door, a neighbor woman was outside.

She had had a chance to sell a little house she owned, which rented for twenty dollars a month, and the man had agreed to take it.

"Now he says the property's not clear," said the woman anxiously, "says the deed won't hold. Would you mind looking it over, and seeing what you think? I hate to disturb you with your company, but it's all I've got," she trembled.

"Sure, I'll look it over," returned Walter. "Glad to. I'll just run over to your house, where you've got all your papers. I expect it'll be handier. Back in a minute," he said as he went out.

"Say, Con, listen," said Floto after Walter had gone, "I hate to do this, hate it like the deuce, but I've been playing in tough luck lately. I thought I had a straight inside on the ponies and I played it and it hit me pretty hard. But I can make it back, I know I can, if I just had a little money. I want you to loan me some money, about a hundred dollars," he said deliberately. "It oughtn't to pinch you, sittin' pretty as you are here." He waved a hand over the house. Edging his chair over, he put his hand on her arm. "I don't want to be snootish about this, but the fact is—well, I've got to have it."

BLACKMAIL. That was what it was. The request was polite, but that was what it meant. Floto continued to talk, his hand still on her. He didn't want to kick up a muss, he said in his oily way, and since she was sittin' so pretty. "For old times sake," he said slowly, "she oughtn't to forget her old side kick."

Connie's heart beat heavily. His eyes were too narrow. There was a slight squint in them and now and then his crafty lids drew together. But she must not now show her contempt. It would do no good to explain that she did not have a hundred dollars, and that every penny must be accounted for by their budget plan. It even took maneuvering to get enough money for Walter's birthday without his suspecting. And even though she gave Floto a hundred dollars, there would be other demands. His persecution had begun. Her husband, her home, her position in Junction City—she must find some way out.

Before she could answer, Walter was back. Floto began to talk about the "old days," as he called them; nothing was outspoken. Of course, Greenwich Village was a gay place; people down there had a good time, and there was the suggestion that he had been one of them. But Connie felt the needle pricks, reminders to her that he could tell more. Yes, he would be in Junction City some days, maybe a couple of weeks. It was a nice place to work.

"It's been a wonderful evening," he enthused as he started to go. It sure beat holding down a chair in a hotel. He was now at the door, shaking hands, still talking.

"I like this here town," he declared, "nice little burg. You've even got a nice jail here, why," he laughed, "it's a beauty spot in itself! Well, so long, good-by."

The door closed.

Then the sound of whistling down the street.

Connie went to the kitchen on the pretense of seeing that everything was all right, and fussed among the dishes. A hundred dollars. Even if she gave him that, there would be other calls. It might last for years. What should she do? Her mind went over and over it. She could send to her mother in Kansas City and on some excuse get the money, but that would be only the beginning. Some day, sooner or later, Walter would know.

AT LAST, she went heavily upstairs, and into Wally's room. He was sleeping with his hands above his head, his lips together, sweetly and peacefully. She kissed him tenderly. Never had he seemed so precious.

As she turned toward Walter's bed in the dark she stumbled against something on the floor. His shoes. How often they had provoked her! Now she picked them up and set them under the bed. After all, what a small fault it was. All human beings had shortcomings, bothersome little traits—the thing was to keep one's eye on the big things—character, honesty, integrity. Walter had all these. No one had more.

Two days she sat like a fly in a corner, afraid to come out, while her mind went wearily over and over the situation. But she knew she could not do this much longer. The third day the telephone rang.

"Is that you, Connie? Where you been hiding? I haven't seen you pass at all. Say, listen, I've got to see you. You're not trying to high-hat me, are you? Well, I don't think that would pay."

Connie's heart pounded desperately, while she tried to appear calm. No, she hadn't tried to high-hat him, she said, using his own phrase.

"I'll come to see you tomorrow afternoon," she said, "out where you're working. I'll drive past."

"No monkey business about this, Con. You'll have it, will you?"

"Y-yes."

She had committed herself. What should she do? "I wonder if I should go to Walter and confess all?" she thought over and over. She could picture the shock to Walter, the idealist. She could see the look of dumb amazement on his face. His Connie, his wife! He might forgive her. He would not be the kind to throw it up to her; he would not torture her with it the rest of her life. They would continue to live together, but the dust would be gone from the butterfly's wing. They would be, like so many couples she knew, who find it inconvenient to be together, who never speak to each other when there is any one else to talk to, who never meet each other's eyes with a smile, who have no tender graces nor sentiments toward each other. No! no! she couldn't live that kind of a life. It wasn't life; it was only existing. An animal could do that.

AS SHE thought it over, she decided to go to Floto and appeal to his better instincts. She would confess to him how much she loved her husband, how precious Wally was; she would tell some of her favorite stories about Wally and then she would show Floto that he would be a brute to break up her home. After all, Floto had some worthy instincts. He was weak, he was vacillating, his ambition was now little above ogling on the sidewalk, but still he had some good traits. Once, she recalled, he had been unexpectedly kind and generous to a street urchin whose pennies had fallen through a grating.

It was the afternoon that Mrs. Meloney came in to clean, and leaving Wally with her, Connie sped away in her car, in the opposite direction, at first, so that nobody would suspect. She found him some little

down the
the pre-
all right,
hundred
at, there
for years.
vent over
er mother
get the be-
begin-
Walter

airs, and
sleeping
together,
him ten-
cious.
ed in the
g on the
had pro-
up and
what a
ings had
aits—the
ig things
alter had

corner,
and went
n. But
a longer.

ou been
all. Say,
not try-
I don't

y, while
hadn't
singing his

ernoon."
ng. I'll

s, Con.

should
to Wal-
ver and
to Wal-
look of
Connie,
he would
her; he
rest of
ive to-
e from
be, like
it in-
speak
else to
s eyes
es nor
o! no!
fe. It
animal

ided to
tter in-
much
Wally
stories
Floto
up her
worthy
blating,
oging
e good
en-
street
ugh a

celony
y with
in the
nobody
e little

distance out of Junction City, painting a billboard which was to be seen from the railroad. His paint-spotted car was drawn up by the side of the road. Here he sat in the car at noon eating his lunch. When the day's work was over he rattled back to the city in it. At sight of her he slid out of his speckled overalls and came toward her with a swagger, lifting his long-billed cap. "Hullo, Con," he greeted her. "You don't see me much dressed up, but you know I'm an honest working man now." His eyes fastened on her bag. "You've got it all right, haven't you? Of course, it seems pretty rough now, but when I've made my killing I'll send it back, honest I will Connie," he declared with the fervency that always accompanied such a promise. "I've got a tip that's going to give papa a gold arm."

"Listen, Ed, I—I couldn't get it today," she choked out.

"WHAT you mean, you haven't got it?" he demanded. "You won't help a fellow out on a pinch for a measly little hundred dollars when I told you I'd give it back?" Connie's heart sank. She saw his calculating eyes on her—eyes too close together—saw the rage rising in him. It would be useless to appeal to his finer instincts. He had none. The money. That was all he wanted. And he had honestly convinced himself that he would return the money. "It looks as if I'd have to do some telephoning," he said.

She knew that he would do as he said. She could imagine the scene, possibly that evening. Walter would get up from his chair and go over to the table, rest his elbow on it, take off the receiver and answer pleasantly, as he always did. The stunned look on his face. He would not say much. Just "Yes" and "No" and "When." Then, in the little sitting room, she and Walter would talk it over. He wouldn't say much. In the big things in life, Walter was always quiet. His lips would grow thin and tight over his teeth. Instead of having it over in one shock, as it would be with some men, it would prey on his mind. Little things would aggravate it. At the end of a year, or maybe two, the break would come.

As she stood looking at Floto, she wished that something would happen, some hand of Fate would intervene. She had read in stories how a wife was confronted by a man out of her past and at the right moment she found that he was a jailbird, or a bigamist, and had him sent away to prison. But Floto had never married. He was the petty law evader who would never do anything bold enough to send him to prison.

An idea rushed over her, a preposterous idea. Could she do it? Could she succeed? She would try the part of a disillusioned wife seeking romance. But could she act it, at this supreme crisis in her life?

"In a few days Walter is to be called to another county to straighten out things for them. I want you to come to the house and see me. Then everything'll be all right," she said somewhat vaguely. She must go now, she said, as she looked with pretended anxiety up and down the road. "I'll call you up and tell you when." She sped away in the car.

THREE days later, when Walter had gone on his trip, she called the Commercial House and asked for Floto. Would he drop in this evening and see her? Sure, he would.

She dressed carefully for the part, in her third best gown, her hair slightly stringy. Gone was the smart look she had had on the street and at the Country Club. Now she was an over-worked housewife tied to her kitchen.

Floto wore the checked suit, with the diamond riding crop stickpin, and when he laughed a gold tooth showed. "Hullo, Con. Say, this is pretty nice." His eyes wandered

over the room. "Now we can have a good chin. Tell me first, you've got it, ain't you?"

The time had come for her supreme effort. She felt herself trembling all over, and yet she had a surprising calmness.

"Listen, Ed," she began, "I've got something to tell you. It's something I never told anybody else. It's—"

Suddenly there was a dash of tears to her eyes, a refreshing flood. But now she could not hide behind phrases any longer. "Walter isn't what I thought he was before we were married," she confessed. "No, there wasn't another woman in the case; she almost wished there was; it was just Walter, dull, phlegmatic, uninteresting Walter. "You could see that the night you were here?" she appealed. He kept her pinned down in this hole of a town and never gave her any spending money and it was so necessary these days for women to have money.

She continued to build up her ogre. In some ways Walter was all right. He always treated company nicely, but when the door was shut—Connie sighed expressively. Connie felt as if she were Ethel Barrymore or Jane Cowl, as if she were in some play, and she let herself go more than if it were really true, for in the big moments of life there is, curiously enough, little acting.

"All he thinks of is his office," she continued, "and I want to go places. I'm young—only thirty-two," she declared. "I want to have a little fun in life, not just to be his housekeeper. Yes," repeated Connie, moved by her rôle, "a housekeeper he begrudges every nickel to. I'm tired of it," she cried, "tired, tired!"

She saw Floto looking at her with unbelieving eyes. She must convince him and she threw herself into her part more earnestly. "Of course, I had already told Walter about—about what had happened before I was married." She looked at him steadily a moment. "You know I couldn't begin life with him on a lie. He knew there was another man, that was all, but he didn't know who it was until you came—never even suspected that evening. He wasn't even jealous." Connie sighed heavily, as if to say, "if he only had a little more spunk."

IN A moment Connie was talking about the wonderful days in New York, the theater. "I wish I could go to gay parties again," she cried, "instead of these terrible frosts we have here. Bridge, bridge, bridge, that's all it is. The men yawning, and husbands and wives quarreling over their hands." She sighed, her hands went up to her eyes. "That's the reason—can't you understand I'm sick of it all? Can't you make it easy for me too?"

Floto did not understand. "You mean—" She moved closer the unbecoming light she had arranged, plucking at the strings of her hair.

"Look, what the kitchen has done for me; see my hands—dishwater hands. Listen, Ed-die," it was the old term she had used, "I want to get away from here. I want to go with you."

Floto blinked. "With me?"

"Yes, dear," she forced the word out. "I don't care where. Of course, I love Wally but—" she swallowed heavily, "maybe he'll give him to me half the time." She felt Floto wince. Wally half the time! "Of course, Walter won't do it now, while he's mad, but later. You'll like Wally, I know you will." Her mother soul expanded. "You see, Walter's mother lives here in town; she will move in here and cook for Walter—just as I am doing—and take care of Wally. It isn't any hasty decision," she assured him. "I've been thinking it over ever since that first night."

Floto was not sure. Of course, he would like to have her but—the expense. He must think about that.

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"



"I MADE it myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for what I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, my clothes have style!"

Wherever you live, you can learn at home in spare time to make your own clothes and hats at great savings, or earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home. The Woman's Institute will show you all the secrets that make the professional dressmaker successful—how to plan becoming costumes—how to fit all types, how to make clothes that are distinctive for their smartness and style.

Mail the coupon to learn about the Woman's Institute and its home-study courses in Dressmaking and Millinery.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. G-A, Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name..... (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

GASOLINE NOW 11¢

AUTO OWNERS MYSTIFIED BY NEW SERVICE Public Welcomes News

NEW INVENTION MAKES THIS POSSIBLE

A mysterious whirlwind device that can be installed in a few minutes on any car makes it possible for cars to run on 7¢ gas. Already thousands of cars have been equipped and are showing amazing mileage tests on gas. Bona fide reports show up to

60 Miles on a Gallon of Gas

This device not only saves gas but increases power, prevents carbon forming, produces flashy pick-up and quick starting.

\$100 a Week Territory Open

The demand for the Whirlwind is spreading like wildfire. Men are needed everywhere to take care of local business. \$100 a week is easily possible. Part time workers can earn \$5 an hour. Write today for this splendid opportunity and free sample offer.

Free Sample

Is supplied to our workers so they can equip their own cars.

Whirlwind Carburetor Company
999-149 E. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.



SOLITAIRE	AQUAMARINE	MAN'S RING	ONYX INITIAL
\$1.99	\$3.72	\$4.93	RING \$3.78

Send 10¢ Your Choice

These beautiful rings are all the vogue in New York and Hollywood. Words can't do them justice. They are Reproductions of \$800 Gems and have all the flash and dazzling beauty of genuine diamonds. Mounted in Genuine Sterling Silver with a Platinum Finish. Experts even have difficulty in distinguishing them from genuine jewels. The Aquamarine is an ideal friendship ring and has a very rare color found only in the most perfect gems.

Send Only 10¢ Now! When ring arrives, deposit \$1.00 with postman and pay balance in easy installments of \$1.00 a week. **WE TRUST YOU.** No red tape! No references asked for. Simply tell us which ring to send and enclose 10¢ with ring order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cash, cash with order.

THE JEWELRY IMPORTING CO., Dept. 3500 Arlington Heights, Ill.

AVIATION INFORMATION FREE

Send us your name and address for full information regarding the Aviation and Airplane business. Find out about the many great opportunities now open and how we prepare you at home, during spare time, to qualify. Our new book *Opportunities in the Airplane Industry* also sent free if you answer at once.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 3161 3601 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

"If people really love each other, they can always find money," cried Connie. "Love is the thing that must come first." Her voice became intense. "I know we can find a way, Eddie," she declared. "Walter can arrange a divorce and then I can have you for all mine. I know that sounds bold, but we must talk it over calmly."

IT WAS a splendid piece of acting—not overdone; she must be careful of that; just enough. The gradual disillusionment about Walter; he had never been outside of Junction City in his life—except on automobile tours to Denver and so on—while she had been to New York and had seen a bigger world. Naturally, he was content to be shut up in a pokey room.

"I feel as if I am a bird shut up in a cage and you are the one to open the door." It was mawkish sentiment, but it was in Floto's language; he could understand it. She seized his hand. "Will you open the door?"

Of course, he would but—

Her acting continued. She brought in some poor coffee, slopped slightly on his saucer, and some dry cakes. "Isn't this chummy?" she asked as they sat by an unshaded lamp, "like the old days. Weren't we happy then?" Her hand sought his. "Of course," she admitted, "psychologists say that the past can never be restored, but I know we can, can't we, darling?"

"Y—yes." At last, Floto rose; really, he must go, daubing billboards was hard work. "You won't think less of me, will you, darling?" she asked. "And you understand, don't you? Oh, I knew you would."

DID you ever imagine yourself crashing the gates to attend a real society affair? Did you picture yourself as the belle of the ball? Did you dream of meeting your Prince Charming—and living a glittering romance forever after? Of course you've dreamed about it—but did you ever dare to do it? One girl did—and in February SMART SET she will tell you why love, instead of bringing her happiness—was to her only "Uneasy Love."

The Man Who Laughed at Love

[Continued from page 33]

warning shake of the head and heard the door open. It was John Will, coming back from the river. He paused by the side of my bunk.

"I haven't had a chance to offer congratulations, Lee," he said. "You're the luckiest man on God's green earth!" I hardly felt the grip of his hand before he was gone. Jimmy fell upon me savagely.

"YOU fool!" he said. "You infernal fool! I don't know whether I stopped you in time or not. Don't you know that John Will Denman has been plumb crazy about Ann all his life? You absolute bonehead!"

I rubbed my hands over my aching eyes. "I reckon you're right, Jimmy," I said. I managed to get to the telephone and assure myself of privacy. "If I come over to The Pines this afternoon may I see you?" I asked. "We can ride and talk. I'd like to—"

"Of course," Ann said, and I wondered if her voice sounded different to me or if I were merely noticing it for the first time. "I was sort of expecting you."

My hands were unsteady as I shaved and the face that looked out at me from the mirror looked strange. I was not proud of myself.

Florence was on the long veranda at The Pines as I braked my car, and she hastily snatched up a piece of black ribbon and draped it around her arm, grinning gleefully at me. "S the matter with you, idiot?" I asked rudely. "What's the big idea?"

Tears of shame and mortification came, after he was gone; the things she had said about Walter. The next day she went out to see Floto, her hair a little stringier, lines, she hoped, in her face, with more talk about Greenwich Village. Walter had come home now, she said, and sat around like a stick, and gave her no money. "I'm just his cook," she repeated. "These are the only hours I enjoy," she declared as she stood by the side of the road with him. "You don't know how I look forward to them." She must begin to get everything ready, she said. Tomorrow she would bring her first suitcaseful out. He must hide it in his car. The next day she would bring more, a little each day, she said, till—here her eyes filled with sudden brightness—"till the cage door is opened."

"I'll be here the same time tomorrow," she said. She waved and went whirling away in her car.

BUT the next afternoon his car was not there. Had she missed him? Maybe he had come to see her. When she arrived home there was no sign. Mrs. Meloney said that no one had telephoned. Connie would call him up that night at the hotel and urge him again. She told Walter she wanted to go to the movie theater and if he would stay with Wally that she would like to go. "Sure, run along," said Walter genially.

She went to the theater. She made a point of speaking to the people. She chatted a moment with Mrs. Brooks about some new choir work, and then sat watching vague meaningless shadows moving across the screen. At last, she stole out to the tele-

phone booth and fearfully called the hotel. "I wish to speak to Mr. Floto," she said in a disguised voice.

"Mr. Floto has gone," said the clerk, "checked out this afternoon, took his car and everything. He said he had finished up his job here and was going to move on. Didn't say where he was going, told us to send any mail that came for him to his company's office."

FLOTO gone! She felt a hysterical happiness, felt as if some great and terrible weight swinging at her neck had suddenly and miraculously been lifted. She floated home. The light was out and a sudden fear froze her. What if, after all, Walter had been told and had left? She felt for the key on the railing where they always left it. It was there. She let herself in and went silently upstairs. At the bedroom door she paused to listen.

Yes, Walter was sleeping quietly and peacefully. She undressed and crept thankfully across the floor toward the bed. Suddenly, in the middle of the floor, she felt an impact. Clup! Her bare feet had struck something, that unpleasant, yielding sensation, Walter's shoes. Walter stirred uneasily; he had awakened.

"Walter," she said in a burst of indignation, "I've stumbled over your shoes again. It's just terrible," she continued, "I'm always stumbling over them. Won't you ever learn to put them away?"

"Sure," mumbled sleepy Walter, "sorry. I'll see it never happens ag—." He was asleep.

She crept happily into bed.

"Mourning," she explained. "All us girls are going into mourning."

"One more crack like that," I said, "and I'll give you an eye to match that ribbon!"

Florence dropped me a curtsy. "Thank you, sir!" she said, then: "Here comes Ann."

It was Ann, and I looked at her as if I had never seen her before. Not bad-looking at all, I discovered to my surprise. Funny I hadn't ever really looked at her before. Features really good, and eyes noticeable, even for the South where every woman is expected to be pretty. And she didn't pop off something insane when I took off my cap and said "Hello," but smiled back as if she meant it, and said "Hello," as if we had some gorgeous secret between us.

Neither of us spoke as I swung my car around the pebbled driveway and back on to the "good road." I turned the ideas over in my head as I drove. How did a fellow find out if he had proposed to a girl when he was so drunk he didn't know what he was doing?

"Ann," I said, when I felt that the silence could be held no longer. "What did you think of me last night? I must have seemed mighty silly to you, didn't I?"

"SILLY?" she asked, and her voice was all shot through with glistening undertones. "Silly? No, Lee. There's one time in every woman's life when nothing that the man could say would sound silly to her."

"Can't you understand, Lee, all the fairy tales you've ever read coming true?" One soft little hand rested ever so lightly, ever

so confidently, in appeal for understanding, on my arm. "When you used to put your arm around me just to dance my heart would pound so hard I was always afraid you'd feel it! Why Lee, I wouldn't even let myself hope that you would ever care."

I FELT like calling out to her that she must stop, that I was hearing her under false pretenses, that she must not reveal so much to me, must not swing back the curtains before the inner temple. I had no right to what she was giving me so trustingly. But Ann, unknowing, went on:

"I—oh, Lee! I've cared so much, since I was just a little girl and you used to ride past our house on your pony, that at times it fairly hurt." Her big eyes were seeing visions, and she paused.

"Silly?" she repeated finally. "No, Lee. Above everything else not that. A girl remembers every word the man has said to her at that one time in her life, every intonation in his voice, even, and she keeps them, as long as she lives, in the treasure box in her heart."

Her voice died away. There was no sound save the low, smooth thrum of the motor. I pressed my teeth together, and my breath came hard. God, how close I had come to tragedy! Suppose I had blurted out what was in my mind when I came to The Pines! I had taken it for granted that Ann was having nothing had happened or that Ann was having a splendid joke. Why, we two had hardly ever even been together.

Back at The Pines as we drew up Flor-

America
130 large
to order
Get outfit
wear, \$44
New Inve
all its sta
in complet
gin, Mrs.
\$150.00
by clean, a
Newly inve
nishes new
own. Spee
for you.
free with
pencil whi
rolling.
Morton Su
4th Avenue
Saleswom
taking orde
silla, Wash
Fancy Good
Importing Co
Great ne
best qual
Collect Dig
FREE the
New Year, R
New Ku
Makers, A
ments, Glov
ping Buiss,
deal with
weekly eas
territory, C
Kramer Mfr
Agents S
also given
column. Cred
into Hosiery
New Hou
down, swee
more than
510 Third S
BIG PAY
infred line
Wet Shirts
Costs, Swea
perience uni
rdCo., Dep
Men—Jo
daily with fa
ever advert
demonstrat
Write for fr
Coching M
POLMET
all metals, g
at 50c; sam
1000 St., Bos
Old estab
more you in
US widely k
nament bus
profits. Me
Be a Real
party. Ex
you everyth
of real est
booklet. N
Dept. 500, P
I'll pay
ing our tallo
and overcoo
ommission
match samp
W. Harrison
Women—
commission;
a right, ev
were before
revolutionize
buy every d
to experience
Mary A. Co
Free Boo
from many p
Agent making
On, Leav
Agents—
and distribut
quick for ter
Producers Co
Free coun
grade broadc
sily known
Loyal, cash
you, Boston
Summer St.
Tailoring
now \$23.50
to measure
in advance;
175 samples
Dept. 1450, N
Business
\$100 week,
supplies all c
ness of unp
family. No
e books. W
experience
& Wabansia
Why not
in hour, \$1
and 12
—if styles,
now, includ
Ladies' Flo
Ladies' W
your own u
linary Co

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

America's Greatest Tailoring Line Free!
120 large Swatch Samples—All Wools—Tailored to Order—Union Made—Sensational low prices. Get outfit at once. Address Dept. 301, Good-west 844 W. Adams, Chicago.

New invention beats vacuum sweeper and all its attachments. Electricity unnecessary. All complete \$2.95. Over 100% profit. Mar-apa, Mfg., 797 Crimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

\$150.00 weekly telling men how to enjoy clean, satisfactory shaves all year round. Newly invented Dubledge razor blade stropper makes new blades in a jiffy out of old useless ones. Special advertising offer closes sales for you. For limited time only, we give free with each stropper our new patented pencil which writes 48,000 words without refilling. Write for free unique sales plan. Horton Sales Company, Dept. 1001, 10-15 4th Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

Saleswomen. Salesmen make big money. taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, 1000 samples furnished. National Importing Co., Dept. A-89, 573 Broadway, N. Y.

Great neckwear line now free! Features best quality neckwear at factory prices. Colors big commissions daily. Write for FREE tie and FREE outfit. Nawco Neckwear, Desk 13-F, Covington, Ky.

New Rubber Goods Line. 47 Money Making Aprons, Baby Gowns, Laundry Carriers, Gloves, Rubber Rugs, Cushions, Shopping Bags, etc. Big profits. Best values. Deal with factory at Rubber Center, 890 really easy. Credit given. Write quick for territory. Catalog and Free Outfit Offer. Kruse Mfg. Co., 87 Bar St., Akron, Ohio.

Agents \$240 monthly. Bonus besides. New men given. Sell first silk hosiery—126 styles, 100% profit. Credit given. Write quick for territory. Hosiery Co., Dept. 635, Greenfield, O.

New Household Device washes, dries uniform, sweats, cleans wools, scrubs, mops. Costs less than brooms. Over half profit. Harpers, 30 Third St., Fairfield, Iowa.

BIG PAY EVERY DAY! Complete guaranteed line direct to wearer. Dress Shirts, Work Shirts, Flannels, Overalls, Pants, Leather Coats, Sweaters, Play suits. \$10-\$25 daily! Experience unnecessary. Big Outfit FREE! Nino & Co., Dept. 58, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

Men—join hundreds others making \$20 daily with famous Nogar \$12.50 suits. Tremendous advertising support. Astounding wear demonstration makes quick sales certain. Write for free kit, full instructions. Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co., Dept. CS-1, Reading, Pa.

FOLMET POLISHING CLOTH. Cleans all metals, gets enthusiastic attention, sells fast at 25¢ sample free. F. C. Gale Co., 99 Edinboro St., Boston, Mass.

Old estab. mfg. co. gives you credit! Starts you in business (city or country) selling 85 widely known household necessities. Permanent business, steady customers, large profits. McCann, Dept. PJ, Winona, Minn.

Be a Real Estate Expert. \$500-\$15,000 profit. Experience unnecessary. I'll teach you everything. Connect you with my chain of real estate experts. Write for FREE booklet. National Real Estate Institute, Dept. 500, Fort Smith, Ark.

I'll pay men \$100 a week for selling our tailored to measure all wool suits and overcoats at \$23.50 and \$31.50. High-st commissions. Extra Bonus for producers. Large sample free. W. Z. Gilson, Inc., 161 E. Harrison, Dept. N-172, Chicago.

Women—\$2 an hour spare time; 100% commission; new idea sanitary necessity; sell on sight; every woman buys; new feature never before used; designed by physician; revolutionizes old; uncovers big profits; pay every day; no deliveries; no collections; no experience or capital required. Write Mary A. Coleman, Meriden, Conn.

Free Book Showing 300 Best Sellers from many parts of world at Wholesale Prices. Agents making \$100 weekly. Spors Importing Co., Lesueur Center, Minn.

Agents—90¢ An Hour Earned Advertising and distributing samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 1528 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Free outfit and Assorted Samples of fine trade broadcloth get quick sales for our nationally known Bostonian Shirts at 3 for \$3.95. Liberal cash commission earns big profits for you. Bostonian Shirt Co., Desk SM-1, 72 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Tailoring Salesmen sell Simpson's new \$3.50 pure virgin broad cloth made-to-measure suits, overcoats; commissions advance; exclusive territory, big outfit 175 samples free. J. B. Simpson, 843 Adams, Dept. 1450, Chicago, Ill.

Business of your own! Proved earnings \$65.00 week. Large company established 1887 supplies all capital. Wonderful opportunity for men of unquestioned standing in their community. No traveling. Not stockholders or bookies. Write giving age, and past business experience. Fairbanks, Dept. 12, Oakley & Wabasha Ave., Chicago.

Why not sell us your spare time? \$2.00 an hour. \$19.70 daily easy full time. Introduce 12 months Guaranteed Hosiery—2 styles, 39 colors, for men, women, children. Including latest "silk to the Top" Ladies Hose. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Silk hose for your own use FREE. New Plan. Marceche Hosiery Co., Road 9281, Cincinnati, O.

Is \$10.00 a day extra worth a few postage stamps to you?

Then choose your opportunities and write to these reliable companies for a new start in a money making business.

Remember, you don't need experience. You don't need to invest any money to make money this easy way. All you need is honesty, ambition—and action! Spare time or full time.

But regardless of what your present occupation is if you want to arrive—get started.

Follow the straight line and win!

To Advertisers: No patent medicine matrimonial "schemes", or questionable advertising accepted. Only square-deal advertisers desired.

For rates in this and other magazines address Publishers Classified Service, 9 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y. Give full details.

\$25.00 daily selling colored Raincoats and Slickers, Red, Blue, Green, etc., \$2.95. Hat Free. Pay daily. Outfit Free. Elliott Bradley, 241 VanBuren, Dept. AF-1, Chicago.

Punchboard Salesmen Take Notice. New fascinating game "Excitement." Can be used all states. \$200 weekly easy. One minute sales talk. Pay daily. Cigar Stores Novelty Co., Dept. P, Peoria, Ill.

Write for Free Samples. Introduce "Chir-tain" Guaranteed Silk, Broadcloth, Work-shirts. No capital or experience needed. Your Pay Daily. Monthly bonus extra. Cincinnati Shirt Co., Shop 2061, Cincinnati, O.

Women Representatives Wanted. New invention prevents shoulder strap slipping. No more discomfort. Women adore it. Write for particulars and free offer. Lingerie "V" Company, 5 Lake St., North Wadham, Conn.

Agents—Make \$90 a week, \$3.50 an hour, with famous World's Star Hosiery. Underwear, Lingerie for men, women, children. Amazing values. New Presentation Plan met by sales on sight. Big, prompt, steady repeat business, cash bonus. Free selling equipment. Write quick for territory. World's Star Knitting Co., 111 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

DISTRICT SALESMAN—All wool. Union Made suits, overcoats, \$23.50. Liberal advance commission, bonus. Write for large FREE outfit. K. J. Harvey, Box 00, Chicago.

Manufacturing Business; Grisettes—delightful dolls, 1927 report \$364 profits two days. We start you. Write, Long Eakins, 187 Primrose, Springfield, O.

Agents; 500¢ Profit Free Samples Gold Silt Letters for stores and office windows easily applied. Large demand everywhere. Mettelle Letter Co., 431 N. Clark, Chicago.

From The Argentine, latest novelty, marvelous sales possibility, most unusual, write for full particulars. Don Francis N. Cassara, 23 Washington Street, New York City.

Big Hit! Amazing new Aero Winter Cap for men, women, children; also men's rain-proof dress caps. \$2.80 sale. \$1.00 commission. Going like wildfire. Outfit and full details free. Peerless Cap Co., Dept. HP-50, Covington, Kentucky.

AGENTS MAKE \$3.00 HOUR TAKING orders for 40 fascinating "Handy Things" for Kitchen. Sell on sight! Write General Products Co., Dept. SM-5, Newark, N. J.

Current Ideas Magazine, published monthly popular scientific articles, working diagrams, models, etc. Buy at your dealer or send 25¢ stamp or coin. Good proposition for live agents. Current Ideas, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

Work Suits \$9.95. Guaranteed 2 Years. Sell every factory and working man. Profit \$3 in advance. 13 patterns. Free Outfit. T. S. Field, 2556 Wabash, Chicago.

Photo Medallion Agents Earn \$20 Daily. Easy work collecting photos. Capital or experience unnecessary. Give your 4-day service on beautiful photo reproductions. Write Pudlin, Dept. 316, 259 Bowery, New York.

Agents \$300 month. Sell guaran-teed silk hosiery. Must wear 7 months or replace. New selling plan. We furnish auto. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write for samples. Betterknit Textile Co., Silk 235, Greenfield, Ohio.

Men, get Forest Ranger job; \$125-\$200 month and home furnished; permanent, hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton, 270 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Send No Money. Solid gold effect rail-road watch, guaranteed 15 years. Million dollar factory. Cable and chain free. Pay \$3.57 and postage on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bradley, Newton, Mass.

Send 25 Cents for a \$1.00 Pocket Cigar Lighter and learn how to make \$10.00 a day Easy. Sells on sight. Particulars FREE. Rapid Manufacturing Co., 799C Broadway, New York.

You can make money right in your own home. Book of 50 money-making plans telling you how to do it—out for only 15 cents, stamps or coin. We have nothing else to sell you. Send at once—here's real home for money workers. SPARE TIME MONEY MAKING 230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Why work for others? Employ agents yourself. Make your own profits. 500¢ profit. Valuable booklet free. Nat'l Scientific Laboratories, 1925-W Broad, Richmond, Va.

Producing Managers who know good tailoring and genuine value, write or for information about Canterbury Clothiers. All wool and pure worsted suits and topcoats at \$18.75 with \$3.75 to salesman and 7% to manager. Outfits free. Company is one of largest in America. We back every salesman and every garment. Canterbury Tailors, 22 West 22nd Street, New York.

Don't worry with small profits and un-known articles. Backed by tremendous national advertising, hundreds of Nogar salesmen are making \$500 to \$1,000 monthly Right Now. World's longest wearing suits, \$12.50. Amazing wear or demonstration makes big, steady sales certain. Write today for Free Kit, full starting instructions. Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co., Dept. CS-1A, Reading, Pa.

Unless You Have an Organization of at least 15 producing salesmen, don't answer this. Finest shirt line in America, with best selling outfit. Big doubled swatches. Outfits free. Prices and commission arrangements right! Send full information about yourself and your record. Confidential. President, 20 West 22nd Street, New York.

Agents—Just Out! \$5.88 for Men's Suits! Anyone can sell! Commission 33% in advance! Free Sales Kit! 888 Company, Dept. A-15, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FREE! To honest men over 18: new patented cigarette lighter. Show your friends and make \$90 weekly. Send 25¢ to cover mailing costs and mention name of this magazine. F. Z. Lighter, Dept. M, 365 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER! Learn While You Earn!

Big Pay Jobs open in Automotive field. Learn how on real equipment with real shop tools in eight weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write quick for special training offer including board and railroad fare. Mcweeney Auto Schools, Dept. 21-A, Cleveland, O. and Cincinnati, O.

New Free Book "Modern Salesman-ship." Shows you quick, easy way to make big money selling. Experienced men become big producers; experienced men double sales. Free Employment Service. Write National Salesmen's Tr. Assn., N. E. T. A. Bldg., Dept. A, Chicago.

Girls wanted for stage. Big pay. Learn stage dancing at home in spare time. Costs only a few cents a day. Write for free booklet. Veronice Vestal, Studio A, 100 West 72nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Buy a Drafting Job and 50% Raise at small monthly cost, and under money back guaranteed. Get \$50 to \$125 a week. Big demand for Draftsmen in all building and manufacturing lines. Spare time coaching at home gets you ready for wonderful opportunities. No cost if you fail. Write today for 3 sample lessons, free. O. C. Miller, Dept. D-1306, 838 E. 68th St., Chicago.

Get into Electricity! Learn in 12 Weeks on actual Electrical Machinery in great school of Coyne. Not by correspondence. No books—no lessons. Employment Service for life after graduation. Get the facts. Send for big free book today. Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 18-75, 500 South Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Men qualify Forest Ranger Position; start \$125 month; cabin and vacation. Patrol the forests; protect the game. Write Mokane, Dept. M-44, Denver, Colo.

\$8.50 in 17 weeks! That's what Charles F. Worthen made after reading my free book. Do as he did. Be a Real Estate Specialist. Use my successful system. Start at home in spare time. No capital or experience needed. Free Book shows how. Address President, American Business Builders, Room 68, 18 E. 18 Street, New York, N. Y.

Men Wanted for Automobile Work. No experience necessary. Best wages. Rapid promotion. Write John Bayston, 921 North Highland, Arlington Heights, Illinois.

Learn innermost secrets of Magic quickly at home and earn big money as a Magician, or make yourself a business and social success with Magic as your hobby! Full details free. Write Tarbell Systems, Inc., 1926 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 10-11, Chicago.

Men, become Forest Rangers; \$125-\$200 month and home furnished; permanent, hunt, fish, trap, etc. For details, write Norton, 270 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Big Rewards, travel, excitement full life of Finger Print expert. More trained men needed now. Learn at home from world renowned school. Write for fascinating book now free. University of Applied Sciences, 1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Department 10-11, Chicago.

Railway Postal Clerks. Men 18 up, \$158-\$225 monthly. Common education sufficient. 25 coach free. Write immediately for full particulars. Franklin Inst., Dept. S-91, Rochester, N. Y.

\$55 for Photoplay Plots. Stories revised, copyrighted, marketed. Est. 1917. Free Booklets—Universal Scenario Co., 400 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Men-Women, 18-50, qualify for Forest Ranger, Ry. Mail Clerk, Special Agents, other Govt. Positions, \$140-\$200 month; write instruction Bureau, Dept. 137, St. Louis, Mo.

Earn \$25 Weekly. Spare Time, Writing for Newspapers, Magazines; exp. unnecessary. Copyright Book "How to Write for Pay" Free! 1307 Press Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

Men—Get Railway Mail Clerk or Forest Ranger Job with Government. \$125-\$225 month. Permanent, short hours. Write Warren Inst., 500 Colorado Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Build a beautiful, powerful, magnetic voice at home by marvelous method brought from Europe. 100 per cent improvement positively guaranteed or money refunded. Write for book and definite proof in advance. Address Perfect Voice Institute, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 10-11, Chicago.



Win a Buick or \$1500.00 In Cash



I am going to give away a brand new, latest model Buick Sedan to someone who answers this adv. We have already given away many autos. This is the most liberal offer ever made. It is your chance to win this deal car. You can win it why not try? The Sedan will be delivered to the winner, or winner may have the full cash value (\$1,195.00)

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

2 21 9 3 11 7 9 22 5 14

Can you make out the two words spelled by the numbers in the squares above? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? Send your answer today—not a cent of cost to you now or later.

\$305 for Promptness

I will also give away a Chevrolet Coach, Orthophonic Victrola and many other valuable Prizes—besides hundreds of dollars in Cash—and \$305.00 Special Extra Prize for Promptness. First Prize winner will receive \$1,500.00 cash or Buick Sedan and \$305.00 cash. All who answer can share in cash and prizes. In case of tie the prizes will be duplicated. EVERYBODY REWARDED. Now, get out your pencil and solve the puzzle—send your answer today with name and address plainly written.

WILLIAM LEROY, Dept. 3881, 315 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.



\$60 a week

Make \$60 a week and be your own boss simply taking orders for my amazing new, fast selling All Weather Coat. World's biggest value—only \$3.98. At my bargain price every man, woman, child a red-hot prospect. Everyone buys! Slides cleared \$600 in 30 days.

Amazing New Raincoat
Never before such a value! This new coat is so attractive you'd expect it to cost twice its price. **ONLY \$3.98**. Sample coat for demonstration of no cost. Spare time or full time. If \$60 a week sounds good to you, write at once for details of my amazing new money-making plan. No cost or obligation. Don't delay, write today.

No Experience Needed
No capital required. I tell you what to do—I furnish everything absolutely FREE. Sample coat for demonstration of no cost. Spare time or full time. If \$60 a week sounds good to you, write at once for details of my amazing new money-making plan. No cost or obligation. Don't delay, write today.

THIS COAT ONLY \$3.98

C. E. COMER, Comer Mfg. Co. Dept. 0-619 Dayton, Ohio

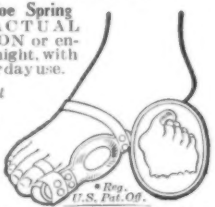
A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET

*The "Perfection" Toe Spring REMOVES THE ACTUAL CAUSE OF THE BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Send outline of foot

Straighten Your Toes
Banish That Bunion

Any other foot trouble?



C. R. ACFIELD Dept. 98 1325 Broadway New York

Home Antiseptic

Keep soothing, healing, liquid Zemo on hand for scalds, bruises, cuts, burns, cold sores, frostbites, blemishes and other skin ailments. Pleasant to use. 35c, 60c and \$1.00.

ZEMO FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



then sent free. Send no money. For container on delivery. MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick Sta., New York, Dept. SMS-1

ence poked a sunny head out of the door. "Lee, your mother just rang for you. I saw you coming and told her to hold the line."

It was Mother, and over the wires I detected the flutter in her usually calm voice: "Lee, Lover, what's all this they're telling me? Why didn't you let me know first you were engaged?"

"We'll have a long talk, honey, as soon as I get home. I'll come straight from here."

"I'll wait, Lover. That was what you were driving at, wasn't it, when you asked me to name over some girls?" she said. "I'm so glad, Lover. Ann's a darling girl and her folks are all right, too. Hurry home, Lover. I'm dying of impatience!"

AND then I faced the long drive home and myself. I felt like a cur, I told myself savagely, and that's exactly how I ought to feel. My intentions? What did they matter? What I had done was the crux of it all.

I gnashed my teeth at myself when I remembered all I had let Ann reveal. I had let her strip away all the curtains, tell me things I should have gone to my grave without knowing. That quiet little girl had opened up to me doors through which only one man in all the world ever should have passed.

Slowly, as the quiet, soothing Southern landscape flitted past I began to realize. It sobered me. The answer was perfectly plain; perfectly simple. At least, thank the gods that be, I was heart whole and fancy free. That, at any rate, helped.

Ann satisfied Mother's longings. I had gleaned that from Mother's words and her tone. She would gladly welcome Ann as the daughter for whom she hungered. Dad would approve anything Mother said. Then why not?

Why not, when that was all I could do in any event? Sobered, a little frightened as I realized all that I was letting be entrusted to me, I prayed to myself a humble little prayer: "Please, God, help me to go through with it so she'll never find out."

I was more than a little surprised to find out how easily I fitted into the rôle of devoted swain. Ann and Mother, almost from the first minute, formed an alliance against all male kind. I degenerated from the position of favorite around whom all the household revolved to something subsidiary.

OF A sudden, days later, I asked myself how on earth I had ever overlooked Ann. Ann had a quick little brain that caught the point of what I was saying without cumbersome explanations, most of the time before I even began to say it. Ann always knew intuitively how I felt, whether I wanted to romp with her and the Airedale, or was tired and wanted merely to flop in the big chair and rest. Ann cuddled just right into the hollow of a fellow's arm when we danced, and sometimes at other moments. Ann could snap a fellow out of any given mood, even when he wanted to invite a road-hog out of his car to fight. She had within her, ready always to turn on at will, an unbelievable store of whimsicality that could find anywhere, at any time, fairy tales and golden, iridescent dreams.

I wondered whether, in her new happiness, Ann really was becoming more beautiful, or if it were just that I was seeing what I had overlooked all along.

I should have known what had happened to me at last, when the boiler on the lower plantation blew up and I had to go down there to see about it. I hated to go; and there was a surprisingly pleasant feeling in hating to. Still, a couple of the hands had been rather badly hurt and, after all it was only fifty miles, little over an hour if you stepped on the gas, and there were telephones. So, as happily as I could manage, I kissed Mother good-by and went away contentedly sad, with the memory fresh and sweet of

Ann's dainty little face uptilted to mine.

I came to full realization of what had happened to me when it was growing dark down on the plantation that evening, when all the sky above was rose and gold, and all the world below was dark and chill; when the knowledge hammered dismally that Ann was fifty miles away and that it would be whole days before I could see her again.

I was starting to the telephone when it rang. "Hello. Lee?" came Mother's voice; and at the sound of it I wondered what had happened to disturb her. "I've been talking to Ann, Lee. I made her let me see her." In the thousandth second before she spoke again my thoughts were racing. Why should Mother say she made Ann see her? Mother was not one to fly off without good reason—what had happened?

"Those boys who were down in camp with you, Lee. They said something. They didn't know it was anything, but it has done harm they didn't dream of. Lee!" Mother's voice held toward me a note I had never heard in it before. "Did you do what they say?"

"I DON'T know, Mother. I did plenty." "Some cat of a girl took pains to let Ann know what the boys said. She wouldn't see me at first, Lee, she's cut up about it worse than I dreamed any girl could be. Says she can't forget some things she told you. She's heartbroken, Lee. And I'm not proud of you, either."

There was more, but I scarcely heard it. Ann had found out. Ann knew I didn't know when I proposed to her. Ann knew everything I'd made up my mind she should never learn. Slowly I replaced the receiver on the hook, and tried to think.

Realization had come at last. No wonder I no longer spent hours wondering about love. I whirled back to the telephone.

I could scarcely wait till my call went through and I heard the colored maid's voice: "Yassuh, Mist' Lee, I call her f'r yuh. Miss Ann! Miss Ann! Hit's Mist' Lee!"

I heard Ann's answer unbelievably. I could not believe it even when the maid repeated it to me. "Miss Ann say she can't talk wid yuh, Mist' Lee."

My fingers tightened about the telephone. "Tell Miss Ann that I'm coming to see her as fast as gasoline will bring me. And tell her she's going to see me when I get there!"

The colored house boy of the plantation tried to stop me as I started the car to remind me I had had no supper and that colored house boy narrowly escaped losing a leg. I spun my car around and shot it toward the road home.

Nor was the house boy the only one who had a narrow escape from Lee Austin. I slowed down for nothing. Fast as I drove, however, my thoughts raced ever ahead of me.

Ann! The sheer life that dwelt within her! Why couldn't I have realized long ago? The sparkle in the big black eyes that seemed at times to fill half her face! The long lashes! Ann!

And I was the man who had jeered at love! Misty, above the gleam of the headlights I could see Ann's clear-cut dainty little face; and the light that shone from it when she caught sight of me. Ann!

There was dust on my car, dust on my clothes, and dust in the lines in my face as I roared to a stop in front of her home. The house seemed strangely dark. I hammered savagely at the door. No answer.

I HAMMERED again and when no response came, clumped down the front steps. There was a light in Mammy 'Liza's one-roomed shack and I stalked across the bare little porch.

"Where's Miss Ann?" I asked. "Law, ef 'tain't Mist' Lee!" Mammy 'Liza's hands went up in astonishment. "All

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACT OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912.**

OF SMART SET published monthly at New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1927, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SMART SET and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 W. 40th Street, New York City; Editor, W. C. Lengel, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Grove Wilson, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, Sole Stockholder, George D'Usssey, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1927. G. E. Stahl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 1724, Reg. No. 3556. Certificate filed in New York Co. No. 545, Reg. No. 9498. (My commission expires March 30, 1929.) [Seal]

de fo'ks went to de picture sho', suh, 'cep' Miss Ann. She went ridin' wid Mist' Jawm Will Denman."

There was nothing in the mere words to lay upon me the cold certainty that they did.

"With Mr. John Will Denman?" I repeated slowly. There flashed back to me that scene down at the river: the grip of John Will's hand, the look on his face and what Jimmy Briggs had said when he had gone. "Mammy 'Liza, do you know where they went?"

"Nawsuh. She jes' 'phone him right attar you called. Seem to me I did hear him say some'n when dey was leavin', suh, 'bout de county seat."

I waited for no more. I knew. My intuition had been trying to warn me all along that Ann was not the sort to submit weakly to my ultimatum that I was going to see her, whether or not. Going off with John Will was her answer.

AMONG other things at the county seat, was the license office.

They had nearly an hour's start on me. I could pick up most of that by taking the unpaved short-cut, and driving like possessed. The car would hang together that long.

I drove recklessly, cut-out wide open, spark and throttle levers pushed till they jammed. I slowed down only when I had to, and then as little as I dared.

The powerful car was fairly leaping from bump to bump along the rough road, motor roaring, going half into the ditch with a skidding crash and recovering a hundred yards down the road. Yet again I found that I could not outrun my thoughts. If only I could overtake them before it was too late! Constantly I strained forward for the first sight of John Will's gray roadster.

Because I was straining so for the first glimpse of it, there was a shock at the sudden sight of it on the road ahead. He was driving fast; but with no speed like mine. My long car swooped down upon them, horn shrieking insanely. I barely waited for the gray roadster to stop before leaping down and racing to its side.

Ann did not speak; and in the tiny light from the dash lamp John Will's face was calm. "Well?" he said to me, and waited.

I was panting as if I had been running. I heard John Will, but my attention was on Ann only. "Ann, honey," I said, "I've come for you! You mustn't go on with—this thing. I've come to—stop it. You've got to come back with me!"

Ann held her silence; it was John Will who made answer. Characteristically, he lowered his voice instead of raising it.

"You evidently don't know what you are saying," he said. "I can see you are not yourself; but you don't know what you are meddling with."

I had seen John Will grow that quiet before and the other man was pretty badly hurt, that time. I, too, grew quiet.

"All right, John Will," I told him. "If it has to come, it has to come." Then I turned to Ann and said in a different tone, "Ann, honey, I've come for you. I want you, dear. Won't you come back with me?"

Ann still was silent, and when she did not answer me John Will reached toward his levers.

"**W**AIT a minute, John Will!" I warned. "Don't! She doesn't understand that I love her!"

John Will slammed shut the door I had opened, and the sound of it was like a curse. He snapped on the switch, and words came to him.

"Love her!" he managed to get all the scorn in the world into it. "Love her! You! Why you don't know what the word means! I've loved her since she was a little girl,

DIAMONDS

WATCHES & JEWELRY

12 Months To Pay
Pay Next Year

No. A96 \$73

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
\$3 down—\$1.48 weekly
The blazing, genuine blue-white diamond is guaranteed absolutely perfect in every respect. It is attractively set off by 4 triangular French blue sapphires in this artistic, engraved 18 Kt. white gold mounting.

Prices Reduced For Xmas
Jewelry makes the best Xmas gift because it lasts, is useful and is most appreciated. Every article pictured here has been carefully selected for both beauty and quality. Prices have been reduced for Xmas so as to offer the biggest value for the least money. Everything has been done to make it as easy as possible to purchase your Xmas presents.

Buy From Diamond Importers
You save middleman's profits because we have been diamond importers since 1879—48 years. We sell only blue-white diamonds—proof color grades. Everything guaranteed as represented. Our money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee protects your order. An old concern means safety.

Send Your Order—15 Days Free Trial
Just send \$1.00 deposit or the full first payment. Pay postman on delivery the additional amount, if any, to cover down payment. Pay balance in equal weekly, semi-monthly or monthly payment beginning February. You have 15 days to decide. If not satisfied, return and we will refund every cent you paid.

Open Confidential Credit Account
To open a charge account without delay, just give a little information about yourself and a few business references. Everything strictly confidential. None will know what or from whom you are buying. If under age, have parents or guardian guarantee account or place order for you.

ELGIN \$21
\$1 down—50c wk.
World famous Elgin jeweled, timed and regulated movement in handsome, engraved octagon white gold filled case. Latest style, thin model. Reduced for Xmas.

V44 \$19
\$1 down 50c weekly
Dainty 14 Kt. solid white gold, rectangular ladies' wrist watch fitted with jeweled, adjusted and regulated movement. Guaranteed for accuracy. Free mesh bracelet. Handsome Xmas presentation case.

BULOVA STRAP WATCH \$28.50
\$1 Down 60c Weekly
No. M07—Men's most popular style. 15 jewel BULOVA movement in 14 Kt. white or green gold filled case at nationally advertised cash price. Xmas gift case.

Write for FREE Catalog
Hundreds of bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Wrist Watches, Jewelry, Toilet Sets, Tableware, etc. Beautifully illustrated. It brings our large jewelry store right into your home. Buy Diamonds Like An Expert. Know grades, qualities and values before buying. Contains information other jewelers dare not tell, such as weights and grades of diamonds.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
1540 BROADWAY, Dept. 2392, N.Y.



"We can't get married until—"

"WE CAN'T get married until I earn more money." Thousands of young men are saying that today. Thousands of girls are giving that as the reason the marriage date is being put off and off. Sometimes it gets a little embarrassing, too, to have to keep on giving that excuse. For no girl likes to admit that the man she is going to marry is a failure.

It takes money to support a home these days. And you're right in waiting. But don't wait too long. The years of youth are precious years. They will never come again.

Thousands of men now have happy prosperous homes because they had the foresight to prepare themselves for advancement through the home-study courses of the International Correspondence Schools. Hundreds of them report salary increases of \$10, \$15 and \$25 a week. Many are earning \$75, \$100 and \$150 a week. Some have doubled and even tripled their salaries. Some are earning \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year. Others have become owners of businesses of their own.

If the I. C. S. can help other men to raise their salaries, it can help you. At least find out how. It won't obligate you to ask for our Free Booklets, but that one simple act may change your entire life. Do it now. Do it for HER!

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University"
Box 6257-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course before which I have marked X:

- BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES**
- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

- TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES**
- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

10 Big Weekly Issues 10¢

The most valuable offer ever made by a publisher. Ten issues of THE PATHFINDER for only 10 cents!

The liveliest, most unique and most entertaining American weekly magazine. Full of wit, humor, information, news events, special features, excellent fiction, etc. Once you read THE PATHFINDER you will never do without it. Grab this limited offer at once.

THE PATHFINDER, Dept. M55, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 or \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
201 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

with her tiny, frilled skirt 'way above her little knees. I've loved her all these years when you didn't know she was on earth. Would you serve your twice seven years for her as I have done? Would you suffer humiliation to get her? Would you come down off your throne to crawl in the dirt for her?

"Love her! You think all you have to do is simply tell her that! You think all you have to do is to outrun us in your bigger, more expensive car and tell her you want her. You're wrong!"

If he had said anything else I should have fought him. But his words stripped from me the last bit of pretense, made me see myself in a true, unlovely light. My hand dropped from the door of the car.

"I see now, John Will," I said slowly and I did. "And thank you. I guess that and a lot more was coming to me. I've been a self-centered, egotistical cad; but I didn't know. I didn't know."

I turned to Ann. "I reckon you're disgusted with me, Ann," I said humbly, "and I couldn't blame you no matter what you thought of me. But I want you to know I'd give an arm to make things right again. And all I can do is say I'm—sorry."

"I do love you, Ann. I love you so much I can't tell you. I haven't the right to ask for anything if you don't care any more. All you have to do is tell me, and I'll never trouble you again. Can't you, won't you tell me yourself Ann?"

STILL she was silent, her head bent, her face hidden. I staked my all on one despairing throw:

"Tell me, Ann," I begged. "Won't you wait just till tomorrow? Can't you forget all you hold against me now and remember that I do love you? Tell me, can't you, honey?"

Unmistakably this time her hand went in appeal to John Will. I had to bend close to hear her words.

"It's 'no,' Lee. I can't. Not any more. Good-by."

My head came up. "Good-by, Ann," I said. I tried to take my medicine without whimpering. "Good-by, John Will. I wish you all the luck in the world. God bless you both."

I got back to my car somehow. The cold touch of the levers roused me. Could only a few minutes have passed since I wrenched it to that grinding halt? It seemed ages.

I was the fellow they called Lee-the-lucky! The favored of Fortune, dancing through all life, Lee-the-lucky, who had only to think of a desire to have it granted.

Yet had I not received entire justice? Once I had had all that I now was willing to sell my soul to regain; and I had tossed it lightly away. I had failed to appreciate its worth when I had it. Was it not right for it to be taken from me?

Right? Yes, I supposed so. I deserved it, all of it. But that did not ease the pain of it.

Well I might as well begin. I might as well take it as gamely as I could. At least now when spring came again and all the world was full of fragrance, when every arbor on every smooth lawn seemed to hold a low-voiced, contented twin, I'd know what it was all about. I knew what love was.

Gone was the last trace of the excitement that had buoyed me over these roads. They were unbelievably long, unbelievably lonely.

Pretty nearly home, now. I'd be able to see the lights of the little Southern town from the top of the hill ahead. Pretty nearly home to face the questions Mother would

not ask, and to know what she thought of the son she had been proud of. I could see Ann's face again, floating ever above the golden tunnel of my headlights through the gloom. Ann! The tender little note in her voice when she said my name. Ann! The way her lips curved at the corners when she smiled up at me, head on one side and eyes aslant. Ann, the whole-souled laughter-full honesty of her! I could see her, feel her presence, all around me. God, I was going to miss her!

AUTOMATICALLY, as another car cut in ahead and stopped, I braked my car. I shook my head dazedly. I must be seeing things. Ahead, just over the hill now, was home. Miles behind, driving directly away from me to the county seat must be the gray roadster that I thought I saw cutting in ahead of my car, forcing me to stop. Why, it even looked like John Will helping Ann out of that car, approaching mine.

I put out a hand to touch that phantom arm and sat erect with a jerk. The arm was real! I was not imagining. Unbelievable or not, that was John Will and, beside me, was Ann.

Silently John Will finished tucking Ann into the seat beside me, and closed the door. Then he spoke, quietly as ever.

"I couldn't let her go through with it, Lee," he said. "She'd have done it. She kept insisting that it was the one thing she wanted to do, but she knew and I knew. The only person I could have deceived was myself. It wasn't worth it, Lee."

"Ann would have gone on and married me tonight if I had let her and then all three of us would have spent our lives paying for it. She would have married me tonight, and have begun hating me for it tomorrow. I know. I think I'd give all my hopes of salvation if it weren't so, but it is."

"She has been loving you, Lee, all the time I've been loving her. All the time from those 'way back, kid days and I just couldn't treat my Ann that way."

He paused to steady his voice and even managed a trace of a smile. "It's my turn now," he said. "God bless you both." His hand tightened on the car and he dropped his pitiful attempt at levity. "Be mighty good to her, Lee. Be good to Ann. Be good to her," and he stumbled away. There was a lump in my throat; my eyes stung.

"Ann," I said. "That—John Will—I've only this way of making it up to him. If it will help, you can walk on me with your two little feet. I've been arrogant, selfish, self-sufficient. I don't deserve you, honey, but I'll spend all the rest of my life trying to make it up to you and to him."

SLIM young arms were somehow about me, and a wet cheek was pressed to mine. "Don't—say that, Lee, little boy," she said. "I know I feel that way, about him, too. He's the finest, the straightest—the cleanest man we know. But love's unreasonable. Lee. It's a selfish, selfish thing. It shuts just the two of you inside, together and closes all of the rest of the world outside."

In the darkness ahead John Will's engine roared into life and his lights sprang on deep, dark, true red.

"All life's hard," her gentle voice went on. "But it's just life, I suppose? You have to ride to happiness always over somebody else's unhappiness."

Silently, cheek against cheek, we watched that brave little light climb the hill in the darkness ahead, and slide away in the glow of the other side.

WHAT do you think ought to happen to a girl who undertakes to tame a man for another girl? I had a reputation with my crowd for knowing all about men, but I'll tell you in February SMART SET why I no longer pretend to be "Little Miss Man-Wise."

ought
I coul
er abov
through
ttle not
e. Ann
corner
me side
le-souled
ould see
e.

car cut
my car.
be seeing
now, was
ly away
the gray
utting in
o. Why
ing Ann

phantom
The arm
Unbe-
and, be-

ing Ann
the door.

with it
it. She
hing she
I knew
ved was

married
then all
ves pay-
me to-
or it to-
e all my
out it is
the time
me from
couldn't

nd even
my turn
h." He
dropped
might
nn. Be
r. There
is stung
fill-I've
him. I
ith you
selfish
honey
e trying

w about
to mine
she said
in, too
cleaned
reasoning
It shut
her and
outside
s engine
ang and

went on
ou hav
omebod

watch
l in the
e gloom

to
wed
why



"We can't get married until"

"We can't get married until I earn more money." Thousands of young men are saying that today. Thousands of girls are giving that as the reason the marriage date is being put off and off. Sometimes it gets a little embarrassing, too, to have to keep on giving that excuse. For no girl likes to admit that the man she is going to marry is a failure.

It takes money to support a home these days. And you're right in waiting. But don't wait too long. The years of youth are precious years. They will never come again.

Thousands of men now have happy prosperous homes because they had the foresight to prepare themselves for advancement through the home-study courses of the International Correspondence Schools. Hundreds of them report salary increases of \$10, \$15 and \$25 a week. Many are earning \$75, \$100 and \$150 a week. Some have doubled and even tripled their salaries. Some are earning \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year. Others have become owners of businesses of their own.

If the I. C. S. can help other men to raise their salaries, it can help you. At least find out how. It won't obligate you to ask for our Free Booklets, but that one simple act may change your entire life. Do it now. Do it for HER!

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University"
Box 6257-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course before which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cartography | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

10 Big Weekly Issues 10¢

The most valuable offer ever made by a publisher. Ten issues of THE PATHFINDER for only 10 cents!

The liveliest, most unique and most entertaining American weekly magazine. Full of wit, humor, information, news events, special features, excellent fiction, etc. Once you read THE PATHFINDER you will never do without it. Grab this limited offer at once.

THE PATHFINDER, Dept. MSS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 or \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

THE MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
201 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

with her tiny, frilled skirt 'way above her little knees. I've loved her all these years when you didn't know she was on earth. Would you serve your twice seven years for her as I have done? Would you suffer humiliation to get her? Would you come down off your throne to crawl in the dirt for her?

"Love her! You think all you have to do is simply tell her that! You think all you have to do is to outrun us in your bigger, more expensive car and tell her you want her. You're wrong!"

If he had said anything else I should have fought him. But his words stripped from me the last bit of pretense, made me see myself in a true, unlovely light. My hand dropped from the door of the car.

"I see now, John Will," I said slowly and I did. "And thank you. I guess that and a lot more was coming to me. I've been a self-centered, egotistical cad; but I didn't know. I didn't know."

I turned to Ann. "I reckon you're disgusted with me, Ann," I said humbly, "and I couldn't blame you no matter what you thought of me. But I want you to know I'd give an arm to make things right again. And all I can do is say I'm—sorry."

"I do love you, Ann. I love you so much I can't tell you. I haven't the right to ask for anything if you don't care any more. All you have to do is tell me, and I'll never trouble you again. Can't you, won't you tell me yourself Ann?"

STILL she was silent, her head bent, her face hidden. I staked my all on one despairing throw:

"Tell me, Ann," I begged. "Won't you wait just till tomorrow? Can't you forget all you hold against me now and remember that I do love you? Tell me, can't you, honey?"

Unmistakably this time her hand went in appeal to John Will. I had to bend close to hear her words.

"It's 'no,' Lee. I can't. Not any more. Good-by."

My head came up. "Good-by, Ann," I said. I tried to take my medicine without whimpering. "Good-by, John Will. I wish you all the luck in the world. God bless you both."

I got back to my car somehow. The cold touch of the levers roused me. Could only a few minutes have passed since I wrenched it to that grinding halt? It seemed ages.

I was the fellow they called Lee-the-lucky! The favored of Fortune, dancing through all life, Lee-the-lucky, who had only to think of a desire to have it granted.

Yet had I not received entire justice? Once I had had all that I now was willing to sell my soul to regain; and I had tossed it lightly away. I had failed to appreciate its worth when I had it. Was it not right for it to be taken from me?

Right? Yes, I supposed so. I deserved it, all of it. But that did not ease the pain of it.

Well I might as well begin. I might as well take it as gamely as I could. At least now when spring came again and all the world was full of fragrance, when every arbor on every smooth lawn seemed to hold a low-voiced, contented two, I'd know what it was all about. I knew what love was.

Gone was the last trace of the excitement that had buoyed me over these roads. They were unbelievably long, unbelievably lonely.

Pretty nearly home, now. I'd be able to see the lights of the little Southern town from the top of the hill ahead. Pretty nearly home to face the questions Mother would

not ask, and to know what she thought of the son she had been proud of. I could see Ann's face again, floating ever above the golden tunnel of my headlights through the gloom. Ann! The tender little note in her voice when she said my name. Ann! The way her lips curved at the corners when she smiled up at me, head on one side and eyes aslant. Ann, the whole-souled, laughter-full honesty of her! I could see her, feel her presence, all around me.

God, I was going to miss her!

AUTOMATICALLY, as another car cut in ahead and stopped, I braked my car. I shook my head dazedly. I must be seeing things. Ahead, just over the hill now, was home. Miles behind, driving directly away from me to the county seat must be the gray roadster that I thought I saw cutting in ahead of my car, forcing me to stop. Why, it even looked like John Will helping Ann out of that car, approaching mine.

I put out a hand to touch that phantom arm and sat erect with a jerk. The arm was real! I was not imagining. Unbelievable or not, that was John Will and, beside me, was Ann.

Silently John Will finished tucking Ann into the seat beside me, and closed the door. Then he spoke, quietly as ever.

"I couldn't let her go through with it, Lee," he said. "She'd have done it. She kept insisting that it was the one thing she wanted to do, but she knew and I knew. The only person I could have deceived was myself. It wasn't worth it, Lee."

"Ann would have gone on and married me tonight if I had let her and then all three of us would have spent our lives paying for it. She would have married me tonight, and have begun hating me for it tomorrow. I know. I think I'd give all my hopes of salvation if it weren't so, but it is."

"She has been loving you, Lee, all the time I've been loving her. All the time from those 'way back, kid days and I just couldn't treat my Ann that way."

He paused to steady his voice and even managed a trace of a smile. "It's my turn now," he said. "God bless you both." His hand tightened on the car and he dropped his pitiful attempt at levity. "Be mighty good to her, Lee. Be good to Ann. Be good to her," and he stumbled away. There was a lump in my throat; my eyes stung.

"Ann," I said. "That—John Will—I've only this way of making it up to him. If it will help, you can walk on me with your two little feet. I've been arrogant, selfish, self-sufficient. I don't deserve you, honey, but I'll spend all the rest of my life trying to make it up to you and to him."

SLIM young arms were somehow about me, and a wet cheek was pressed to mine. "Don't—say that, Lee, little boy," she said. "I know I feel that way, about him, too. He's the finest, the straightest—the cleanest man we know. But love's unreasoning. Lee. It's a selfish, selfish thing. It shuts just the two of you inside, together and closes all of the rest of the world outside."

In the darkness ahead John Will's engine roared into life and his lights sprang out, deep, dark, true red.

"All life's hard," her gentle voice went on. "But it's just life, I suppose? You have to ride to happiness always over somebody else's unhappiness."

Silently, cheek against cheek, we watched that brave little light climb the hill in the darkness ahead, and slide away in the gloom of the other side.

WHAT do you think ought to happen to a girl who undertakes to tame a man for another girl? I had a reputation with my crowd for knowing all about men, but I'll tell you in February SMART SET why I no longer pretend to be "Little Miss Man-Wise."

I AM rapidly emptying my warehouse shelves, in preparation for a new series of larger and more beautiful books at a higher price. Little Blue Books will not be reprinted. Buy now, while the selection is still complete. Orders are filled as received and shipped at once.

E. Haldeman-Julius



Here Are My Reasons:

There are still 2,300,000 Little Blue Books to be had—and I stand ready to pay the postage. You pay only 5c per book, your choice—if you order 20 books (the minimum) \$1 is your first and last payment. That is all these books cost. And you may order as many as you like. I must clear out all these Little Blue Books because the publisher has decided that it wants larger and more beautiful books instead of a standardized product at a very low price. The public is king, and so I am going to issue a new series—as good as all the Little Blue Books are gone—of bigger books, to emphasize quality instead of quantity, but not to sell at 5c each! That is why the Little Blue Books are being sold out—that is why I am paying the postage—and that why you must lose no time if you want to take advantage of this extraordinary bargain of books at 5c per copy prepaid.

There are still 2,300,000 Little Blue Books awaiting distribution. These are going fast. Right now you can have your pick of the complete stock and your order will be promptly filled. Look over this assortment of alluring titles—and send your order by the mail. We can fill your order now, but we cannot guarantee how long the supply will last.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

THESE BOOKS ARE DISAPPEARING!

Little Blue Books must go! I pay the postage—You pay only

5^c each
[Postage prepaid]

- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals.
- 162 Murders in Rue Morgue. Poe
- 368 Religion's Failure to Combat Crime.
- 524 Death, Catastrophe, etc. Explained
- 558 Great Pirates and Their Deeds.
- 619 Strange Murders. C. J. Finger
- 824 Torquemada: Spanish Torturer.
- 883 Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
- 1019 Bluebeard and His Unhappy Wives.
- 1042 Crime at Red Inn. Balzac
- 1057 True About N.Y.'s Chinatown.
- 1086 My Favorite Murder. Bierce

2,300,000 Books still to be sold to make room for the new series!

The Little Blue Books must go to make room for the new series. The announcement of the new books cannot come until this stock of 2,300,000 Little Blue Books is sold and out of the way. However, these Little Blue Books won't last long among the millions of readers who know and want them. Get them now, while you can, at 5c per book prepaid.

- 555 How to Write Letters.
- 592 Foreign Words and Phrases.
- 986 How to Talk and Debate.

Sex Hygiene

- 14 What Every Girl Should Know.
- 91 Manhood: Facts of Life for Boys.
- 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know.
- 536 What Women Past 40 Should Know.
- 632 What Every Boy Should Know.
- 654 What Young Men Should Know.
- 655 What Young Women Should Know.
- 656 What Married Men Should Know.
- 657 What Married Women Should Know.
- 661 America and Sex Impulse. Dreiser
- 689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
- 690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
- 691 Child's Sexual Life. Fielding
- 692 Homosexual Life. Fielding
- 717 Modern Sex Morality.
- 726 Venereal Diseases. Dr. Greer
- 690 Sex in Psycho-Analysis. Wood
- 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams.
- 811 Genetics for Beginners. Fenton
- 812 Heredity Explained. C.L. Fenton
- 846 Womanhood: Facts of Life.
- 903 All About Syphilis. Dr. Pusey
- 904 Sex Symbolism. Wm. J. Fielding
- 950 Determination of Sex. Fielding
- 1250 Judge Lindbergh on Companionate Marriage.

- 226 Plain Talks With the Married.
- 645 Confidential Chats with Wives.
- 648 Facts About Sex Rejuvenation.
- 727 Psychology of the Affections.
- 768 U.S. Marriage and Divorce Laws.
- 820 Best Jokes About Married Life.
- 864 Confidential Chats with Husbands.
- 953 Gourdon's 4 Days of Love. Zola
- 985 Love Tales of Italian Life.
- 984 How to Be Happy Though Married.
- 988 Art of Courtship. Clement Wood
- 987 Simple Recipes for Home Cooking.
- 1031 How to Own Your Home.
- 1032 Home Vegetable Gardening.
- 1041 How to Cane and Upholster Chairs.
- 1148 Sex Crimes and American Law.
- 1189 How to Make Money at Home.
- 1187 Moral Divorce and Other Tales.
- 1225 How to Avoid Marital Discords.
- 1238 Beginning Married Life Right.
- 1258 Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage.

Ghosts

- 40 Haunted House and Brain.
- 41 Christmas Carol. Dickens
- 122 Debate on Spiritualism. Doyle
- 124 Reincarnation Explained.
- 169 Great Ghost Stories.
- 345 Clairvoyance: Ghost Lover.
- 906 The Yellow Cat. W. B. Steele
- 923 Magic Glasses, etc. Frank Harris
- 950 Wraith Tales. Edgar A. Poe
- 960 Supernatural Tales. Machen
- 970 Out of the Earth. Machen
- 986 Dual and Multiple Personality.
- 1058 Myth of Immortality. McCabe
- 1075 Tales of Ghosts and Ghosts.
- 1080 Haunted Houses. Ambrose Bierce
- 1132 Night Light on Witchcraft.
- 1153 Haunted Mind, etc. Hawthorne
- 1160 Two Masterly Ghost Stories.
- 1162 Tales of Ghosts and Villains.
- 1170 Funny Ghost Stories. Jerome

Women

- 68 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
- 77 What Men Learned About Women.
- 123 Mme. duBarry: A King's Mistress.
- 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome.
- 177 Subjection of Women.
- 189 Eugenes Explained.
- 196 Marquise: Secret Passion. Sand
- 200 Debate on Birth Control. Sanger
- 209 Modern Aspects of Birth Control.
- 221 How to Know Women.
- 223 Wife of a King. Jack London
- 286 Prostitution in the Ancient World.
- 292 Life, Fife and Other Tales.
- 304 What Women Learned About Men.
- 414 Nature and Meaning of Dreams.
- 456 Hints on Etiquette. E. Floyd
- 644 Women Who Have Lived for Love.
- 665-667 Memories of a Parisian Actress. (2 vols.)
- 718 Great Women of Antiquity.
- 720 Mistresses of Today. Markun
- 731 Differences Between Men and Women.
- 808 Memoirs of Mme. de Staël.
- 901 Woman: Eternal Primitive.
- 922 A Wife's Confession. Maupassant
- 947 Queen of Spades. Pushkin
- 955 Italian Tales of Heroism and Love.
- 1017 Without Benefit of Clergy. Kipling
- 1043 A Study of Woman. Balzac
- 1044 Another Study of Woman. Balzac
- 1046 My Wife as a Wife. Myths
- 1067 Splendors of a Courtisan. Balzac
- 1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles.
- 1079 Phobic (Sex) Symbols in Religion.
- 1092 Beautiful Beauty Hints. Goddard
- 1098 How to Dress on a Small Salary.
- 1111 Prostitution in Medieval World.
- 1113 Love from Many Angles.
- 1122 Degradation of Woman.
- 1135 Prostitution in Modern World.
- 1167 Sister Sex, etc. Ben Hecht
- 1177 Woman and New Race. Havelock Ellis
- 1182 How to Make Your Cosmetics.
- 1183 Woman's Way and Other Tales.
- 1209 Charming Hostess: Entertaining.
- 1212 Marriage and Morals in Soviet Russia.
- 1219 How to Make Homes Homelike.
- 1233 Better Meals for Less Money.

Better English

- 56 Dictionary of American Slang.
- 82 Common Faults in English.
- 192 Book of Synonyms.
- 397 How to Improve Your Conversation.
- 437 How to Write Movie Scenarios.
- 514 How to Write Poetry.
- 638 Most Essential English Words.
- 681 Spelling Self Taught.
- 682 Grammar Self Taught.
- 683 Punctuation Self Taught.
- 686 How to Pronounce Proper Names.
- 697 Words Often Mispronounced.
- 708 The Romance of Words.
- 734 Handbook of Useful Phrases.
- 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary.
- 822 Rhetoric Self Taught.
- 823 Composition Self Taught.

Marriage

- 292 Marriage vs. Divorce (Debate)
- 83 Origins and Evolution of Marriage.
- 176 Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis

Entertainment

- 78 Hints on Public Speaking.
- 92 Hypnotism Made Plain
- 347 Book of Riddle Rimes.
- 1048 My Wife as a Wife. Myths
- 903 Novel Scientific Facts.
- 518 How to Make All Kinds of Candy.
- 668 Humorous Fables. Mark Twain
- 670 Josh Billings' Funny Epigrams
- 715 Auction Bridge for Beginners.
- 831 More Crossword Puzzles.
- 847 How to Play Card Games.
- 883 200 Fascinating Riddles.
- 897 How to Enjoy Reading.
- 959 How to Play the Piano.
- 1010 Amateur Magic Tricks.

Self-Improvement

- 7 How to Get Liberal Education.
- 112 Secret of Self Development.
- 160 Psycho-Analysis Explained.
- 418 Origin and Nature of Life.
- 447 Auto-Suggestion Explained.
- 679 Chemistry for Beginners.
- 703 Physiology Self Taught.
- 759 How to Conquer Stupidity.
- 858 Psychology of Leadership.
- 882 How to Build Character.
- 891 How to Develop Your Talent.
- 895 Astronomy for Beginners.
- 944 Physics Self Taught.
- 1003 How to Think Logically.
- 1009 Typewriting Self Taught.
- 1069 The Conquest of Fear.
- 1069 How to Improve Memory.
- 1221 Facts to Know About Will Power.

Health

- 167 Everyday Health Rules.
- 276 Quacks of Healing Cures.
- 354 Facts About Christian Science.
- 688 Tooth and Mouth Hygiene.
- 781 Latest Food and Diet Facts.
- 1000 Wonders of Radium.
- 1050 X-Ray, Violet Ray, etc.
- 1125 Eating for Health (Vitamins)
- 1242 Care of Skin and Hair.

Passion

- 230 Quest for a Blonde Mistress.
- 344 Passion in Desert. Balzac
- 444 Smart Epigrams. De Gourmont
- 745 Montre: Matador and Lover.
- 810 Polite Parisian Scandals.
- 807 Sex Obsessions of Saints.
- 809 Amorous Tales of the Monks.
- 921 Mme. Teller's Establishment.
- 951 Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin
- 954 A Bath, etc. Emile Zola
- 957 Italian Tales of Passion.

Skepticism

- 26 Should We Go to Church?
- 33 Brains: Smasher of Shams.
- 129 Rome or Reason? Ingersoll
- 160 Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire
- 185 The Gods. Ingersoll
- 191 Evolution vs. Dogma.
- 439 12 Years in a Monastery.
- 851 Bible vs. Mythology.
- 935 Necessity of Atheism. Shelley
- 1060 Futility of Belief in God.
- 1123 Facts About Puritan Immorality.
- 1229 Triumph of Materialism.
- 1237 Beliefs of Scientists.

How to Order

Just list titles desired by number (if you want Catalogue, put down 21). Order at least 20 books and enclose money order, check or currency at the rate of 5c per book—minimum order \$1. We pay the postage and ship at once. Postage will be added to C. O. D. orders—postage prepaid order applies only when remittance accompanies order.

Haldeman-Julius Publications
Dept. X-171
Girard, Kansas

Now is the time to buy your last supply of Little Blue Books. They will not be reprinted. Send only 5c per book—we pay postage.

CHESTERFIELD
CIGARETTES



The Season's Best

5-14

© 1954 CHESTERFIELD TOBACCO CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.